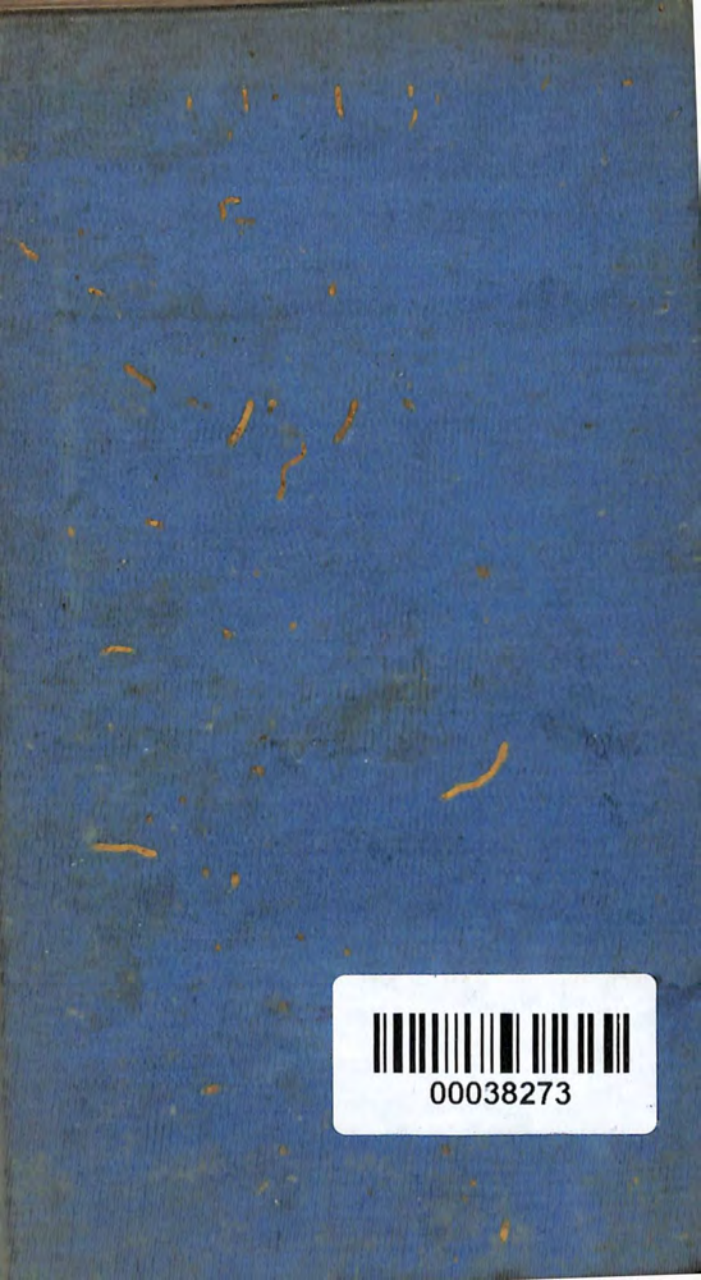
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THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

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PREFACE.

The Author of the following pages having fallen into ill health, was recommended by his medical adviser to spend a winter abroad; after long pondering where he should go, he sailed for Madeira, and spent some months there in the winter of 1848. Not deriving particular benefit from the climate of Madeira, he continued his voyage to the Canary Islands, where, having sojourned for a time, he sailed to Cadiz. He spent the following winter in Spain, and then crossed the Mediterranean, paying a short visit to the opposite countries of Morocco and Algiers.

The greater part of the work was written some time ago; but the Author, fearing the narrative of

his not very remarkable wanderings could have little general interest, abandoned the idea of publication. Yet from time to time so many questions of ecclesiastical interest turned up in the course of public affairs, upon which his own observations in foreign countries directly bore, that he was tempted to believe afterwards, if he could persuade a publisher to think the same, that the publication of his notes upon the Canary Islands, Spain, and Algiers, might really prove of service to some in his own Church.

The Author will not disguise his attachment to, and confidence in, what are commonly called Church views; that is to say, a belief in the Apostolical commission of the Church of England, but he must declare that he has no sympathy with those who would like to see the Church of England merged into the Church of Rome. Independent of the corruptions of this latter Church, he does not believe that Catholic unity will ever be promoted in this manner. On the contrary, he entertains the idea that there is nothing so likely to promote it as to deny in all possible ways the

position of Papal Supremacy. Assertion, as is often said, is not proof; and whilst the healthiest part of Christendom works in defiance of this supremacy, men must be in love with dried bones indeed, if they can imagine spiritual life depends upon union with her. The Papal empire, like other empires, has had its day, and is crumbling to pieces; but the traces of so powerful an empire will probably, like the Roman empire upon which it is built, remain as long as the world lasts.

The Author thinks it proper to remark, that nearly every thing which is said about the Roman Catholics in the following pages was written before the publication of Pope Pius the Ninth's Bull, dividing England into Roman Catholic dioceses. As a proof how accidental is the apparent coincidence between the Author's opinions many months ago, and those that have just been stirred up in England of late, he will mention, that, falling in with a Spanish gentleman in London the other day, whom he had not seen since he was in Seville, one of the first remarks that gentleman made to him was, "During all this excitement, I have

often thought of your conversations with the Jesuit." The Author has, of course, disguised the names of some parties, in accordance with the liberty which most authors of similar works allow themselves; though he has only done this in some few instances, and in those from motives of delicacy.

The Author is not acquainted with any popular account of the Canary Islands. The old quarto work of Glass is found in some libraries; but, excepting this, there is no English work specifically upon these Islands, which constitute a province of Spain.

Short, and, in many respects, unsatisfactory, as the Author's sojourn in Algiers was, he thinks the clerical reader may find some matters of interest in his remarks upon that country, which is indeed the ancient site of those Churches which, at the end of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century were amongst the most distinguished in Christendom.

After the many excellent works on Spain that of late years have issued from the press, par-

ticularly should be mentioned Mr. Ford's "Handbook for Spain," the Author can only suppose that his meagre remarks on the Peninsula have any value as being illustrative of the impressions made upon the mind of a clergyman of the Church of England during a hasty run through parts of that country. The Author has attempted no fine writing, but has only endeavoured to describe, as faithfully as he could, things and people as he found them.

Horsham, April 10th, 1851.

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NOTES OF A RESIDENCE,

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CHAPTER I.

EMBARK FOR MADEIRA—POLEMICS AT SEA—A SCOTCH LADY'S PREJUDICES ABOUT SUNDAY—MACHICO—FIRST APPEARANCE OF FUNCHAL—PORTUGUESE AND SPANISH TOWNS—BEACH POPULATION OF FUNCHAL—THE ENGLISH VISITORS—SYMPATHY FOR THE SICK—THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER AND HER PARTY—THE ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICE—REAL CAUSE OF THE DISPUTE—DEATH OF A FRIEND.

In the beginning of September, 184—, I embarked with a friend on board one of the regular packets for Madeira, with the intention of making a few months' stay in that island. Our companions were nearly all of them invalids, or the friends of invalids; and some of them, as circumstances proved, very far gone in the ravages of that fatal disease for which so many seek the climate of Madeira. It was therefore in no very hopeful mood, as respected the future, that the

majority of this company bid farewell to the coast of England.

Few things are more wearying than polemics to a sick man; and if he has been involved in them, nothing more pleasing than temporary escape from them; this was something of the feeling that I experienced as we got out to sea; but it was not destined to last very long, for I was unavoidably drawn into hearing at times, warm discussions between two of the passengers, a lady and a gentleman, respecting the merits of Mr. Lowe, the chaplain of Madeira. I knew, at that time, little or nothing of the disputes respecting Mr. Lowe, that have now been so often before the public; and whenever one of these discussions concerning him began, I withdrew from the parties, that I might not be appealed to, and left them to talk, often times far into the night, which they did much to the prejudice of the lady's health.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding this caution, before we had sighted Porto Santo, there were few who had not become partisans; my friend and myself were pledged to Mr. Lowe; and our adherence, in a great measure, secured by the resolution we had come to of lodging in the "Calle de San Pedro;" for travellers are at the mercy of circumstances, and this dispute ran through all the English lodging-houses at Funchal.

It is no easy work to kill time on board-ship, and for this reason, I suppose, it was, that we were invited to meals five times a day, and some of the party never failed to obey the summons. Nothing could be more considerate and attentive than the different people employed about the ship; and more than one of the sailors had a sympathizing account to give of the delicate state of his own lungs. The captain himself was not one of the most robust-looking men, and it was hard to realize that he had weathered so many voyages as he had done, according to his own account.

The piety of foreigners sometimes attracts the attention of English people, yet I believe, as a whole, the inhabitants of Great Britain are behind those of no other country in this respect; as we were passing Porto Santo, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a clergyman came up to me and said a Scotch lady on board had desired him to prevent a friend of mine from sketching on a Sabbath; for my friend, instead of eating biscuits, and sipping wine and water, was endeavouring to convey to paper a representation of the barren shores of Porto Santo; and I could offer no objection to his direction. "Tell the Scotch lady, that you can do nothing so ridiculous; and that if she thinks it sinful, she had better go below, where her eyes will not be offended at the sight."

We now swept by Porto Santo, and discovered the loom of the island of Madeira, presenting an appearance not very dissimilar to that which it doubtless did to Zargo and his crew, when they made the first formal discovery in 1420. Every knot we made, the lines of the mountainous island became unravelled, until we had the long promontory of San Laurenço close ahead of us; and soon after, under the shelter of the north-eastern extremity of the island, we became alive to the peculiar charm of that climate, to which so many have considered they owed their lives. The first town or village we passed, was Machico; it lies between high hills, back in a pretty cove; and in the poetical traditions of the country, derives its name from Machim, an Englishman, who in the reign of Edward III., having carried off a lady named Anna D'Arfit against the will of her parents, was obliged to put to sea; and after infinite reverses of fortune, was wrecked on the shores of the island of Madeira: the lady soon died of grief; and Machim, after erecting a cross, followed his bride to her untimely grave.—A pretty little story, that no doubt accords well with the sentiment and poetry of those unfortunate English people who are destined to lay their own bones in this island.

We entered the bay of Funchal under what might be called a tropical moon. The fair pros-

pect was accordingly idealized, rather than concealed, by the shades of night; innumerable white quintas sparkled in the basin of the amphitheatre; the sea looked too calm ever again to be stirred into a storm; the voices of people talking on the decks of the neighbouring ships told us how still was the atmosphere; but, as if to remind us that we were not altogether in fairy-land, from one of these issued a grievous smell; and we learnt the next day that she had been a slaver, but was now employed to carry emigants, and had been brought back by government vessels from a voyage to Demerara, whither she was bound, with three hundred miserable emigrants on board, as they had not obtained the proper permission to leave the island. But for this smell we should have thought the prospect before us a dream; but as it was, we were happy to seek an oblivion of the senses, by retiring to rest.

As Madeira is a place so constantly visited and written about, the few observations I have to make upon the island shall be made in as brief a way as possible. If the transporting the habits and manners of the mother country pretty perfectly into the colony or settlement, be a sign of good colonization, there is no doubt Madeira was well colonized at the beginning. Funchal is a thoroughly Portuguese town; and, as far as size

and importance goes, bears about the same proportion to the other towns and villages of the island, as Lisbon does to Portugal. It seems the disposition of the Portuguese to congregate very much in one large city or capital, and that of the Spaniards to settle in several towns; so that, I imagine, if we except the Havannah, the Portuguese can show finer capitals, in proportion, than their neighbours. Funchal is a very large town for the size of the island, and a great part of it being built on the precipitous sides of the mountain, it shows off to the best advantage. Then the numerous English residents, who have brought money and taste to erect quintas with, have added somewhat to the splendour of the *coup d'œil*. The character of the Portuguese street architecture is rather of the majestic, and traces of this taste are manifested in some streets of Funchal.

Indubitably the most characteristic part of the place is the appearance and habits of what one might describe as the beach population. The boats are built with keels of the canoe fashion, sticking up a yard above the back and sides of the boat: the boatmen are many of them of a copper colour. The men who help to land the wine-casks are generally naked, and I have seen them contending with the most tremendous surfs. The casks are brought down and removed on

bullock-trucks, which are literally the only kind of carriages on the island. The figure of the driver is very much that of the Roman peasant in the British Museum, wearing as he does a peculiar pointed cap. A lad, almost naked, with a prodigious belly for his years, precedes the truck, the image of one of those infantile bacchanals that figure in the pictures of Nicholas Poussin. Here too congregate men with palanquins, borriqueros; and this tribe is numerous in Madeira. They are many of them smart-built young men, and particularly clean in their persons; but owing to the absurd practice of following the horses, tail in hand, up the tremendous hills of the mountains, they are said not to be long-lived. But the most picturesque class is that of the wine-carriers; they are seen sometimes, in companies of fifty or a hundred, bending under the weight of a full skin, as they wind down the mountain roads and amidst their congenial vineyards; or singing cheerfully with the empty skin blown up dangling at their backs: the rest of the native population are uninteresting enough. As it is the custom of the Portuguese government to send the most indifferent of their regiments to Madeira, the military make a poor show; nor are the clergy more distinguished for those qualities that adorn the well-conditioned

ecclesiastic; and this I believe is the opinion of the good bishop himself.

I cannot recollect ever having been struck with the beauty of a native woman of Madeira, or it might be they were eclipsed by the numerous interesting beauties from our own island. I shall never forget how strongly the tropical character of the scene impressed me, the first afternoon of my sojourn at Madeira. The leaves of the trees in the Praça seemed as incapable of moving as if they had been cast in iron or tin. The borriqueros and others moved noiselessly on the pavement in white shoes, with skull caps, that terminated in a pointed sort of cone. On riding into the country we met interesting groups of Europeans; it might be a mounted gentleman, with a straw hat flapping upon his shoulders, and a cow's tail instead of a whip in his hand, to brush the flies off his horse's neck, hanging over a hammock in which a delicate lady would be lying, who did not look as if she was long for this world.

We went up to visit two ladies who had been our fellow-passengers, and who were now sojourning in one of the prettiest quintas in the place. We found them in a beautiful garden with walks trellised with vines, and commanding exquisite views of the bay of Funchal. Both these ladies

were *fair* specimens of those migrating mortals, who cannot stand the English climate in the winter. One was a young widow with a little boy of about three years old; the other was only a temporary widow, having left her husband in England. The one who was least afflicted had taken compassion upon her who was the greatest sufferer, and had brought her to her house, and as it turned out, nursed her through the last stages of a decline.

There is the greatest sympathy shown at Madeira for the sick and suffering, as long as there is any hope of their recovery, and there is scarcely any stage too advanced for despair; but when the grave has closed over them, they seem forgotten sooner here than in any other part of the world. It is hard to write of Madeira in a sober strain. It is now two or three years since I was there, and the recollection of the place itself, and the people one met, make it an effort of mind to believe oneself still in the same planet. The people appeared a race of ephemerals, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Their hopes and fears and loves and animosities and theology altogether unlike any thing one had seen before. Some American writer, in allusion to the refinement of our upper classes, and the squalid misery of our lower classes, has compared English society in the mass, to that

formidable shape mentioned in Milton's Paradise Lost, that

> "Seemed woman to the waist and fair,
> But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
> Voluminous and vast:"

the English society at Madeira dragged none of this scaly fold along with it. Soon after our arrival came the good Queen Adelaide, and with her a string of Princes and Princesses; then the Prince of Orange brought his unfortunate brother to the island, and the Duke of Palmella his wife and pretty daughter, besides which were many others of distinction: however, the real substratum of this society are the resident merchants, whose hospitality and kindness every one who has ever been in Madeira extols.

One so eminent for piety as the late Queen Adelaide was not likely to be indifferent to the religious ferment that was prevailing in the place, and many felt grieved that the Sunday of her first visit to the church, should have been selected for placarding the doors of the chapel with a notice of the appointment of a chaplain to supersede Mr. Lowe, who had held the post for more than twenty years. I pretend not to say what the practices in this church might have been in former years; but I cannot conceive any body but a disciple of John Knox finding fault with the

service. It was conducted with the greatest propriety; looking at it as a stranger, no horror of Puseyism could suggest any thing to find fault with, unless it were that Mr. Lowe's preaching was more distinguished for quietness and monotony, than for boisterous eloquence. The good Queen's estimation of the chaplain was shown in the distinction with which she treated him. He knew every thing about the island, from the deep water fishing, to the botany of Pico Rivo, and was besides an admirable pianist, and one whose character stood so well, that the Roman Catholic bishop used to point to him as a fit person for his own clergy to emulate.

I must indulge in some remarks upon this dispute. All manner of silly reasons were assigned for its origin; as that it did not begin until Mr. Lowe was married; but it must not be denied that Mr. Lowe's views on Church matters had gone along with the age. He had doubtless preached some strong sermons, had introduced chaunts, and may have increased the communions, or have even placed candlesticks on the communion table; but the real cause of the numerous Church quarrels in foreign places, where our countrymen are settled, must be traced to the constitution of the society.

The Scotch are greater travellers than even the

English, and the riches of southern climates have invited them to settle in greater numbers in proportion, in remote places abroad, for the purposes of trade than the English. Let any one look over the names of the great wine-merchants of Madeira or the Spanish peninsula, to see the truth of this. It accordingly happens, that the Episcopalian and Presbyterian interests in these places, are often pretty equally divided. But where a question of a chaplain springs up, the more sensible amongst the Scotch, having no real objection to Episcopacy, agree to have a chaplain of the Church of England, that moreover being the religion of the sovereign; accordingly an Episcopalian clergyman is established as chaplain; but let not that chaplain suppose, that all Scotch prejudices are overcome if he does, and makes no effort to conciliate them, he is quite certain before long to be involved in trouble—here Mr. Lowe failed. It is surely a sign that we ourselves are deeply prejudiced, if we can make no allowance for the prejudices of others; and from frequent observation, I am persuaded, the most difficult thing a British chaplain has to do in foreign places, is to balance between the prejudices of the Presbyterians and the Episcopalian; and then, as it constantly happens in remote places, the English themselves are not very well grounded in Church

views, or very anxious to place themselves under a strict system.

What could the chaplain do with a Presbyterian consul, through whom passed all the official communications respecting the English, to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs? The consuls are all of them the agents of that high personage, part of the machinery, by which he becomes acquainted with the state of foreign places; and if he himself is a partisan, I know not what prospect of justice the opposite party has. I have no doubt this fact gave the party opposed to Mr. Lowe considerable strength.

The Queen Dowager upon her first arrival, made many expeditions about the island. She was generally carried in a palanquin, whilst the rest of her party, comprising the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and her daughters, accompanied her on horseback. She herself lived in great retirement; but the family of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar went to all the parties and concerts, and explored the beauties of the island. The Queen had in contemplation to have made a road from Funchal to Camara de Lobos, a very picturesque fishing village, situated a few leagues from the former place; but the Portuguese surveyors sent in such an extravagant estimate, that it was abandoned.

As Madeira is so well known to the English

for the numerous interesting and melancholy histories connected with it, there is one that came under my own observation that must be related.

I saw L—— for the first time in the Reading Rooms, and I directly felt an interest in him; he was a tall young man about one-and-twenty, with black hair, and a pale, although not emaciated face; his eyes had the most thorough expression of melancholy. He was not a consumptive patient, but was suffering from rheumatism of the heart; this disease, combined with high natural spirit, led him to do those sort of things that the Madeira doctors called imprudent. He rode the most spirited horse in the island; if a storm was heaving the waves up upon the beach, instead of being in bed, as he ought to have been, he was down on the shore. I was thrown into the same lodging-house with him; and whilst there he received intelligence of the death of his mother, occasioned by phlebitis. His spirits sank a good deal, and as I myself was suffering from depression of spirits, occasioned by the close climate of Funchal, I proposed to him to go to Santa Cruz, whither he accompanied me with two other friends. Here we occupied a vacant quinta, and spent a very pleasant month. Returning one day in an open boat, from an expedition we had been making to the headland of San Laurenço, he was lying back

in the vessel, when the sun began to decline, and drawing the few light clouds that were in the sky around it, presented a striking sight. It was not lost upon my young acquaintance, who remarked that he had never been much struck with a sunset, that it had not preceded some epoch in his life, and this was the finest he had ever seen. A few weeks after I left him sick in bed, as I was sailing for the Canary Islands, never imagining that he would not speedily recover; but, alas! he died, as I afterwards heard, a short time after my departure from Madeira.

I left the island by the Brazil packet, which brought out, amongst others, the unenviable chaplain who succeeded Mr. Lowe, and I thus happily escaped from further discussion upon this unsatisfactory subject.

CHAPTER II.

SATISFACTION ON LEAVING A SPELL-BOUND ISLAND—SHIP COMPANIONS—SIGHT TENERIFFE—LAYING-TO—ASPECT OF THE ISLAND DESCRIBED—NELSON—AN EXILED ENGLISHMAN—SANTA CRUZ DESCRIBED—BRITISH FLAGS RELIGIOUSLY PRESERVED—SCHEME TO RECOVER THEM—THE FONDA INGLESA—CLIMATES OF FUNCHAL AND SANTA CRUZ COMPARED—SPANISH DOCTORS ON CONSUMPTION.

ALTHOUGH there are certainly many things to make Madeira one of the most interesting places it is possible to imagine, I was not sorry to break the spell that overhangs the place, which one did immediately on putting one's foot upon the deck of the Brazil packet. The magnificent scenery of the central and back parts of the island; the Curral and St. Anne's; the exquisite climate—for those who can bear living in a hot-house; and the very interesting character of a good portion of the visitors and residents, really make it a very attractive place. Nay, without intending to be romantic, it must be admitted that the late Queen Dowager's visit might have suggested a theme for another "faerie queene,"

considering the Queen herself and some of those who surrounded her, although half dying when living under the authority and sky of the "great ladie of the greatest isle," seemed to enter upon a new existence as soon as they had landed in Madeira.

The wind was blowing strongly from the north, and in a few hours Madeira was little more than a cloud upon the horizon. A brother clergyman was my companion to the Canary Islands[1]. On

[1] The Canary Islands lie between 30° and 27° N. latitude, and the 13° and 18° meridians of longitude. There are seven principal islands, Lancerota, Fuertaventura, Gran Canaria, Gomera, Hiero, Palma, and Teneriffe, the last to be conquered, and much the most important of the group. Off the coast of Fuertaventura, is a very small island called Lobos, and off Lancerota other small islands, called Graciosa, Allegranza, and Clara. These islands have generally passed for the Fortunate Islands of the ancients, albeit there have not been wanting those who have affirmed Great Britain and Ireland to be such; but certainly the description given in Plutarch's Life of Sertorius, applies much better to Madeira and Porto Santo than to any others, for he says, "There are two in number separated only by a narrow channel, and are at the distance of 400 leagues from the African coast." This is an exact description of Porto Santo and Madeira, as far as their relative positions are concerned. The name "Canary" most probably came from "canis," for Lancerota is still celebrated for a fine breed of dogs, something of the Newfoundland breed. It is said that at the time of the conquest, no dogs were found on the island of Gran Canaria; but if this name is considered as a generic name, this difficulty is obviated. That there are dogs peculiar to the islands, I know, for I have seen them; there were some people called Canarii who lived beyond Mount Atlas.

considering the new society into which we had fallen, we had reason to think we had again returned to the world and its enterprising inhabitants. The captain was most healthful-looking and robust, and so were all the officers under him: there were on board two or three forlorn-looking passengers bound for Rio Janeiro; and they regarded our short accompanying with them evidently as a help over the wide sea, and the dull hours they expected to pass before they reached their destination. They described Rio as exceedingly beautiful, and dwelt so much upon the richness of the Brazilian fruits, and of the animal kingdom in these parts, that I do believe we should have been persuaded to continue our voyage to South America, but for the distressing qualms of sea-sickness that visited us both, as the vessel flew before the gale, literally jumping over the rolling billows.

Our sufferings were of short duration, for so strongly was the wind blowing from the north-west, that within twenty-four hours of leaving Madeira we could discern the loom of Teneriffe. We lay-to during the night off Point Anaga, and were cruelly rolled about; but in the morning, running to the south of this point, we were enabled to enjoy the prospect before us in calm water. We had pretty well the whole south-east side of the

island before us: the storm over night had cleared the atmosphere, and the clouds which were rolling over the Peak had their ridges quite clear and hard, such as is generally seen when clouds that have discharged themselves in a tempest, gather themselves up into a dark grey bank before disappearing below the horizon. Teneriffe, although on this side presenting no teeming vineyards, like those of Madeira, has more features in it almost than I expected to find. From Point Anaga to Santa Cruz run some very curious basaltic mountains, covered with what appeared from the sea a thin and spotty vegetation, but which on closer inspection proved any thing but thin or scanty. The spotty effect is produced by that most singular plant, the Euphorbia Canariensis; it looks exactly like a chandelier bristling with wax tapers, and has, I believe, been called at the Cape, where it has also been found, the Chandelier Euphorbia.

The mountains fall suddenly just before coming to the town of Santa Cruz, the capital of the province, for the Canary Islands are as much a province of Spain as Andalusia. Santa Cruz, although clean and neat-looking from the sea, is not nearly so imposing in its appearance as Funchal. The land to the south of the town begins to rise again, and continues so to do with little variation, until this sort of dorsal line abuts

upon the lofty chain of mountains that form the base of the Peak. This belt of hills appeared, in the side toward us, almost precipitous, of a bright green colour topped with snow, and from this snowy table-land, the Peak rises up in a conical shape; thus the eye travels in a very short time from the sea to the summit of a mountain nearly 12,200 feet high.

The appearance of Santa Cruz from the sea is not very imposing; the houses looked low after those of Funchal, and the roadstead did not afford the same interesting show of ships and vessels as is to be seen there. A few Spanish guada-cortas that were lying at anchor, looked, to an eye accustomed to the English frigate, or even government cutters, mean, although I believe the armed faluccho is an excellent vessel.

Our brig was riding just opposite the fort called Passo Alto, the same I imagine that Nelson in his unfortunate, and it must be admitted, unwise expedition against Teneriffe, desired to take, just at the foot of those singular basaltic mountains before mentioned. At an interval of a quarter of a mile from this, the town stretches away in a long line of white houses; some way behind upon a hill is the characteristic feature in Spanish scenery of a long row of windmills. As soon as the health-officers had visited our vessel, a boat was lowered, and we

passed through the waters, where that sharp conflict took place, in which our greatest naval hero lost his right arm, having received a bullet-shot through his right elbow, and when he had the mortification of being treated with something of the old-fashioned Spanish courtesy and heroism by the governor, Don Juan Antonio Guterraz. Poor Nelson considered himself ruined for ever; and that which was destined to be the most glorious period of his life, appeared to him, at that time, a blank. To an Englishman's imagination, Nelson with two arms would now appear unnatural; and we are accustomed to associate with his empty sleeve a deed of great heroism which, at best, was a very rash sort of business.

The mole which puzzled the hero, proved to us certainly incommodious, if not dangerous; but the natives have no reason to complain of this, since it was the means of saving their city on that occasion. The fear of the yellow-fever, which, it was said, had been prevailing in these islands, had kept people pretty clear of them for the last few years; and we were proportionably objects of curiosity, and were immediately surrounded by a singular-looking rabble. Notwithstanding the African sun above us, the most respectable looking part of the community had long cloth cloaks on.

Many wore the common Witney blankets thrown over their shoulders; a thing which would not have surprised one in the Galapagos or Sandwich Islands. Whilst remarking upon these peculiarities, some one joined in our conversation by observing, "That wearing blankets is only a part of their national vanity; a Spaniard must have a carpa of some sort, and those who cannot afford cloth ones, will have their blankets. The carpa is probably of Moorish origin, and affords a ready protection against sudden chills to which people in hot climates are much exposed." The voice that had addressed us proceeded from a thin, anxious-looking individual, dressed like a worn-out beau of the early part of George the Fourth's reign, but of so dark a complexion that I could not suppose him to be an Englishman, notwithstanding his accent was perfectly English; at length my friend said, "Pray, sir, are you one of our countrymen?" To which the other replied, "If you are Englishmen I am; I am the English and Spanish master at Santa Cruz."

Here was number one of a class of my countrymen I have met in many odd and out-of-the-way parts of the world, a sort of moral failures, very often belonging to the class of petty merchants; amongst whom, no doubt, are to be found as many

curious histories, as in any class of society, visiting as they do distant and strange countries, and not unseldom marrying foreign wives.

S——'s friends in England were connected by commerce with these islands; and as a very young man he was sent out here to look after their interests, and began, naturally enough, by a course of pleasure; he visited from island to island, from Teneriffe to Gran Canaria, and from Canaria to Lancerota, and as he was soon able to chatter a little Spanish, he made his way, and was invited to the Spanish Tertulias, and it is not wonderful he should not have escaped uninjured from the fire of so many bright eyes; he lost his heart to a Spanish lady, and wedlock made him what he never intended to have been when he left England—an exile. The ties of a large family have literally fixed him in his present position. He thinks wistfully of England, and apparently forgetting its insular character in comparison with Teneriffe, advised me one day never to settle upon an island; "for if you do," said he, "you will never get away again."

Upon our meeting him, he undertook to be our cicerone. Santa Cruz is the capital, and best built town in the province; here resides the governor-general of this group of islands, as well as the military governor of the island of Teneriffe; for

each of the seven islands has a functionary of this description. There were formerly three convents in the town; there is now little more than the ruins of these to be seen. The population of the place may be between eight and nine thousand. The streets are built at right angles to each other; and in the middle of the town is a plaza, surrounded by the most imposing buildings in the place. At one end of this square is a marble monument representing the apparition of the Virgin to the Guanchee Kings, and at the lower end a marble cross. The streets are clean and narrow; the houses low, and painted white; the windows to the houses are very peculiar. They are only partially glazed. The greater part consists of a sort of panelled shutter, which on being pushed from the inside lifts up, and enables the inmate to see and not be seen. The mystery which attaches to these shutters certainly furnishes the ladies of the town, who are remarkably pretty, with a powerful means of flirtation. A stranger has to pass a perfect battery as he walks along. A shutter flies up, a face glances at the stranger, and when curiosity is satisfied down drops the shutter again, and the house looks as exclusive as a convent.

The two churches best deserving a visit, and to which our friend led us, are those of the Assump-

tion, and the one attached to the suppressed convent of San Francisco.

The former, which is the parish church, is exceedingly interesting to an Englishman; for here, if he is so minded, he may grieve his eyes by looking at the undoubted trophies of Spanish prowess and English bad-luck. A couple of English flags, either taken or found at the time of Nelson's attack, are, I may say, religiously preserved in glass cases; for the Spaniards, who seldom fail to celebrate the achievements of their arms by some function or other, are said to celebrate their victory on that occasion by an annual feast. One or two crews of English men-of-war have planned attacks to recover these flags; but the Teneriffians deserve to retain them for their good behaviour, and English sailors can well afford to let them have them.

Thanks to the roving or mercantile character of the English nation, an English hotel is to be found in the most out-of-the-way parts of the world; and accordingly, after a short round, we found ourselves at the "Fonda Inglesa," or English hotel. Of course, English cleanliness or comfort is not to be found here—let not the traveller or invalid look for it; but what does it really signify if daylight shows through the floors of the corridors and chambers of the house, or that the partially-glazed

windows do not shut close, when in mid-winter the "patio" or inner court is covered with the broad leaves of the banana? The charges at this fonda or hotel are not particularly reasonable; and yet one can satisfy all one's eating, drinking, and sleeping wants for a dollar a day.

In the evening we again accompanied our new acquaintance in a walk round the town; he seemed very glad of fresh ears into which to pour his local intelligence; and many stories he had of chance travellers and sojourners, who, like ourselves, had come here for curiosity or climate. He, of course, maintained the superiority of that of Teneriffe over Madeira, and was not without a list of cures effected by the former, that had not yielded to the climate of Madeira. It seems natural that this should be the case; and it is very likely many might be cured in Madeira who would not derive decided benefit from a residence at Santa Cruz. The climate of Teneriffe, although not so still as that of Madeira, is drier. At Santa Cruz, on an average, it does not rain more than six-and-thirty days in a year; at Funchal seventy-one. The winter average of the thermometer is the same as that of the south of Italy all the year round.

The physician who accompanied Cook on his voyage round the world was one of the first to

express an opinion on the sanative qualities of this climate. There is an obvious difference in the appearance of the sky here and at Funchal; here the deep blue seems qualified by a whiteness, produced, doubtless, by the dryness and heat combined. Santa Cruz must be suffocating in the summer, however agreeable in the winter; but the island affords every degree of elevation, and therefore every variety of climate. At Laguña the invalid might escape for a time from a marine climate—a matter of importance that our medical men are very apt to overlook. The Spanish doctors, though proverbially bad, are in this respect more observant than our own; they always send their consumptive patients from the sea; and I have met many seekers of health travelling about the world, who complained that the sea-air often made them feel wretched, when upon going inland they felt themselves much better. But the climates of Teneriffe are as various as they are good.

CHAPTER III.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF THESE ISLANDS.

THE generic name of the ancient inhabitants of these islands was Guanchees. They appear to have been a particularly hardy and high-minded race. Whence they came, there have been various conjectures, and a difference of opinion wholly, as it seems to me, uncalled for. From Teneriffe, the island of Canary is seen very plainly; and on a clear day, Fuertaventura is seen from Canary; and from Fuertaventura the coast of Africa is visible; it seems, therefore, next to impossible that these islands should not have been visited and peopled by the Libyans; besides which, many of the customs recorded of the ancient inhabitants are similar to those found in various parts of Africa. In proportion as countries are little advanced in civilization, it is easy to trace their origin or connexion one with another. It would not be impossible to show a sort of fellowship existing between the various races and tribes of Africa, vast and mysterious as that continent is.

The dry and sandy character of the soil has afforded facilities for a custom that seems to have prevailed in every part of Africa,—namely, that of living in caves. The Africans, from Ethiopia to Libya, were and still are to some extent Troglodites, or livers in holes, and the ancient inhabitants of these islands depended almost entirely upon the rocks for their habitation. The custom of shaving the head is very prevalent throughout Africa, which under certain circumstances the Guanchees did. The disposition to embalm or make mummies of the dead is another African custom; and the ancient inhabitants of these islands rolled their dead in goats' skins; the preparation of goffio or goffu, which was their main support, and is still eaten by the poor people of the island of Tenerife, is similar to the cuscusu eaten in Barbary and on the shores of the Gambia. All these arguments for the fact would be scarcely necessary, but that some have asserted the Aborigines to have been Americans, from the shape of the skull; indeed, I have seen a statement that the lost tribes of Israel found their way here,—thus, as they so often have been, having been pressed into the service of a despairing antiquarian.

The two most ancient mercantile people in the world were the Etrurians and the Phœnicians. It is

impossible to say what places these people did not visit; it is not improbable that the relics of early navigators have often misled antiquarians; supposing the voyages of a Cook to be buried in oblivion, and after the lapse of many years, some remote place where he had left knives and looking-glasses to be visited by a modern traveller, it is possible the tokens of civilization might mislead the antiquarians in their researches. The pottery of Etruria has, I believe, been found in Madeira; and I am quite sure that the pottery of Staffordshire has travelled into parts that Englishmen themselves never have. The Aborigines of these islands, then, were of Libyan origin.

The sentiments of the Aborigines were of an heroical character; they had orders of nobility as well as kings amongst them, and any ill treatment of women and children, was enough to exclude them from the rank of nobility; they are said not to have been much given to navigation, so that it is difficult to understand how they got from one island to another.

The Canary Islands were re-discovered to the modern world in 1334, and granted to a Spanish nobleman with the title of king by Pope Clement VI., on condition that he would cause the Gospel to be preached to the natives. This nobleman died without taking formal possession of his king-

dom; and notwithstanding one or two marauding expeditions, we must put down the Norman John de Bętancour as the first who can lay any claims to be called the conqueror of these islands. From the mere passion for travel and love of adventure, he started off in quest of the Fortunate Islands. The first island he discovered was Lancerota, and after landing with other Normans, conducted himself so judiciously, that the natives simultaneously rendered obedience to him.

After making a feint upon Fuertaventura, but being deterred from landing by the formidable aspect of the natives, he returned to Europe, and obtained from Don Henry III. a grant of the Fortunate Islands, with the title of king in 1408.

On his return to Lancerota, the usual fate of conquerors awaited him; he found the garrison he had left behind had misconducted itself towards the natives, and was nearly all massacred. The conqueror, on ascertaining the real state of things, forgave the natives; and they laid down their arms, and again became his subjects. Several priests having accompanied him on this second expedition, they were well received by the natives; and converted and baptized the king Guardarfia, and many others; and built the first church, St. Marcial.

Fuertaventura, through a happy reverence paid

to two women, named Tibiatin and Tamonante, who persuaded the king to be baptized, yielded if any thing more easily than Lancerota to the arms of John de Betancour. Being defeated in an attempt made on Canaria, he sailed to Gomera, where he was remarkably well received, as it is supposed, because a Spanish ship had once touched at this island before, and had left a priest upon it to instruct the people in the Christian religion. Hierro or Ferro, fell with equal ease into the hands of the Spaniards; owing, as it is said, to some prophecy prevailing in the place. After this, de Betancour, returning to his own country, died in his seventieth year, and was buried at Granville, first having obtained the consecration of a bishop to the Canary Islands.

Some time after, Diego de Herrera became lord of these islands by marriage; but made many vain efforts to reduce Gran Canaria, which did not finally surrender for seventy-seven years after the first attempt upon the island by John de Betancour; indeed the affix of Gran was given to the island in consequence of the robust character of the people, and their determined resistance to the pretensions of their invaders.

Alonzo Ferdinando de Lugo, one of Herrera's captains, subdued Palma, and thence sailed to Teneriffe. Sancho Herrera had built a fort in the

island before, having gained permission so to do in consequence of his having restored the miraculous image of the Virgin, probably the figure-head of some vessel, cast upon the shore; but this beautiful island was not really reduced until Alonzo de Lugo sailed thither. The armament from the island of Palma, commanded by Alonzo de Lugo, arrived at the port of Anaso, May 3, 1493, Holy Cross day, or, as it is called in our calendar, "The invention of the cross," because on that day is celebrated the Empress Helena's discovery of the true cross. After coming to a parley with one of the Guanchee kings, he passed without molestation as far as Orotava, where he made a great booty of cattle, which whilst he was driving off, the natives set upon him, and so completely subdued his forces, that he was compelled to return with the remains of his troops to Gran Canaria. After a time, he returned with large reinforcements to Santa Cruz, having come to a conference with the natives, and having declared to them his only wish was, to teach them how to worship God properly; a great many of them consented to become Christians, and were immediately baptized.

Passing through the island to select a spot where to build a city, he pitched upon the Laguna; and upon the 25th day of July, 1495, being St. Christo-

pher's day, he laid the foundations of the first city, called in consequence "St. Cristobal de la Laguna." The fort erected at Santa Cruz also became the nucleus of what is now the most important town in the island.

This is a short account of the conquest of not a very celebrated part of the world. There are many stories of native heroism and superstition connected with this history; but it is not desirable to swell this account, notwithstanding these circumstances form the subjects of national songs and practices; and the natives still point out the sites of Alonzo de Lugo's defeats and conquests, just as the battle-fields of more important countries, and which make a much more conspicuous figure in history, are shown to the stranger and traveller.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STREETS OF SANTA CRUZ—THE MANTILLA—THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AND LOUIS PHILIPPE—START FOR A TOUR OF THE ISLAND — THE TOWN OF ST. CRISTOBAL DE LA LAGUNA — GOFFIO AND FATTENING BRIDES ELECT—A SUNSET AT TENERIFFE — TROPICAL VEGETATION — MOUNTAIN AIR IN BED — A LANDMARK IN CREATION—EL PADRE AND DON CASILDA—THE VALLEY OF OROTAVA, ITS GREAT BEAUTY—THE DRAGON TREE—A CATHOLIC NURSERY-GARDEN—EXQUISITE CLIMATE OF OROTAVA.

THE streets of Santa Cruz were not without interest or novelty to us. It is impossible to see the Spanish mantilla for the first time, without being charmed with the effect. For a long time the ladies in these islands wore the face covered. I have always thought the Spanish mantilla little more than the Moorish hyack thrown back. The ladies of Santa Cruz are decidedly beautiful; the hair jet black, the complexion olive, and the eyes flashing, and expressive. They are almost invariably dressed in black. The men are only remarkable for a bad style of European dress, and the beloved carpa or cloak, or, in default of this, a blanket.

The camel is in common use here, but it is said not to flourish on the island of Teneriffe. The chief place of breeding being the dry and sandy island of Fuertaventura; still, to European eyes, it imparts great variety to the groups of people, mules, and donkeys.

On visiting the captain-general of the province, he began questioning us on the probability of Queen Adelaide visiting Teneriffe. He then proceeded to speculate on what the consequences to Europe would be, if Louis Philippe were to die; little dreaming at the time that that event had been anticipated by fortune; and that the king of the French had been compelled to fly from Paris in disgrace. A few weeks after our conversation with the captain-general, a full account reached us of the tremendous political convulsions that were breaking out, like bursting mines, in every part of Europe. It was amusing to trace how this moral earthquake was felt on different parts of the Ocean. Vessels touching at Santa Cruz knew not what ships they were to salute, and what not; and whether they were at war or peace with the different countries at which they arrived.

A very few days sufficed for Santa Cruz, and we prepared to make a tour of the island.

Teneriffe has scarcely any associations excepting those of travellers. Here, Humboldt, Von Buch,

and a host of other savans, have gratified their love of nature and science. To the most superficial observer, the island is of volcanic origin; and; if I may speculate on matters in which I am not very learned, appears to have been raised to its present elevation by a series of convulsions and eruptions, which have gradually become more limited in their action, until they have ended in the existing mountain. The island has been described as standing upon a submarine crater, such as the Graham islands afford an example of. Teneriffe has been compared to the roof of a church with the peak rising up like a steeple.

It was early in February that we left Santa Cruz; a brighter sun never shone above me. My friend, and companion, and our guide, chose to walk; but I preferred the assistance of a horse: we were also accompanied by a sunny-faced lad, named Christoval, and his donkey, which he very affectionately called Borrico, and would allow none to touch her but himself.

From Santa Cruz we ascended by a very dull description of road, between fields of the prickly pear, up to the old city of Cristobal de la Laguna, situated about fourteen or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, at this time of the year with almost an English climate,—a not unwelcome relief from the burning rays of the sun that had

poured down upon us, as we ascended the hill. The town of Cristobal de la Laguna seems almost an anomaly for Teneriffe; for it is damp, dreary, and desolate-looking, with grass growing in the streets. It possesses a goodly show of public buildings, and is the residence of the bishop. There are two parish churches: one of these is the cathedral church; it is a plain building, in the Romanesque style, with a St. Sophia dome: and the ruins of several convents. The most elegant church here is that of the Conception, which possesses, in the interior, some fine carved wood-work.

The Laguna, as the name imports, was once upon a time a lake: I should describe it at the present time a large tract of intermediate table-land, partially surrounded by mountains. It is very productive, and enlivened by many white cottages and villas: one of these belonged to the landlord of the "Fonda Inglesa," or English hotel, at which on this occasion we breakfasted. Here it delights him to cultivate a small English garden, and regale his eyes with cabbages, and radishes, and daisies, and other familiar vegetables and plants. On every side of us were bright corn-fields, and even the distant hills appeared to be covered with vegetation. We took occasion to look into the beautiful valleys of Tregueste, so called after one of the Guanchee kings: these

valleys open to the north-west, and are deemed particularly healthful. Their geography is better understood by describing that part of the island as an extensive plain, skirting the north-west coast; divided by a spur of that chain of hills that I have spoken of, as in part encompassing the Laguna. It was in these parts that we were invited to partake of the national dish. A very large pan, filled with goffio, or goffu, looking mightily like bird-lime, was placed before the swarthy family, and each, as he felt disposed, plunged his fingers into it, and carried away a piece of this unsavoury looking stuff. It is considered very nourishing, and is given with milk to fatten brides upon; it being here, and in many hot climates, the not very interesting or romantic practice to try and promote the good looks of females about to enter into wedlock by making them as fat as possible.

Proceeding in our route for Orotava, for a long way we passed through fields of maize, flax, and lupin, which latter is sown here in great abundance for manure. My mind was prepared to admire the beauties of Tenerife; accordingly, as we journeyed on, I allowed myself to fall into raptures at the beauty of those tints that the mountains, and above all the Peak, assumed, under the influence of the setting sun. Clear outlines and bright colours are not what an artistic eye generally

delights in; yet the artist who would represent tropical landscapes must be prepared for these. Oil-paintings by first-rate artists, representing tropical scenes, would be new and exceedingly interesting; where, instead of the familiar beech, ash, elm, or hawthorn hedge, the lofty and wavy palm, the broad unclustering fig-leaf, and the big banana, composed the foliage to be represented in the picture. The Peak, which appeared to us a minute ago entirely white, now exhibited every hue of purple, from pink to indigo; and no sooner had the sun vanished than the stars came out, with a degree of brilliancy I had never seen before. We continued stumbling along the road, too intent upon the objects around us to consider what peril of broken necks we stood in, until we came in sight of the farm-house where we purposed to sleep. It appeared to be surrounded by high trees; and a curious delusion here took possession of my mind. Often at I —— have I stood beneath a group of high elms, and listened at sunset to the conclave of rooks overhead, as with expanding and contracting gyrations they settle down for the night. I seemed to hear the familiar noise; and an apparition of an English summer scene recurred to me. What we heard was only the raven-throated frogs, croaking at the bottom of one of those garden tanks that here are so ne-

cessary. Naturalists have given this noisy frog the name of the "musician."

A good-looking rural couple greeted us here; and, after an exchange of civilities on the part of our guide and them, they promised to do what they could for us in the way of a night's lodging. Accordingly, after a very humble supper, we were shown into a large uncomfortable room, three corners of which were occupied with our beds.

Notwithstanding our fatigues, we slept but indifferently. I lay in a state of suspense and torment, not wishing to break the slumbers of my companion. However, notwithstanding his sleeping, his bed seemed to creak a good deal; and at last he burst out, in a tone of agony: "Oh, dear me! what shall I do?"

"What!" rejoined I, "you are, I suppose, suffering the same torments I myself am. What can it be?"

Our guide, Mr. R——, who had heard some account, or read in Glass, some remarks about the pricking sensation produced on the skin by the mountain air, said, "Rest quiet; it is only the mountain air."

"Mountain air!" said my companion. "Impossible! I fear it is something worse."

At which, we both jumped out of bed; and, tearing off the sheets, discovered, by the morning

light that was breaking through the shutters, the too evident cause of our sufferings.

I did not return to my bed; but, throwing open the door of our chamber, went out upon the sort of terrace before the house.

I was taken quite aback by the prospect, as I beheld the Peak quite clear from the extreme summit to its ocean-washed base. It is not, in outline, by any means a picturesque mountain. The upper part is of the ogee shape; yet it is an object calculated to fill the mind with wonder and amazement. It certainly looks like one of the landmarks of the creation; and must have filled the Carthaginian navigators with great surprise when they saw it, as it is probable they did, in all the glories of an active volcano. Whilst contemplating this prospect, I was joined on the terrace by my companion and an old priest, who was likewise an inmate of the farm. He pointed out to us the principal objects and villages worthy of our attention and consideration. In the near-ground was the tower of Mantanza de Centigo, signifying "the slaughter of Centigo;" because it was near to this spot that the forces of Alonzo de Lugo received their great defeat; somewhat lower down, and nearer the sea, is the village of St. Ursula; further on, upon the beach, a white line indicated the town of Port Orotava; and, appa-

rently, immediately beyond this, rose a gigantic cliff, upon the top of which the snowy Peak seemed to be deposited.

Before leaving Sausal we accompanied the old priest, Don Jose Garcia Valcarul, to see a friend of his at Tacaronto, one Don Sebastian Casilda, who had bestowed much pains in the formation of a museum of local curiosities. The seal of state belonging to one of the Guanchee kings was to be seen here; and, what was more curious to us, one of the mummies; it was in a sitting posture, embalmed, and rolled, and sown over in a goat-skin.

The old priest returned to Sausal on a donkey, and in the way introduced us to his neighbour, the curé of Tacaronto, who took us into the church, which for a country and an island church is exceedingly rich; the cause of this seems to be, that many of quite the humble classes have left Teneriffe for the Havannah, and have there accumulated fortunes; for the fine island of Cuba is still the El Dorado of Spain; and on returning, have enriched the church of their native village.

We parted with Don Jose with mutual presents and expressions of good-will; he presented me with a book entitled, "Pansamientos sobre las verdades mas importantes de la Religion," which I have often since looked into; it was certainly not without rhetorical truth at any rate, that Carlos

Quinto said, the Spanish was the only language in which the Deity should be addressed. I gave Don Jose an English knife; he appeared feeble, and had all the indications of a man broken in constitution and declining into the grave.

We continued our journey in the same fashion as we had come. My friend with Mr. R. on foot, myself mounted, and Christoval with his much-cherished donkey. The pertinacity with which this lad sang was quite remarkable, whilst walking up hills that were precipitous he would continue to carol. We breakfasted at St. Ursula in the door-way of the posada. The church here, as well as most of the few churches we had seen, wore all the appearance of a fallen state of the Church in general.

We now entered what may be described as the Palm district of Teneriffe, many of the trees were very much disfigured, being tied up that the inner leaves might whiten against Palm Sunday, being then used to adorn the churches; but on looking up the barrancas or deep valleys, we saw forests of them; and the kind of shock, which a strange vegetation when first seen gives the mind, began to yield to admiration. After passing a defile where the rays of the sun called for umbrellas as much almost as a hail-storm in England, we emerged upon that which is doubtless the grandest

and finest feature in the island,—the Valley of Orotava; we here perceived that the gigantic cliff before alluded to, which we had noticed at Sausal, surrounded the valley like the walls of an amphitheatre, or theatre, the sea-shore might be regarded as the line of the stage, which would be about twenty miles long. The sloping plain which is thus circumscribed by the mountains and the sea, is literally like a bed in a green-house; the soil is excellent, and produces every thing; however, for the most part the vine covers it like a net; in the middle of the plain stands the Villa of Orotava, and after having seen many cities, I can recall few that present, as you approach it, a more picturesque, pleasing, and singular appearance, than this town of Orotava, surrounded as it is by such remarkable natural objects; many of the buildings are built in a stately style, evidently the creation of the best days of Spanish history. Three or four miles from La Villa is the port, or as it is called, Port-Orotava; and the country intervening is dotted over with quintas, and various kinds of detached residences. The *coup d'œil* is doubtless very striking, and there have not been wanting travellers, who have rested satisfied that this was the spot they have been seeking all their lives; and have accordingly,

without further to do, landed their goods, and here pitched their tents for life.

In the garden of one of the palaces at Orotava, stands the celebrated dragon tree; the largest, I believe, and oldest tree in the world; five hundred years ago it was seen by the first invaders of the island, and was then venerated by the natives for its great size and antiquity; a great part of it now has become a species of touch-wood, and it has pretty well lost its characteristic features, and must have undergone some diminution since it was last figured.

Between the Villa Orotava and the Port, there is a nursery-garden, which, I am sorry to say, was in a very neglected state, as the idea of establishing here a garden for the purpose of naturalizing plants from the West Indies or the north of Europe is a very good one; and should be maintained in the true catholic and scientific spirit. When the wind, called "La brisa," did not blow, any thing more exquisite than the climate of this valley, it would be impossible to imagine. It was warm, so soft, and so free from any thing of an enervating character, that one would suppose there could not exist any thing in the vegetable kingdom that would not thrive here.

Here, too, the most delicate lungs, supposing

the constitution not otherwise exhausted, might respire. But were people of delicate constitutions to fly to these climates, and perpetuate their families, they may prolong the race for another generation or two; but it is to be feared, they will leave their children an inheritance of suffering.

CHAPTER V.

START FOR YCOD BY THE PUMICE PLAINS — BREAK OF DAY — CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY ON OPENING THE PLAINS — APPEARANCE OF THE CONE OF THE PEAK ON APPROACHING IT — COMPARISON BETWEEN THE PEAK AND VESUVIUS — GENERAL IMPRESSIONS — MOUNTAIN PHENOMENA — THE DESCENT — YCOD — CHURCHES OF YCOD, AND THE DEPRESSED STATE OF RELIGION — CARNIVAL SPORTS — DON FLEYTAS — GARRICHICO, ITS VOLCANIC ASPECT AND CURIOUS CAVE — THE CANARY BIRD — RETURN TO OROTAVA.

BEING in delicate health, and having been told it was quite impossible to ascend the Peak in the winter-season, I contented myself with crossing the Pumice plains to Ycod. I shall not easily forget the extreme dissatisfaction we felt at being compelled to rise at three o'clock in the morning; but our two guides, both named Christoval, good-naturedly, but doggedly, insisted upon us doing so. The elder Christoval, who had ascended the Peak many times, was a slight, good-natured, dark-complexioned man, dressed entirely in blue, with a pointed hat on, of the most brigand fashion,—a figure, in short, such as our melodramatic-heroes would give a great deal to resemble. "Muchacho"

Christoval, that is boy Christoval, was the same who had accompanied us in all our walks and rides since we had been at Teneriffe. After getting under weigh, we continued for some distance to feel our road in the dark. After ascending about two thousand feet above the Villa, we passed a village, I think called Cresenta ; and then the sun rose suddenly over the mountains, and revealed every thing around us. A pleasant, cheerful prospect it was, to see the shades of night, as it were, chased down the sides of the mountain ; and so, as we heard the goat-herds about, we sat down, and calling them to us, we proceeded to breakfast.

Shortly after this, we entered upon what the physical geographers call the region of Pine Wood ; and then a spot famous for honey more delicious than that of Hymettus ; the savine and thyme, gently moved by the exhilarating mountain air, seemed to afford what might be called an apiarian heaven. In a few hours we had climbed from the climate of the tropics to that of Archangel ; and, passing the first snow, where but a week ago two men had been frozen to death, we entered the beginning of the Pumice plains ; and a most remarkable scene it was that broke upon our sight. An indescribable stillness pervaded every thing about us ; plains of white sand like the desert ex-

tended in one direction ; and in another direction we looked over hillocks and undulating ground, covered with snow, excepting where the gigantic broom, the cytacuse and other shrubs, stood up. In parts, this tract of country was thick with shrubs, and in other places it was like downs quite to the base of the conical-shaped Peak. Those parts of it that were not covered with snow, were of a most beautiful colour.

Poets talk of secluded valleys where solitude dwells ; but if she haunts some regions of the earth more than others, it is such spots as this that I am describing ; separate and unsympathetic, the mountain looked the very emblem of solitude, and as if it would forbid intrusion and too close inspection. The day proved so fine, that we now regretted that we had not brought horses sufficient for making the entire ascent, as it turned out, the guide told us we might have accomplished it with ease ; but as we had not, we had only to imagine it ; and this was not difficult to do, since we could pretty well trace the path to the "Estança de los Ingleses," and thence to the base of the Sugar Loaf, and could imagine what the prospect would have been, looking down upon the sloping sides of the great cone, the Malpais, and Pumice plains where we now were, and the surrounding country with the sea rising to

the level of the eye; and perhaps, as some have said they are visible, the mountains of Madeira and the shores of Africa.

Teneriffe is a Solfaterra, and if I may compare it with an active volcano, I should say it presented many features similar to those of Vesuvius. I should have judged that where we were sitting was once in a state of active eruption; and that then there was no peak as we now saw it; but that, after this had subsided, another eruption broke out in the middle of the bed, and continued in a state of activity for many, many years; and the present mountain was, as it were, gradually accumulated,—just as now, in the middle of the black crater of Vesuvius, rises a small cone, from the apex of which vapour and scoriæ are perpetually being ejected, and dropping down continually increase the heap of the cone.

I have never yet cleared up, to my own satisfaction, how far every kind of scientific knowledge contributes to our happiness: it is certain the pleasure of poetical sensations is rather diminished by it. The pleasure we derive from contemplating landscape scenery is not increased by our being told that what we are so much admiring is in reality owing to a violent convulsion; or that it is a mistake so to speak of nature. The peculiar merit of Humboldt as a traveller, is, that he con-

templates nature through a poetical as well as a scientific medium, nor seems insensible to the impressions of a pious character, that these things have upon some minds. To such as him be applied the words of the poet: "Felix *qui potuit* rerum cognoscere causas."

I could have sat looking up at the white cone for hours, watching the little puffs of vapour as they issued from its summit, and enjoying the rarefied character of the air and atmosphere. However, as we had no desire to spend the night there, we moved on.

Scarcely had our cavalcade reached the end of the plain where the descent begins, than they all stood still, being amazed at the prospect before them. A white woolly-looking barrier seemed to divide us from the valley. I never saw so striking an example of this mountain phenomenon; it was generally compact and defined, and of uniform colour, excepting where a ray of light gave it colour.

The character of the scenery on this side of the Peak, as you descend, is very different from the other. Here we found, in a very unmistakeable manner, the ravaging effects of some former eruption, and every thing about us much wilder than on the side of Orotava. The descent is, in reality, over vast steps of black lava, such as Hercula-

neum lies buried under. The first indications of real vegetation we came to was a wood of fir-trees, not unlike the remnants of the old Caledonian forest at the foot of Loch Negar. Some way below this, and after passing over a wild region with considerable difficulty, we entered a wood of what in England would be called exotics; gigantic arbuta, and heath-like plants waved over our heads; having an appearance very different from any thing I have ever seen before. The fragrance of the surrounding shrubs, and the quiet and cheerful character of the path through these bright forests, was a welcome change after the savage grandeur from which we had just emerged. On leaving the wood we looked down upon rich and cultivated fields, spotted over with round hills of rich red volcanic soil, well known for its fertility in the grape.

We continued, at some elevation from the sea, to pursue the road to Ycod, all of us considerably jaded; and although the donkey and horse ran to the road-side fountains, the Christovals taught them not to do so by giving them sundry hard blows. That boy Christoval was yet singing as he impelled his animal forward.

Ycod is prettily situated under some high hills about two miles from the coast, and recalled Funchal to our recollection. At the entrance of the

town there is a fountain, at which the thirsty beasts were at last permitted to slake their thirst. The Posada, or Fonda, an antiquated-looking edifice, was as good as any we had seen in the island. In the "patio," or court, were littered all the live-stock, in the shape of mules and donkeys, which arrived. This court was surrounded by hanging galleries, into which the rooms of the house opened. The staircases leading up to these galleries were crowded with venders of dried mackerel, costermongers, and such sort of people. Our common room was adorned with French prints illustrating the history of the Prodigal Son.

The vine is much cultivated in the neighbourhood of Ycod. Many of the landed proprietors are resident upon their estates; this gives the town a life and smartness that is hardly to be expected from its remote locality. Another reason, perhaps, why Ycod possesses so good a Fonda is, because, although not on the shore, it is the nearest town to the point where the passage-boats from Santa Cruz in Palma and St. Sebastian in Gomara land their passengers.

This being Carnival time, my attention was called to the state of religion amongst these people. There are in Ycod two churches—San Marco, and that of the suppressed convent of the Augustines. The church in the morning was

crowded with the country people, who seemed to go into it for a moment, and then rush out again. From what I heard and saw, I should judge nothing can be worse than the state of the Church in Teneriffe; and that, not so much from the corrupt practices of the Church, as from its miserably depressed condition. For a long time there was a prohibition on the Bishop of Teneriffe against ordaining any fresh clergymen, for fear the responsibility of supporting the newly-made priest should fall on the government. I am not an advocate of monastic establishments, and yet it was almost impossible not to feel one's spirit depressed whilst contemplating the numerous monastic buildings in ruins.

At the village of the Rio-lejos we entered a huge conventual building all tumbling to pieces, where there still resided an aged nun, determined apparently to abide stedfast to her vows and habitation, as long as the mouldering walls did not fall in and bury her. In most of the churches the confessional box stands as lumber; and the people, who would much like to have sermons, hardly ever are instructed from the pulpit. Some, not without a show of reason, still hold it to be a question how far the Church civilizes a country, and how far national misfortune and prosperity determine the energy of the Church.

I cannot but believe in Spain the two evils serve to keep each other alive. The day of commercial prosperity and political reform in Spain will be the day of Church reform also; or, if a sounder system of Church polity was to be adopted, I doubt not the political aspect of the country would undergo much improvement; but notwithstanding what has been done at present, there is not reform, but only decay.

We found our guides had given in to the fooleries of the Carnival, and when summoned, appeared before us with faces white with flour, —this and throwing broken pots at each other's heads is the prevailing sport of the season. Crowds of the people were masked, and the guitars were sounding merrily under the windows; the masks, I suspect, concealed little beauty; for the women here, who work harder than the men, cannot boast the good looks of those on the other side of the island. Whilst contemplating this scene, Don Fleytas came up to us on his mule, prepared to conduct us to Garrichico. He was a fair specimen of the middle-class gentleman; he had visited the Peninsula, was bred to the law, but now engaged in a lucrative business, and had been interested in our favour by a friend at Santa Cruz.

The scenery on the road to Garrichico is rich

and beautiful, but no sooner do you approach the town, than the whole face of nature appears changed; blackness, such as is familiar only to a dweller in coal districts, pervades every thing. The town is situated immediately under a high mountainous cliff; and you see, as distinctly as if it were an event of yesterday, the signs of the devastating torrent of lava that in 1706 poured down upon this devoted "pueblo." An old picture, that was taken by an artist from the sea at the time of this lateral eruption of the Peak, represents the red-hot lava descending in streams upon the town, and the houses in flames: it is evident that this eruption added somewhat to the size of the island; for streets and houses stand, where the sea once washed. The Plaza, which is planted with trees and adorned with a fountain, was formerly the port and landing-place. The volcanic river came so gradually, as we were told, that the people had time to escape and to save their most valuable goods: those who like to see judgments in these visitations, have remarked that there never was a town so full of conventual buildings as Garrichico; the nuns and monks must have been literally barracked off here. The convents are thicker than the colleges of Oxford, although now mostly deserted and falling into decay.

We lunched at Don Fleytas' wine-press, and then proceeded to explore a singular cave, which I was exceedingly glad to get out of; for I am sure if Dante had ever visited it, he would have selected it as a path to the infernal regions; we traced it to the sea, and it is said to ascend up to the Pumice plains; for once upon a time, a dog was put in just where we entered and was found up in the plains, in which case it is more than ten thousand feet in length, and takes an ascending direction. As I could see no signs of limestone stalactics, I conjectured it might be formed by the cooling of a bed of lava over a narrow gorge or dyke in the mountain,—the intense heat of the cave I thought rather a verification of this conjecture.

Having satisfied our curiosity about this mountain, we turned our faces towards Orotava; passing by a shorter and more direct road, we saw little to amuse excepting one magnificent "barranca," up the sides of which flowered the myrtle in great profusion; the beautiful woods were alive with goldfinches and canaries; this bird, in a wild state, is always of a greenish colour,—the pure yellow plumage, which is much prized in the island, is acquired by perpetual crossing; but the best singing birds are the green ones. The road from Ycod Alto to Orotava continues on the heights until within four miles of the town; at

this point you obtain a fine view of the valley from the opposite side to that whence we first saw it; wherever we came the villagers were racing over the fields with their hands full of flour, throwing it over whoever they came against. In the town of Orotava we found processions of quaint figures parading up and down the streets, to the notes of the tinkling guitar, but nothing was going on in the churches. The interior of the principal church at Orotava is really a very elegant piece of Grecian architecture. It is of the Basilica shape, with two rows of Corinthian columns running down the middle of the church.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTRAST BETWEEN SPANISH AND GERMAN HOTEL-KEEPERS—PORT OROTAVA—DON MARTINEZ THE PROGRISISTA—NEWS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION — ITS EFFECTS ON THE INMATES OF LA PAS—A MODEL REPUBLIC—THE QUINTA OF LA RAMBLA AND ARTIFICIAL GARDENING—A PERILOUS ROAD—VOLCANIC DEVELOPMENTS—UNWILLINGNESS TO LEAVE THE VALLEY—DELICATE COMPLIMENTS TO THE AUTHOR.

SPANISH pride shows itself very decidedly in the general dislike which Spaniards have to keeping hotels. A German seems to glory in this employment, as the many thousands of English who annually navigate the Rhine can testify; but whether the Spaniard considers that it reflects upon his mighty affectation of hospitality, I cannot say; certain it is that Spaniards make but poor landlords. Thus in the important towns of Orotava and Port Orotava, the latter of which two places was formerly the chief town of export in the seven isles, there is nothing but one miserable Venta in the former place,—and this so bad, that we left it as soon as we possibly could, and went down into the Port, in the hopes of meeting something better.

Orotava and Port, on the north side of the island, bear the same relation to each other as Santa Cruz and St. Christoval de la Laguna do to the south-eastern side. The Villa and San Christoval de la Laguna are built at about the same elevation from the sea, and I should say are equally distant from their respective ports. Port Orotava has a somewhat desolate appearance. The grass grows in the middle of many of the streets; the beautiful climate moreover was somewhat disturbed by the prevalence of the "brisa" or north-east wind, that surely blows, more or less, in all parts of the world to remind men that they are mortal; and at this particular time, the influenza had come over from Paris to these obscure parts! and inspired the natives with as much dread, as if it had been the plague or the yellow-fever. They called it "La grippa."

An English merchant made interest for us; and procured us a lodging in the house of one Señor Martinez, a Spanish gentleman of rather reduced fortune, but ample habitation. He was literally living in a palace, by himself; a terrible progrisista and a passionate admirer of Espartero; a great conner of the little scraps of paper that circulate here as newspapers, and the very centre of the political circle of the place.

One evening we were sitting at our evening

meal with Don Martinez, which consisted of milk, and rice, and fruit. Martinez had just got his letters from Spain, and was reading them with great agitation, when he suddenly got up, and run out of the room, leaving us listlessly looking out upon the evening sky, and the broad leaves of the banana, and thinking how very quiet and tranquil every thing was, but yet a little surprised at the agitation of our host. Suddenly we heard a great explosion, and immediately saw the darting light of rockets as they rose one after another; and Martinez returning to us, exclaimed, "Cohete!" "cohete!" a rocket! a rocket! bravo! there is a republic in France, and Louis Philippe is dead. *Viva La Republica!* May the Republic flourish!" Of course, having no respect for Spanish intelligence, we did not believe Martinez, and only concluded it must be some stir amongst the Progrisistas. Martinez evidently regarded it as the dawn of brighter days for Spain, although he did not consider Spain was yet ripe for a republic; but he said Spain was terribly governed, and that every body was a thief; nor did he spare even Narvaez.

Notwithstanding our incredulity, a few days sufficed to convince us that France was in a state of great confusion and agitation; and that if Louis Philippe was not dead, and the Republic pro-

claimed, still the country was doubtless in great disorder.

It was astonishing how great and wide-spreading a panic this revolution gave rise to. People here having European interests and friends, began to think it would be necessary for them to return to their relations, before the ground upon which they stood should have changed masters, or at least before the seas were covered with hostile fleets, which might lay hold of them, and make them prisoners for life.

Amongst other places we found this feeling existing at La Pas, the quinta in which our agreeable friend Mr. S. resided. It showed itself on the part of Mrs. S. in anxiety about her children.

Mr. S. had been driven out to Madeira by his doctors on account of his health; there he received a certain amount of benefit, but after a time coming on to Teneriffe, he got well enough to think about revisiting England; he did so, and at the same time married an excellent and intelligent lady, and again returned to the island of Teneriffe. Certainly nothing could appear a greater banishment "for a distinguished Cambridge man," notwithstanding the fine scenery by which he was surrounded, and the ever bright sky over his head; however he had lived for many years here; long

enough to see two sons grown beyond the management of parents; and it was for this reason, that the lady seemed anxious to make these political disturbances a reason for breaking the charm that had made them exiles for so long a time; however, as far as I was able to judge, these youths appeared particularly advanced; in one respect I could speak of their attainments with certainty; they were admirable musicians, and whilst I sat listening with the greatest pleasure to a family performance, I felt only regret that this home, which had somewhat of the romantic about it, was very soon going to be abandoned probably for a smoky street in London, and all the matter-of-fact associations of our elbowing island.

"Do you not think, if these political disturbances should frighten you home, you will often regret this quinta, your unrivalled garden, and this sunshine and 'La Pas' Peace?'

"We may often think of it, but although there is some very nice Spanish society at Port,—as the family of the Marquise Sauzal,—this cannot make up for the English society, such as one has been accustomed to; besides, there is an obvious necessity of being safely lodged in England, before it becomes impossible to go."

"I do not believe half this story about Louis Philippe's murder; and it is certain there cannot,

be a safer place in the world than the Valley of Orotava; if the world is coming to an end, it is only the European part of it; I am sure this is a most innocent and primitive part; the very place of all others, in these days of Republicanism, to form, one would imagine, a model Republic."

"Not so primitive, I suspect, as you would persuade us; in the first place, religion is in a very fallen and degraded state, and I suppose you will not assert that this belongs to a primitive state of things; there was once in this island, nearly forty churches, between thirty and forty monasteries and nunneries, and a hundred and thirty hermitages; I do not say it is not a good thing that the majority of these are swept away; every Guanchee cave must have been occupied by a dreamer; but at present the reaction has gone direfully the other way."

"I suppose, in this respect, Teneriffe and all Spain looks like a country that is passed away. I trust that the Church of Spain is in a transition state, and that she will rise from these ashes, to become more really useful than before."

In some such way as this, the party conversed at La Pas on the engrossing subject of the times.

Pride and indolence are the characteristics of the Spaniards, that is why Spain is utterly unfit

for a Republic. If one might speculate, the Canary Islands would form a nice little Republic; for the seven islands are about the size of seven English counties; their local advantages are certainly very great, the people are lively and hopeful, and not without mercantile enterprise and a reputation for literature; not that any one who honours the ancient glory of Spain, or could wish to see so very important a section of Europe as the Peninsula, maintaining any thing of its rightful influence amongst other nations, could desire to rob her of her few remaining colonial possessions; for the lopping off colonies is one of the indications of a declining empire. Don Martinez, however, thought differently: he first of all regretted they were a province of Spain, and not a colony; for if they had been a colony, probably it would have been an easier matter for them to have followed the example of Spanish America, and have thrown off the authority of the mother country, which they declared only impoverished them. It must be admitted the Canarians had some reason not to be quite satisfied. A continual tide of employées was coming and returning from the Peninsula. These men you would suppose had for their motto the words, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed;" therefore I am made a placeman, that I may take bribes, and get rich at the expense of the country.

These "empléados" came from the mother country, and are of course great men in the province of the Canarians. I never saw the Andalucian dress in these islands, excepting on the back of one of these gentlemen.

We enjoyed the society at La Pas very much, and were accompanied by the accomplished proprietor of it in two or three pleasant excursions. Mr. S. showed us some of the Guanchee caves, which are verily only fit for the monarch of birds, instead of the palaces of mortal beings, which many of them are said to have been—no doubt selected for their inaccessible features. We likewise accompanied Mr. S. to La Rambla, a famous villa or quinta, situated to the south of the village where Alonzo de Lugo gained his final victory. In the Lower Reolejos there is a convent in ruins of prodigious size.

The career of Mr. S. sounded very much like a fiction; he might well say with the poet,

"I was a stricken deer which left the herd;"

he was a Cambridge wrangler, and had been the companion of some of those who have since distinguished themselves in the world as Judges, Bishops, or Philosophers; doubtless if they remembered him at all, they have long since num-

bered him with the dead; but all this time, he has been more or less a student and votary of the arts, and in point of attainments was up with most of them.

On reaching the village of La Rambla, we were met by the proprietor, Don Castro; there he was in true Spanish fashion, muffled up in a cloak, inspiring a spectator with an involuntary shivering fit. Poor man! there was some excuse for him, he was suffering from "la grippa," and our friend approached him as if he had been a train of gunpowder. He wondered we had not taken it,—there surely is a spell in local prejudices. It did not strike us as any thing very wonderful, since we did not consider an ordinary cold as an epidemic. Don Castro, who seemed to be on excellent terms with his servants,—just such terms as a master ought to be,—handed us over to the gardener, and told him to show us round. The house is a substantial quinta, commanding a view of the magnificent headlands that jut out into the sea between Sausal, on the other side the valley of Orotava, and where we were. The gardens constitute the principal object of attraction; and in the judgment of the old gardener the most interesting thing in them was an artificial waterfall, little knowing that we came from the land of arti-

ficial waterfalls, and that the *jardin anglais* is the *sine qua non* of many of the most aspiring continental towns.

After gazing for a sufficient time at a narrow stream of water, which, after a great deal of secret labour, was made to trickle over a rock like the tears of a crocodile, we turned into a grove of date palms, which really did reward us for our ride; besides these magnificent trees, the feathery heads of which met over us, the geranium beds on either side of the walk were the handsomest I had seen in the island. Flowers which will not grow on the south-east of the island, on account of the excessive dryness of the air, flourish here; so that the climate is evidently much moister than on the Santa Cruz side. Don Castro, before our leaving, introduced us to his wife, who, barring a frightful habit of spitting, was a very interesting person.

Leaving the quinta, we proceeded on to the village. Dangers threatened us from above and below: frightful rocks hung over our heads, and precipices yawned within a few inches of our horses' feet. In the way we had to encompass a mass of trap rock, exactly resembling that of Staffa. In no part of the world, as it seemed to me, would it be possible to see so large a variety of volcanic developments as in Teneriffe. The smoking or steam-vomiting Peak, the beautiful

crystallized sulphur, the obsidium, the pumice, the black lava, and the trap rock, are all to be seen in their natural localities in a day. As we were returning by the aforesaid perilous road home, a boy met us, and told us a man and horse had just been carried away by the tide, and that it would be impossible for us to pass:—this was a bit of a fabrication, although the waves did break over our horses, and is one of the many things that have made me believe, if a traveller would be much of an explorer, he must not give too ready heed to the prejudices of the natives.

I could have tarried for an indefinite period in the valley of Orotava, could I have persuaded my companion to continue with me; but this I failed in doing; and just at this time intelligence arrived at Santa Cruz confirming Martinez's statement that there was a revolution in France, and likewise informing us that a large brig had just hove in sight off Point Anaga, which we conjectured to be the "Brilliant," from Madeira. We therefore bid adieu to our kind friends in the valley, and crossed the island to Santa Cruz. I recollect being much amused at the nut-brown landlady of an inn at which we stopped, coming up and patting my cheek and stroking my hands; and when I inquired the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings, I was told that she was

struck with my fairness, and wished to ascertain whether I was really flesh and blood. On reaching Santa Cruz we found our expectation verified: the "Brilliant," from Madeira, lay at anchor in the roads.

CHAPTER VII.

AN IMPORTATION OF MADEIRA SOCIETY—FEMALE ANXIETY IN SIGHT SEEING—THE PRINCES OF SAXE-WEIMER ASCEND THE PEAK — OUR UNSCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL REMARKS—GENERAL DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE PARTY, AND REASONS WHY—CLIMATE OF SANTA CRUZ—DETERMINATION TO REMAIN BEHIND AT TENERIFFE—"THE BRILLIANT" RETURNS TO MADEIRA—THE SAILING CIRCUS — FATHER TIERNEY — SAIL FOR LAS PALMAS IN CANARY—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND CLIMATE.

THERE is something interesting and refined about Madeira society. Every shade of the upper and middle classes of English society had its representative the winter I spent there; besides these there were several foreigners of distinction. The serious cause that brings out such numbers induces also a thoughtful and religious tone of sentiment in many: added to this, polemics had stirred up all parties, and increased conversation and thoughts upon this subject. Yet sorrow and all things at Madeira are more or less ephemeral. There is a great deal of sympathy shown for invalids, but when they are gone they are as if they had never been. Of the professions the Church contributes

by far the greater number. The "Brilliant" brought out in her a very fair section of this society; some forty-one or forty-two people. The late Queen Dowager's sister the Duchess of Saxe Weimer, and her husband the Grand Duke, also their two sons and two daughters, were of the party. The landlord of the "Fonda Inglesa" had contrived in very good time to get rid of the military governor of the island, who had occupied one end of his hotel; and it was now devoted to the uses of the royal party.

There was something unreasonable in the expectations of some of these. The island, that had not had a stranger in it for two or three years, was expected to afford suitable accommodation for forty in one day. The island was positively taken by storm. Donkeys, mules, camels, and horses, were pressed into the service of the different parties. I remember one unfortunate lady, in her great anxiety to see the Peak, which for some good reason seemed indisposed to exhibit its snowy top, was early and late in her flights to different parts of the island, whence she hoped to obtain this view; and after all, I fear she had the mortification to return to Madeira, without having gratified this natural curiosity.

The two sons of the duke, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimer, and his brother, accompanied by

the young men who were not positively on the sick-list, ascended the Peak. The more delicate of the visitors remained at Santa Cruz; and I undertook the office of cicerone for these, exploring the valleys and barrancas in the neighbourhood, and making unscientific observations on the wonderful botanical productions to be seen here.

The Euphorbia Canariensis, which I have alluded to above, is a very large plant, with numerous green sort of petals shooting up, like wax tapers; it covers the sides of the mountains and these valleys.

The general face of the country, in my opinion, is much disfigured by the great cultivation of the "cactus opuntia" "higo tumbo," Nepaul plant, or prickly pear, whichever people like to call it. Every thing is now made to give place to this, for the sake of the grub called cochineal, which buries itself in the leaves of the plant; in appearance, it is very like a dried currant frosted over with silver, and when crushed, affords the splendid purple colour for dyeing, used in behalf of the red coats of our soldiers, and sportsmen.

Formerly the orchilla weed was chiefly cultivated here; but it seems to be now the general opinion that the Canary Islands will soon engross the cochineal trade; nearly every petty merchant has some interest in it; the year before my visit to the island, the crop amounted, in all the islands, to

as much as 404,969 lbs., showing a very great increase upon the crop of former years.

Owing to the excessive dryness of the climate of Santa Cruz, there is hardly such a thing to be seen as a geranium. The winter average of the thermometer is one or two degrees higher than that of Madeira; and I imagine hardly ever falls below 60°. The number of rainy days in the year certainly does not exceed thirty, and sometimes not twenty.

The beauties or wonders of nature can hardly be enjoyed in a bustle or a crowd. The poetical part of us which is excited in contemplating fine scenery, is apt to be checked by the call that is made upon the mind by the more engrossing feelings of social life. The party returned from Orotava loud in their praises of the hospitality they had met with in the valley; but not so much so of its beauties,—in short, although they accomplished the ascent, they seemed disappointed. I venture to say, many have enjoyed the recollection of the expedition more than they did the reality. They were suffering from great fatigue, some had been ill on the top, and others returned with faces swelled and crimson; so that altogether they contemplated with pleasure returning to Madeira, and the transported luxuries and comfort that island affords.

For my own part, I had determined to sail from Teneriffe to Spain, but unfortunately, could not persuade any to remain behind ; several very kindly remonstrated with me, and would have persuaded me to return to Funchal ; but the confined air of Madeira Proper, as that particular locality is sometimes called, not really agreeing with me, and being anxious to see a little more of the world, I persisted in my resolution ; and after the Grand Duke had received the authorities of the town, accompanied the party to their embarkation, and, not without a feeling of sadness at parting with so many agreeable companions, saw the "Brilliant" weigh anchor, and the sails spread one after another ; the main-sail, top-sail, and top-gallant-sail, and, after some anxious watching, the brig, majestically disappear behind the point.

At any time it is painful to part with friends at a ship's side, more particularly when you are left without companions on a foreign shore. I returned to the Fonda in somewhat depressed spirits, nor were my feelings improved by the state of things I found there. For scarcely had my friends quitted their temporary lodgings, when they were occupied by a very different class of voyagers. There sat, in the window-seat of the "Sala," or dining-room of the Fonda, a very strange-looking person, apparently neither strictly

speaking a sailor or a landsman. I was told that he was the captain of an American bark, which had just entered the Port, bringing a company of roving, rather than strolling, actors and actresses, and about twenty spotted circus horses, and a Portuguese clown, who was to echo the English jests of an American, in bad Spanish. This certainly appeared one of the most extraordinary speculations that was ever heard of; nothing less than Mr. Astley's embarking and following the track of Captain Cook. The landlord of the English hotel of course would not forego the profits of such a company, although he was asked to do so; and accordingly, after a time, a troop of the performers made their appearance. Their countenances had very much of the savage look about them; their hair black and long, their cheek-bones high, and the general expression of their countenances very wild and lawless. I have mentioned them here, merely as illustrating the extravagances into which American speculation will carry men. To escape from them, I was very glad to confine my society to Father Tierney.

Father Tierney was an Irishman; he had been the prior of more than one conventual building in Teneriffe: by some dispensation, he was permitted to keep as many horses as he liked; and was, in his time, a noted rider, and the pleasant com-

panion of all who visited these parts. It was certainly to his credit, that although a great deal of money had at one time and another passed through his hands, he was now, since the suppression of the convents, living on the moderate stipend of sixty pounds a year, which he received as chaplain of the forces. He was kind and easy to a fault, and would have no eyes for faults and errors of conduct which he could not but disapprove of; and excused the misconduct of one of the "empleados" living in the hotel in a way I could not agree with.

Father Tierney and I had a few very amicable conversations upon the merits of our respective Churches; we neither of us had the least idea of converting each other, or changing our opinions. He told me some singular anecdotes of those "affaires du cœur," to which those of his fraternity, notwithstanding their vows, are subject; one of which I am tempted to relate. A certain eminent priest, being appointed to a colonial bishopric, as he went on his voyage formed so strong an attachment to a lady on board the brig, that he contrived to be dropped on some island, where he renounced his orders, and married the lady, leaving another to take his bishopric.

My beau ideal of the missionary life has always been a half monastic state in which the clergy,

instead of the amenities of domestic life, should enjoy manual labour and study of every description, literary, scientific, and theological; if any one desires to know what solitude is, let him go into a foreign country alone, where the people profess a different faith to his own, he will then be entitled to say he knows what solitude is, but not otherwise.

An unmarried clergy, presided over by able bishops, will of course carry out Church views more actively than a secular body of men, with all the various calls and ties of domestic life about them; but the man who values a national prosperity and progressive intelligence, will never think it can be a blessing to his country, to exchange a class of men such as those who had lately been at Teneriffe, for the generally unpolished, and often very narrow-minded priesthood of Spain and Portugal. Father Tierney could not help expressing himself charmed by the carriage and intelligence of one or two of the clergymen brought by the "Brilliant." The Portuguese clergy are a most cruelly enslaved body of men. Rulers would do well to remember a dishonoured clergy is sure to bring low a country; and the clergy of Portugal are terribly depressed. And ill-treated, as some think our Church has been of late years;

as far as temporalities are concerned, her trials have been nothing to those of the Portuguese and Spanish Churches. A married priesthood in Spain would doubtless work a great change in the country.

Father Tierney regarded the laws of the Church as settled things; and was not without that very common feeling amongst Roman Catholics, that a married priesthood is altogether something anomalous and undesirable; but we did not dispute. Father Tierney had done with disputation, and having made his election, was disposed to live and let live; to take things as he found them, go through his offices regularly, and then spend the greater part of his day in sauntering up and down the corridor of the Fonda, and holding passing conversation with the different people who went to and fro; even to the American actors, and the singular troop of horse marines.

This circus drew people from all parts of the island, who cheerfully paid the enormous charge for admittance to witness the uncommon sight, to them, of men riding four or five horses at a time, marked in all manner of extraordinary ways, or rearing human pyramids; as these were matters that could afford little interest to one like myself, I embarked on board the "Buen Mozo," a

trading fallucho, that arrived from Cadiz, and crossed over to the island of Gran Canaria.

There were nothing but Spaniards on board this vessel; some twenty young men, the "majos" of Teneriffe, and sporting characters, who were carrying over their "gallos Ingleses," or fighting cocks to contest the merits of the "gallos" of Canary This is the national sport; and as much considered and thought of in these islands, as the bull fight is in Spain. There was something open and pleasing in the bearing of these young men; but they were deplorable sailors, notwithstanding the vessel lay as quietly as it possibly could in the trough of the sea, they were nearly all of them speedily disabled. At two o'clock the following morning, we anchored off the Isleta, and at daylight, on ascending the deck, I found a somewhat dreary prospect. The Isleta is so called not because it is actually an island, but because it seems as if it ought to be one; it is joined to the main land by what is little better than a sand bank. Along which we had to plough our way to the principal city of the island, "Las Palmas."

The appearance of the city is peculiar as you enter it; the houses are low, flat-topped, and with such enormous gurgoils to carry off the rain, that the street has more the appearance of a fort, bristling

with cannon, than any thing else. The poor part of the population live in houses cut from the sandstone hill that overhangs the city.

The town of Las Palmas has a population of about 10,000; it is built on either side of a ravine which divides it, in the bottom of which flows a narrow stream, spanned by rather an elegant bridge, built by a former bishop of the place. On looking up the ravine from the bridge, you see many palm trees, and the whole prospect is crowned by the pale blue Pexos ridge of mountains which are 6500 feet high. The valley itself is exceedingly fertile, and is so well irrigated, that it produces two crops of Indian corn in the year besides a crop of potatoes.

The town is well built, and there remain many of the original houses built by the first conquerors and settlers in the island The chief building is the cathedral of St. Anne. It is important enough to have called for particular notice in a European country. The style is Romanesque. It has two towers and a centre cupola. The interior, however, that which recommends it to one's notice, on account of the very lofty and spiral character of the piers. It is said that the architect was an Irish priest, and that he selected a species of pumice stone for the purpose of building the roof; but the workmen employed on the building con-

sidered the piers so unequal to bear an ordinary roof upon them, that they threw down their tools and refused to work, whereupon the Irish priest took a chair and set himself underneath where they were at work, that his own head might suffer, if the columns should prove unequal to bear the roof he was going to place upon them. The windows are of stained glass, but without any design in them. When Canary was the only see in the province, it was a very wealthy one, and even now it bears the character of being one of those lucrative banishments where men who are afterwards to be preferred to the great cathedrals of Spain, are not unseldom sent to scrape together a little money.

The most important edifice after the cathedral is built upon the site of the suppressed convent of Santa Clara, and comprises a reading-room, coffee-room, ball-room, and theatre: into this club-house, as it is, our consul introduced me, where I found plenty of French and Spanish papers, but very few books. A library of modern books I should think was a thing quite unknown in Spain.

On the north side of this building is the Alemada, laid out with some pretensions, and thronged every evening with the ladies of the

place, and the cock-fighting gentlemen of the two islands.

The valley in which the town is built separates a little higher up, into two narrower ones affording exceedingly pretty walks and rides. To the south of the town between the high land and the sea, stretches a tract of fertile well irrigated land about a mile in breadth. The method adopted in irrigating is said to be of Moorish origin, and from its antiquity I should think it probably was. The furrows are ploughed in semicircles, so as to lead into each other; the top furrow is called the "madre," or mother, and the water being turned into this, runs through all the others in the piece of ground which is under cultivation.

The climate of Las Palmas is quite different from that of Santa Cruz. Regularly about ten o'clock, although the sky has been clear before, a sea-cloud comes up from the East, and tempers the rays of the sun with moisture, so that geraniums and succulent plants generally will flourish here, which will not at Santa Cruz. The number of rainy days at Las Palmas greatly exceeds the number of Santa Cruz, and even that of Funchal in Madeira. Thus, the number of rainy days in Santa Cruz is under forty, at Las

Palmas under eighty, at Madeira about seventy, and at Fuertaventura, as I have been told, it hardly ever rains at all. All this variety of climate is produced by the accidental position of these islands with respect to the ordinary course of the "trade winds."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEASON OF LENT IN LAS PALMAS—THE BISHOP—SPANISH PREACHING — EL MISSIONARIO — EPISCOPAL ZEAL — COCK-FIGHTING IN A CONVENT—CLOISTER ASSOCIATIONS—THE MATE OF THE AMERICAN BARK—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY IN THE INTERIOR — PROCESSIONS IN PASSION WEEK, AND THEIR EFFECTS ON DIFFERENT MINDS—SENOR BETINCOURT—DEPARTURE FROM THE ISLAND.

It was the season of Lent during my stay at Las Palmas; the town was accordingly kept alive by matters of ecclesiastical interest, as well as by the approaching struggle between the "gallos Ingleses" of the two islands of Teneriffe and Gran Canaria. The bishop had been newly appointed to the see, and had just arrived from the Spanish peninsula, evidently with no very high opinion of the state of his diocese, or the acquirements of the people he had come to live amongst. However, the Canarians have some very fair collegiate establishments, and are a lively and intelligent people; and he used to address them, as they complained, in too puerile terms; and in their turn they laughed at him for his pronunciation, because he

was by birth a Catalonian. This was, it must be admitted, as if Irishmen should laugh at a Scotchman for his pronunciation of English; but it is likewise a lesson to those preachers who are fond of condescending to the understanding of their congregations, and in order to do so frequently say very trifling things: however, the bishop's zeal was praiseworthy, and much needed by these islanders. One day an English trader came and said to me, "The bishop has been preaching and giving the people a considerable trimming, telling them they might take example even by the heretical English, who, though not in the Catholic faith, surpassed the Spaniards in piety."

The bishop with some justice preached against cock-fighting on Sundays in Lent. Every evening he preached, making the circuit of the churches with his chaplain, whom they called "el missionario," and who always occupied the pulpit immediately after the bishop. He was a more eloquent and impassioned man than the bishop, and preached more according to the prescribed rules of Spanish preaching; for the Spanish preacher receives minute directions upon things we never think about.

He is instructed in his whole carriage in the pulpit; for instance, he is told how he should hold his body: it should be upright, but not

so much so, or so immoveably, as to give it the appearance of being stuck up. The chest should be slightly inclined forward, especially when the preacher apostrophises the people. "Nunca volvera la espalda al sacramento," the back or shoulder should never be turned to the sacrament; since that is the same as if a preacher should turn his back on the Deity. Neither should he rest his elbows on the cushion of the pulpit, nor turn himself from this side to that "con demasiada viveza,"—in too great a hurry, but with ease and dignity. His head ought to be "erguida pero sin orgullo,"—erect, but without hauteur; and turn on its axis "lento y suave,"—softly and sweetly. His eyes are to look down on the congregation with modesty, and not to be fixed at one point, but to wander "indistintamente sobre todo el auditorio,"—without distinguishing individuals over the whole congregation. The eyebrows are never to be raised completely to the roots of the hair; "ni la una sin la otra,"—nor by any accident one without the other. A smile should never appear on his lips, albeit "la allegria de los santos"—the joy of the saints, is not to be concealed when occasion calls for it.

The bishop sometimes preached from the balcony of his palace; a purple cloth was thrown

over the rails, and his crozier fixed in one corner. It was both amusing and instructive to me to observe the contending principles at work, and to be a wholly impartial spectator of what I know to be going on in every part of the world,—"the Church and the world." The world coldly criticising the efforts of the Church. The bishop strove to arouse the apathetic; he gave out that the processions were to be in full force the ensuing Passion Week. But how did my friends generally regard it? they used to stroll into church of an evening for a few minutes, and then come out, pronounce him a Catalonian, and begin to talk of their cock-fights.

I determined to pay the suppressed convent of the Augustines, in which these exhibitions were held, one visit, and see the sort of company that frequented them. I am not one of those Protestants who could rejoice to see a convent perverted to these uses, and it was not without repugnance on this score as well as others that I directed my footsteps to the place. When I entered the ancient cloisters, the silence was as profound as in those days when the building was in the occupation of men under religious vows; not that it was empty, but, on the contrary, very full. In the "patio," or quadrangle, tiers of seats were raised up round a sort of large cage, and these seats were crowded with

attentive spectators; in the upper corridors or cloisters I noticed some of the clergy and principal civil and military officers of the place. I mounted up here just in time to see the conclusion of one of the fights; the two unfortunate birds were scarcely able to peck at each other any longer; one just contrived to drive the other a few paces on, and then both stood still, as inanimate as if they had been stuffed, excepting that pools of blood began to form under the respective birds. This was a signal for the backers to enter the cage, smooth the feathers, and try and stimulate their fighting propensities. The poor spent creatures made one or two more fluttering efforts at contention, and then fell back lifeless. When I noticed their feathers quivering, I felt disgusted, but directly a new and lively couple were thrown into the cage, and began to strut round and crow for the combat, the interest revived, so it was time to leave this demoralising exhibition.

The convent of the Augustines was doomed to a double profanation; for, a week after this, an awning was spread over the patio, and the American horses were exhibiting.

I well remember this circumstance, because I made acquaintance with the mate of the American bark in rather a singular manner; the first Sunday that I was in the island, I found there were

too many prejudices to be overcome, to assemble the few English people, who had banished themselves here, for purposes of worship; I therefore, as a thing most in accordance with my feelings, entered the cathedral; and after gazing with wonder for some time at the gigantic representation of St. Christoval, the ferryman, bearing the infant Jesus on his shoulders, a figure found in most Spanish cathedrals, I passed into the cloisters. The solitude of a cloister is, to a church lover, the most agreeable one can imagine. Be he where he may in Christendom, he may, in imagination, be speedily transported to the cloisters of some favourite church in his own country. Nothing could be more agreeable than these cloisters. The delicious atmosphere, the splashing of water in the middle fountain, and the train of agreeable associations summoned to one's mind by the character of the building: but my reverie did not last long; the sacristan made his appearance, and bade me depart; somewhat chagrined, I returned to the Fonda to read the offices.

As I entered the principal room or Sala, I saw, through an open door, a hot bath emitting steam, and the head of a man hanging over the side of it; his features bespoke an utter absence of moral culture; seeing me, he addressed me in English,

and when I asked him who he was he replied, "The mate of the American bark." I could not help remarking what a miserable existence he was leading; and asking him if he knew this was Sunday, he said, "No; Sundays and other days were all the same to him." I then expressed my wonder how this extraordinary speculation could pay.

The mate, who, it seems, was at this time under the doctor's hands, was very good-natured, and replied, "It pays very well; every one, from the least to the greatest, that was employed in it, was well remunerated; for they visited out-of-the-way parts of the world, and got almost whatever prices they demanded; that in some of their voyages they had been to Brazil, and that now it was their intention to visit the Cape de Verd Islands, Rio, and the West India Islands, so returning to America." Notwithstanding their profits, I felt so great a repugnance to the concern, that I would as soon have made a voyage in a slave ship, as in her. I should have expected so unprofessional a naval armament would have fallen victims to the treacherous element, the first gale that blew; indeed, I have heard since, that they never did reach their destination; but fell into the hands of some pirates, who infest the north-west coast of Africa. Whatever the mate's malady may have

been, the usual Spanish remedy, hot-water and bleeding, was applied to him; and I saw no more of him after this interview.

Whilst at Las Palmas, I made several excursions on foot, and on horseback; on one of these, I was accompanied by the consul, who rode an "entero" of prodigious size, and with a mane so long and thick, that the head of the animal looked more like that of a lion than a horse. The aspect of the country is very different from that of Teneriffe, and as like that of Madeira. After mounting the heights above Las Palmas, we rode through a barrenish tract of country, until we came to a place called El Barrancho de los Freyles; here the road turns suddenly, and opens a view that presents a striking picture of rock, and cavern, and water, with an extensive plain beyond bounded by the chief mountains of the island; from this point, the whole of our ride was through vineyards, and the roads we traversed were most excellent, better than the most luxurious park-roads in England, not I should imagine owing to any ingenuity on the part of the inhabitants; but simply to the accident of the soil; these roads and this character of country, pervades an important part of the country called El Monte, in the vicinity of which the wealthy inhabitants of the island have their quintas or country houses; at one of these we

rested, and it afforded an excellent specimen of tropical rusticity.

The Englishman knows not how great a slave he is to horticultural neatness, until he enters southern latitudes; then for the most part, without thinking why, he is disappointed with those magnificent tropical productions from which he expected to derive so much pleasure. He does not know why he is not positively in raptures with the garden that produces the orange, citron, pepper, banana, and pine-apples, together with countless flowering plants; it is because they are generally associated with tropical indolence; this was not the case with the "cortejo" or quinta that Mr. H. introduced me to; every thing was nice and neat; the oratory, parlour, and wine-press, and also the orange grove and flower beds. After leaving this, we rode on to La Atalaya, a deep ravine, the head of which is composed of a rubbley kind of stone, in which are formed cavern cottages, tier above tier, so thick and numerous, that the place can only be described as a human warren; the inhabitants of this singular "pueplo" are dark, wild-looking people, entirely occupied in forming utensils of earthenware, more Etruscan than Spanish in their appearance.

Canary is the richest of all the seven islands in water, an element only properly valued in such places as these; every drop of which, come how it

may, from the mountains or from the sky, is collected into tanks and reservoirs ; and where several families have a claim upon it, is doled out with jealous impartiality ; it is by witnessing the immediate importance of water in a naturally arid country like this, that the full tyranny of that Persian monarch can be appreciated, who, shutting up the gorges of the mountains, which surrounded the plain where the river *Acis* took its rise, blessed or cursed the different provinces of his kingdom, as they furnished him with tribute. He who should possess the keys of such a reservoir would be all-powerful ; for upon it depends every thing : without water the soil produces nothing ; with it, every thing. I concluded the day by dining with Mr. H., and tasting some of the genuine Canary, such as Falstaff and Prince Hal, Poins and Bardolph, regaled themselves with in Eastcheap ; at least I was informed that some historical inquiries had been made into the nature of that wine, and that the conclusion arrived at was, that it exactly resembled the vintage that was placed before me.

Another place I visited was Telde, the second town in importance in the island. The road thither, for some distance, is along the precipitous cliff, in places of which I noticed distinctly the columnar trachytic formation. After following the coast for some miles, the road turns to the

interior of the island, and all that presents itself to the traveller is arid and uninteresting, until opening the plain of Telde. The town did not particularly charm me, although it is partially surrounded by palm-trees; the climate I should judge was excellent, and indeed so it is reported to be. A great deal of the surrounding country is in the possession of a certain Spanish nobleman, who is emphatically called the count, as he is the only man of high rank in the island. He is unlike most Spaniards, a traveller, and a linguist, and fond of mechanics and of experimental agriculture. Telde was fast emptying of its richer inhabitants, who were hastening to Las Palmas to keep the Passion Week; at the same time the dread of returning yellow fever would soon send them back, for Telde in this respect is a charmed spot. My companion Mr. M., a most kind-hearted and hospitable resident at Las Palmas, introduced me to a pleasing Spanish family who were just on the point of starting for the town.

The town of Las Palmas never looked very dull, but I attribute this apparent gaiety to the ecclesiastical bustle then going on. When the churches of an evening emptied themselves, the alameda was immediately filled with numerous dark-haired and devout señoras. My acquaintances of Teneriffe were essentially "flaneurs" as

well as "majos," and were therefore, of course, always lounging about with their Canarian antagonists. One of these latter had spent two or three years in England, and spoke English perfectly. He introduced himself to me; his name was Betancour, and he was a descendant of the first invader of the island, John de Betancour, who, in 1405, made an attack, and failed. Again, in 1406, he made another with the same fortune; the natives of this island never having been really conquered.

I found this Señor Betancour a pleasant companion. On looking at the processions which used to issue from the cathedral during Passion week, I could not help appealing to him, as to whether it was possible a people trained by such means could be religious without being essentially idolatrous? He confessed he thought the lower orders did look on those figures as something more than bare representations.

During Passion week, there was a gauze curtain drawn over the "Presbyterio," or that part of the building which would answer to our chancel, where the priests officiated; but on Good Friday, as the veil of the temple was rent in twain, this curtain was removed. When the processions issued out of the church, the crowd was immense; the figures were some degrees bigger than life, and

borne aloft of the populace, who moved along, a dense uncovered mass, and I suspect a jealous mass likewise; for I chanced to be standing in some out-of-the-way place, some distance from the procession, with my hat on, when I was recognized, and peremptorily told to uncover,—which of course I was not foolish enough to decline doing. I well remember the face and figure of a priest who always headed these processions; he was a good-looking man of about eight-and-twenty or thirty, and as they chanted the Latin hymn, there was a smile, nay, almost a look of saucy triumph on his countenance,[1] as if he knew he was conducting a never-failing appeal to the feelings of the people.

Betancour gave me a clue to the feelings that were most likely prevailing with the people, by saying, as the figure of Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Jesus passed us, no one could tell when he was young, with what intense pleasure he looked forward to the processions of Passion week; nor did he seem to have lost his relish, for he kept leading me up and down the streets so as to meet it again and again. [1]

No doubt in Spain, these obvious relics of heathenism retain a most powerful hold upon the people. Wishing to probe my friend's feelings quietly, I remarked, that last Sunday the few

English here had assembled in Protestant worship. He said, it was perfectly right; but although there were many things in the Protestant religion he approved, and many things in his own he could wish different, he should be very sorry to see in Spain the same confusion of sects and religions as existed in England. With this sentiment I could fully concur; a national uniformity of religion being a thing much to be desired. Nay, politically speaking, I regard it as a consummation for which much of what is ordinarily called prosperity might be surrendered; supposing the Church of England to retain an undisputed sway upon the affections of the people, we should afford the most remarkable instance in the history of the world, of an isolated and united nation.

I was compelled to leave Gran Canaria in the middle of Passion week. The "Joven Temerario," a new brigantine, that traded between these islands and Cadiz, made her appearance in the roads, by which vessel I had settled to return to Europe.

I left the island well satisfied with the kind reception I had met with from my own countrymen as well as the natives; and the comfortable accommodation I had experienced, for three-quarters of a dollar a day. The living in the island is remarkably cheap; I was told it would be impossible to spend four hundred a year, let a man live

in a palace, and keep as many horses as he might.

I again ploughed my way along the sandy promontory to the Isleta, and embarked. The vessel struck me as looking crank, over-masted, with very lanky spars; however, she made good way to Teneriffe, where we touched before making the voyage to Cadiz.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO SANTA CRUZ—A MUTINY—MR. SHEDDON OF THE YACHT "NANCY DAWSON"—DISPOSAL OF THE MUTINEERS—DEPARTURE OF THE "JOVEN TEMERARIO"—THE VOYAGE—CAPE SPARTEL AND SHAVING—NATIONAL PREJUDICES—BOATMEN OF CADIZ—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE TOWN.

A SEA-PORT, in however remote a part of the world, is seldom long without matters of interest turning up. On my return to Teneriffe, I found two English vessels had arrived which were subjects of conversation.

The first in importance was a very pretty yacht called the "Nancy Dawson," and carrying a pinnace, out on a cruize of three years, the property of a Mr Sheddon [1], a gentleman who appeared in the streets of Santa Cruz with a huge beard; he was accompanied by a lady, but how related to him was

[1] Mr. Sheddon's name may probably be familiar to the reader. He was the unfortunate gentleman described in some of the journals of the officers engaged in the last Arctic Expedition, who voluntarily proceeded in search of Sir John Franklin in the "Nancy Dawson." His yacht was spoken of, as being in a state of mutiny, doubtless the mutineers being these very men he took with him from Teneriffe—he died on the voyage.

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not very evident. The other was a trading vessel of five or six hundred tons, half a wreck, and with a crew in a state of mutiny. The captain accused the men of villany, the men retorted by saying the captain was a tyrant, and a bully. The captain spoke most bitterly of his men, and declared that he did not consider his life secure for a moment. They in rejoinder affirmed the captain to be a savage, who had shot one man before on board a ship which he commanded; the truth of the matter seemed, as usual, to lie between the contending parties; the vessel began to let in water as fast as she could, when the men were ordered to the pumps night and day, until they came in sight of the Isle of Palma; but the captain would not make for land, as he thought, by keeping the men at the pumps, he might yet accomplish the voyage. The men, however, with some reason, refused to pump any longer, and half of them openly mutinied; the vessel began to fill rapidly, and with difficulty was got round to Santa Cruz.

Eight or nine of the mutineers were taken under a guard of soldiers to the castle at Santa Cruz; the judgment passed upon them was not very severe; for the consul simply determined to send them back to Cadiz by the very vessel in which I was going; when I learnt this it occurred to me, that eight Englishmen, described as being

very dangerous characters, and convicted of mutiny, would prove but indifferent company; and, if they were viciously-minded, might easily knock the captain on the head, and take possession of the vessel; I therefore stated to the consul my apprehensions, but he good-naturedly assured me that there was no occasion to be alarmed, that the men were not so bad as they were represented to be, and in short, that the captain was nearly as much to blame as the men. "I am only going," he added, "to send four men with you; the Spaniards will be quite strong enough to keep them in order. Mr. Sheddon takes the others in his yacht to the south; but come down to the castle, and I will introduce you to them."

On arriving at the castle, nothing could look more forlorn than did these sailors; half naked, and fierce-looking, they really reminded me of vultures in the Zoological gardens, as they climbed upon the walls of the prison-yard, or paced backwards and forwards.

He introduced me to them as a clergyman who was going to make the voyage to Cadiz, in the "Joven Temerario," the same vessel which would take them; and desired them to consider themselves under my authority; telling them that their treatment would depend upon the character which I gave them to the consul at Cadiz. I think I

have read some where of a certain Archbishop Moreley, who in his youth was a buccaneer; it seemed as if there was a chance of my going a step backward, and ending where his Grace began.

It was a very beautiful afternoon when we all embarked; the atmosphere was so clear that objects twenty miles off, looked within reach of touch; turtles floated on the top of the cerulean blue waves, which gently broke upon the sides of the vessel. The Peak, which had well-nigh thrown off his winter mantle, uncovered to give us a parting look, and now nothing but the usual adieus which are expressed on the occasion of a vessel starting were to be heard. The Irish brogue of Father Tierney, bidding me a good voyage, mingled with Spaniards' "Adios, Señor Capitan!" "Adios Don Carlos!" "buen camino!" and such like expressions.

There were two cabin passengers both Spaniards, besides myself; with one of these I was already acquainted; he was going for the first time to visit the Peninsula, and was big with expectation, and vague apprehensions of the dangers of the seas.

For six days, only once did we catch sight of a sail off the coast of Morocco, and that was seen and gone again like a falling star; yet I never wearied of looking at the sea and sky, and in-

haling the delicious breezes; it is the having the arrival to look forward to, that makes a voyage of this kind so agreeable; pleasant as the voyage itself is, one has always, in addition, the hope of joining friends, or visiting a new country before one: the slightest circumstance becomes an incident; thus for days were we amused by endeavouring to catch two swallows, that unexpectedly came fluttering about our rigging; and at last, after thinking they had bidden us good-bye for about fifty times, one of them had the temerity to dive into the cabin, and a moment the hatch was pushed over, and the stranger captured; he had plenty of society, for there were a good many canary birds and black-caps on board.

The difference between the Spanish sailor and the English, as it appears to me, is, that the Spaniard does not disguise his anxiety in uncertain and stormy weather; whereas, the Englishman, the more fiercely it blows, the more hardy and indifferent does he appear; I cannot say that I commend him or admire him for this; certainly the sailor should always exhibit presence of mind; but the want of care in the English sailor has gained him the reputation of not being the safest nautical character you can entrust your life with. Our captain watched the approach of a squall with

the greatest care, so that the sails were hauled up long before the storm swept by.

The first token we had that we were approaching the more civilized parts of the world, was the sight of two large barks that were sailing directly across the path of our vessel, and therefore were evidently bearing down for the Straits of Gibraltar. After having passed the straits several times, and crossed the Gut of Gibraltar, between the coasts of Spain and Africa, no less than five times, the Straits of Gibraltar are become as unexciting to my imagination as the Bristol Channel; but this time it was far otherwise: and all one had ever read of Calpe and Abyla, or the battles of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar, recurred more vividly to the memory every knot the vessel made. When we were off Cape Spartel I could not help remembering that we were ploughing the very same ocean path as that memorable fleet of Nelson's did, that was returning from its pursuit of the enemy to the West Indies, to win, in the end, the laurels of Trafalgar; and which Ali Bey saw from the sandy shores of Morocco, as he accompanied the emperor of that country on his singular journey of investigation.

Upon reaching this point the captain shaved, and the whole ship's company followed his ex-

ample; for, notwithstanding my clerical character, I had imitated those amongst whom I was, and had acquired a small moustache and beard, which, however, was exclusively for the admiration of the sea-nymphs. My glass was now out, and by directing it to the line where the sea and sky met, and carrying it along, I could discern the white funnels of a large steamer, and the masts of several vessels—sufficient indications that we were approaching scenes of European life and activity.

The other passenger was a pastry-cook: he poured into the willing ears of the novice many stories about Cadiz, for he was a native of the place. The provincial was curious about many things, and was inquisitive about some particular dish. I was not versed enough in the language to understand what it was; but a few days afterwards, being at breakfast with him, he called for the dish; when, to my surprise, the "mozo" brought in a dish of oysters, which the provincial, having tasted, called to him immediately to remove.

Once, in Canary, I expressed surprise to a poor man at the number and size of the cactuses. He laughed at my simplicity, supposing they abound every where; but just then a crow flew by, and he cried out, "There! you have not got such birds as those in England." I laughed in my turn, and

assured him the "sinistra cornix" was found every where.

A few more minutes, and the Cadiz light-house made its appearance above the horizon, at the same time almost,

"Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea;"

as like as Venice to a sea Cybele; or, as the Spaniards call it, "taza de plata,"—a cup of silver. Silence began now to prevail on deck,—the consequences of expectation so soon about to be realized; for I have before noticed, when on a voyage, the kind of close brotherhood that seems to unite every one on board during the passage, gradually dissolves as the land is neared. Now that we were so near the port my fellow-passengers no longer cared to cram me about the wonders of Spain, the fruits of Rota, or the wines of Port de S. Maria, or the "fiesta" that was always holden at this time of the year at Porto Real. The captain, doubtless, began to think of his wife; the pastry-cook of his brother "pasteleros," or other friends whom he expected to meet. The young man, who, like myself, was on his travels, was no doubt occupied with thick fancies touching the mother country. I know not what matter of Spanish interest was most present to his mind, I believe all of us were not a little curious

to know whether the Peninsula was really in a state of tranquillity or not. Soon after, two or three boats, painted with big eyes at their prows so as to look like dolphins, with "Sanidad" written on the sails, came scudding alongside of us. The captain handed his papers to the men in one of them, and we were permitted to anchor. In a moment we were surrounded by the boatmen of Cadiz; and I noticed the national expression of their countenances, the impression of which entirely wore off when I became better acquainted with the people generally. They all looked as much alike as a flock of sheep. Pointed features, dark passionate eyes, yellow complexion; quite different from the Portuguese of Madeira or the Spaniards of Canary and Teneriffe.

My first impressions of Cadiz were of the most delightful nature: I was much pleased with all I saw. The houses are sparkling white, and the shutters bright green. The notes of singing-birds rang through all the streets, so that the atmosphere was always full of cheerful sounds; but I had scarcely entered the place before I heard rumours of revolutions. There had been an "émeute" at Seville, and a few days afterwards martial law was proclaimed in Cadiz.

CHAPTER X.

RIDING IN SPAIN, ITS FATIGUES AND PLEASURES—THE GOVERNOR OF GAUCIN MURDERED—CHARACTER OF SOME OF THE MOUNTAIN CLERGY—RETURN TO CADIZ—BEGGING CLERGY—DOMINGO MORENO, THE BISHOP OF CADIZ—THE CATHEDRAL—PORTUGUESE LADIES—STEAM-BOAT TO SEVILLE—CATHEDRAL—ALL SAINTS'-DAY.

I MADE an expedition to Ronda fair, and very cheerfully bore the fatigues of a ride, in consideration for the luxuries of the picturesque that are there to be enjoyed. "Bear up," said one rider to another, who was nearly fainting from heat and fatigue; "remember you are laying up golden recollections for the future." This, after all, is no inconsiderable part of the reward of all travelling, and particularly of that in Spain. It is pleasing now to think of the vintage-loving Xerez, and the gay town of Ronda; the plain of Caulina, covered with alternate vineyards and olive-farms; or those dreamy haunts about the villages of El Broque and Tavira, where at one time the traveller paces over open lawns with distant mountains before him, or, as it may be, is bending to escape the thick branches

of the mountain oak, or, again, finds his horse's feet splashing through the mountain torrent.

Although we saw many crosses,—"los milagros" of Andalucia,—we travelled with perfect safety. On one occasion my companion left a bag of dollars under the pillow of his bed at a "venta" where we had been compelled to sleep; but fortunately he rode back rapidly, rushed up into his room, and recovered the money, before the "criada," or maid, had disturbed the bed. Yet I have constantly felt a due apprehension of the lawless character of the inhabitants of Spain; and at one town we came to had good reason for so doing. We arrived, after a very hot ride, at Gaucin, in our way to Gibraltar, and found every body out; for the curé, in company with some others, had just murdered the governor. He fled to Gibraltar, but even English liberality could not stand this; so he was obliged to cross the straits to Barbary, where probably he may have become a Mahometan.

I have been told that some of the mountain curés are not much men of peace; and that a few of them kept up a correspondence with the contrabandists. I have seen them sometimes jogging along, looking as little like priests as they could do. Enough so to satisfy me that secular tastes are not confined to our own clergy.

The view from the road above Gaucin is one of

the most interesting in the south of Spain. In the distance the traveller sees the snowy tops of the Little Atlas mountains; then the blue Straits; the abrupt and singular-shaped rock of Gibraltar; the rich and picturesque plain through which the Guadiana flows; the towers of the Moorish castle of Gaucin; and the mountains rising around him. All these beauties made us only anxious to press forward and see more, and above all to reach the "Rock," the existence of which (however often it had been as a dream) we could now no longer doubt. After another day's exposure to the burning rays of the sun, we reached our destination. But I shall speak of Gibraltar hereafter.

After the heats of a Spanish summer I was again at Cadiz, on my way to spend the winter at Seville. The charm of the place had considerably diminished since I first entered it from the outlying province of the Canaries; and the accidental rubs I had had against the clergy, helped to confirm the impression I already entertained of their unenviable condition. The second morning after our arrival, whilst looking over the balcony of Vasquez' hotel, opposite the ramparts, I saw a priest making signs from below, and asking me whether I spoke Spanish. I knew there could be only one object in a priest's wishing to speak to

English travellers; and that he was about to do that, which, in all probability, he would have felt ashamed to do to his own countrymen,—to beg of me. However, I invited him into my apartment, and found him the most incommunicative of beings: all I could make out of him was that he was very poor, and that he had his mother to support; that he was a sort of itinerant curé, and said mass at any church where he might chance to pick up a duty. He did not seem to be under the Bishop of Cadiz, or to have any thing to do with the clergy of the place.

But a more ludicrous instance of the begging propensities of the inferior clergy occurred to me than this. After examining the pictures of Murillo in the convent of San Francisco, famous thoughout Spain,—because here the great painter, whilst engaged in the chief picture over the altar, the marriage of St. Catherine, fell from the scaffolding, and was removed only to die at Seville,—I asked the sacristan to introduce me to a priest, for I wished to make some inquiries respecting a history of the Spanish Church. He introduced me to one between thirty and forty, who desired me to call the following day. Accordingly, so I did: after a very futile conversation, I bade him good-day; but I thought something appeared to be running in his head, so, not liking to offer him

money direct, I took out a silver coin of some value, and said, "Will you bestow this on the poor, Señor?"

He replied, "This is very little for the poor."

"Well," I rejoined, "charity is not to be measured."

The priest repeated, "This is very little for the poor."

Thus driven to the wall, I put my hand into my pocket, and pulling out half a doubloon with some other money, the considerate padre exclaimed, "That will do very well 'para los pobres.'" At this I could not help smiling, and assuring him I was a great deal too poor a clerk myself to give him "two pounds" for opening the door of his cloisters; I put some smaller coin into his hand, and took my leave.

These stories exemplify the poverty-stricken state of the clergy in many cases, and what now may be called the national venality of the whole people. But alongside of them, I must mention the disinterested zeal of the bishop. Domingo Moreno was then in his eightieth year, with a countenance exactly such as one has ever pictured that of the Spanish dignitary; study, and the Romish faith combined, has conveyed a thoughtful and scholar-like impression to his face. It is almost entirely through his instrumentality that

the new cathedral has been completed; and really, when it is considered how cruelly the State has treated the clergy, and the popular feeling against the Church, it is in no small degree to his credit, that he has brought to completion so great a work as that of building a cathedral. As it is the greatest imprudence for one without private fortune to accept a bishopric in Spain, Moreno most probably was a rich man; and it is the more to his praise that he has expended his fortune in this good work.

I met the bishop's nephew one day, superintending the building, with a roll of paper under his arm; and I asked him if any of the clergy were architects, upon which he smiled, and said, "No; it was quite enough for them to look on." I understood the number of clergy attached to the cathedral was sixteen. As to the architecture, I deliver up the exterior to the castigations of the critics. The western façade, which is flanked by cupolas not very dissimilar to those at St. Paul's, is most infelicitous and whimsical. The interior is much better, and produces no displeasing impression upon the mind on entering. It is characterized by clustered Grecian columns, with rather a disproportionately high clerestory: but let not the stranger be too curious about the pictures; with the exception of one Murillo, they are sad

performances, and most of them modern; a lady amateur, amongst others, having contributed some efforts of her pencil.

This building has been mainly erected within the last ten or eleven years. Had I been in company with a member of the Camden Society, I should have had to listen to the lamentations over a cathedral, built in the Grecian style, instead of the first, second, or third pointed. I join issue with these exclusive Gothicizers. The finest Christian temple in the world is not built in their style; and Christianity, as far as architecture is concerned, has ever been eclectic. The early Christians found churches built to their hands in the ancient temples and Basilicas; and this style of building is one of the most convenient that can be desired for Christian worship; again, the Moors have built inadvertently almost as many churches as they have mosques; and indeed it would be difficult to prove that Gothic architecture is not vastly indebted to the Saracens for many of its most impressive features.

Whilst at Cadiz we met a Portuguese family of rank returning from Madeira to Lisbon. The young ladies spoke English; and, like most of their gentle sex, they cheerfully fell into a conversation upon ecclesiastical subjects. Their account of the Madeira clergy did not add to my favourable

impressions of them. They told me they confessed once a year, in Lent, before receiving the Holy Communion; "but," said one of them, "a great many of our ladies are very fond of confessing." "But," said I, "you must be better than I had imagined even any Señora could be; if you could confess all your sins for the year at one time?" The young lady smiled, and replied, "We do not confess by word of mouth, every thing we have said or done wrong in the year; but our confessor, who is a very good man and a nobleman, tells us, the week before confession, to run over in our minds our past lives; so that when he asks us 'if we have repented,' we can say 'yes;' and then he will absolve us." On inquiring of my fair catechumen whether she approved of the dolls and images in Roman Catholic countries, she shook her head, and said, "No; I don't like them at all; they do not assist my devotions, and I cannot believe all they tell us about the saints; but I dare not say so, or the padre would be angry."

And now adieu to Cadiz, and the Isla de Leon. We took the steamer for Seville, at that time the most Catholic city in Christendom, for the Pope was in exile. The most remarkable people on board were some "metadors," known by a peculiar little tuft of plaited hair at the back of their heads,

who were on their way to attend a bull-fight, which was about to be given, although past the usual season, in honour of the birth of the Infanta's child, the heir-apparent to the Spanish throne. The other most distinguished personage was one of our own countrymen; this man I afterwards knew a great deal of, as he was employed in a famous pottery factory at Triana; but he conducted himself so preposterously on board, that several Spaniards came up, and said to me, he is "loco," that is, mad; and as Spain is one of those countries, which, unless resorted to for the sake of health, seems to invite unsettled dispositions more than any other, to explore its romantic beauties, many of the Spaniards, not without a show of reason, regard an "Inglese" and "loco," convertible terms. As to this man, he was mad; drink had unhappily disordered his intellects, and on reaching Seville, I found a body of our countrymen, many of whom were in a lamentable state, suffering from the effects of general neglect and habitual intoxication.

There is something pretty and unique about the town of St. Lucar, which is at the mouth of the Guadalquiver. The river up to Seville runs through a dead flat, and only at one bend of it does the traveller seem to be approaching the distant mountains; but then he quickly turns an

angle, and has little to look on but the green sedgy banks, and the herds of cattle that roam about the wide pasturage. The "Giralda," or tower of Seville cathedral, is visible very long before approaching the town, which we did not do until darkness had set in, although we left Cadiz early in the forenoon.

The vessel landed us under the shade of the trees of the Pasio de Christina, and we took up our quarters at the house of the Señora G.

This house is a fair specimen of the Seville houses. The Moorish, and consequently Eastern origin of which, is seen in the open patio and flat roof. The gate leading into the patio or middle court, is generally of very pretty open iron work, and the passer-by looks in upon a court planted with oranges, or when the house is small, at any rate, upon a fountain. The patio is hardly ever covered in winter or summer; and as there are no such things as fire-places in any of the rooms; notwithstanding the fine quality of the climate, the cold, at times, is most searching. The natives, who are over-heated in the summer, are enabled to resist the winter cold, perhaps, better than even strangers coming from the north.

The day after our arrival, 1st of November, was All Saints'-day; and we consequently joined the

throng making for the Cathedral. First impressions, they say, are the most valuable; the houses of the town, which are painted dazzling white, struck me as low; and I was not without a feeling of disappointment touching this glory of the whole earth; for so the good people of Seville do not hesitate to call their city.

What with the "Contaduria" or chapter house, and the parish church, the cathedral is so smothered with extraneous buildings, that it is almost impossible to say what the style of the building is, until entering it. I entered it first from the "Patio de los Naranjos," a court which, notwithstanding the orange trees, and the numerous Moorish remains, possesses so much of the ecclesiastical and academic character about it, that I was forcibly reminded of the *Schools* at Oxford.

The effect of the interior upon the spectator, from this point, is overwhelming; particularly if it so happens, as was the case upon this day, that any great "funcion" is proceeding. The naturally subdued light was heightened almost to perplexity upon this occasion, by the stacks of lofty wax candles, which at given intervals, were burning all down the principal open aisles. These lights were in honour of those saints that have ever been the light and glory of the Church.

The plan of the cathedral is best understood

from the Giralda, or Moorish belfry. Thence it may be seen that the main walls make a simple Latin cross, including only five aisles; but when the extreme north and south aisles, which are lower, and indeed only chapels, are included, the plan is swelled from that of a cross to a parallelogram; so that, although the chief roof of the building makes a cross, the ground floor makes a parallelogram.

The vista of the main aisle, or what we commonly call the nave of a cathedral, like nearly all the cathedrals and large churches of the Peninsula, is interrupted by the "Coro," which looks as if it had been taken and bodily jambed between the piers, much in the way some of the monuments in Winchester cathedral are. Between the "Coro" and the "Presbyterio," or that compartment in which the high altar stands, the aisle is open and free for the laity, excepting when any of the clergy are passing from the "Coro" into the "Presbyterio." The "Presbyterio," or compartment in which stands the "Altar Major," is railed off on three sides, having at the back the famous Gothic Retablo, containing forty-four compartments, the design of one Dancart, and a work of unrivalled beauty. At each corner of this compartment is a pulpit; and on the present occasion that on the Epistle side was occupied by an animated preacher, whom I could not get near, for the

space between the "Coro" and the "Presbyterio" was filled with ladies; for in the majority of the Spanish churches the ladies have this place conceded to them, and invariably sit upon the floor; but yet have so graceful a knack of thus arranging themselves, that one never sees a leg, or even an ankle, protruding beyond the sanctity of their black dresses. Outside of this charmed spot stand the men. The Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier were seated in state within the chancel-rails; both of them looking very young, and the Infanta with the interesting complexion of one just become a mother: indeed, it might be said she had come this day to be churched; for she brought a thank-offering of a silver statuette of San Fernando in her hand.

I can give no description of the substance of the preacher's sermon, but I can answer for his manner; it was most animated. He wore a cap, which he removed whenever he mentioned the Name of the Deity. He seemed particularly careful to observe the rule "nunca volvera la espalda al sacramento,"—never turn the back or shoulder on the sacrament; for at times he turned completely round, and appealed to the symbols of the Passion as if they had been a living thing, and then threw himself forward as if he was going to jump into the laps of the Sevillianos. When the

organ opened its mighty voice, and the men and women all bowed for the benediction, I felt considerably impressed with the spectacle; but as I was yielding to this feeling, a Scotchman, whom I had seen at Lisbon, came up to me and said, "What mummery!" I fear a good deal of it was mummery: but the most magnificent external worship need not be mummery, or God would not have vouchsafed to the children of Israel so minute a description of how He chose to be worshipped; nor would the Levitical priesthood have been clothed in such magnificent robes: but the question after all is, "Have these things, or have they not, passed away?" I, for one, cannot believe that a return to customs as burthensome as Judaism can be agreeable to the true spirit of Christianity. Where are we to draw the line? The Scotchman must look upon the Church of England as a sort of half-way house to the national bugbear, which is Popery; we, in common with the Church of Rome, keep this day holy; we use the same Epistle and Gospel as was used upon this occasion in the Cathedral at Seville (viz., Rev. vii. and Matt. v.). The "Cronica Religiosa," published in the daily papers, tells us that Pope Gregory the Third instituted this festival in the year 737; a vigil was added to the festival in the eleventh century; the octave was instituted by Sixtus the

Fourteenth in 1450. The Church, by celebrating the praises of the blessed in heaven to-day, incites to an imitation of their virtues.

But the sentiment of this feast is reserved for the next day, called in the "*Calendario para el Arzobispado de Sevilla,*" "*La commemoracion de los fieles defuntos,*"—the commemoration of the faithful departed. And now observe the consistency of these good people: every mother who has lost a wild son in a quarrel, and daughters who have lost their betrothed in the same way, attire themselves in their best black silk dress and their most richly-laced mantilla, and start off to the "Paseo de Christina," on their way to the cemetery; the sombre promenade loses nothing of its charm for the little dash of sentiment thus thrown over it, and many copies of verses are circulated on this day.

CHAPTER XI.

INSPECTION OF THE TOWN FROM THE MOORISH TOWER THE GIRALDA—THE SUBURB OF TRIANA—ENGLISH POTTERS—RELIGIOUS DESPONDENCY—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF INSTRUCTING THEM—THE THREE DONNAS—A VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL WITH THEM—THE PICTURES OF MURILLO—DR. WISEMAN, OBISPO DE OSCOTT.

THE stranger wishing to understand the town of Seville, very soon finds his way to the top of the Giralda, so called from the gyrating propensities of the vane, or bronze figure of Faith, fourteen feet high, which surmounts it. Thence he will perceive that the town is nearly circular, and that the Guadalquiver, making a violent bend as it approaches Seville, washes the western side of the semicircle. The city is entirely surrounded by Moorish walls; and considering the many centuries which have elapsed since St. Ferdinand, in 1248, conquered it from the Moors, retains in a marvellous degree the character of a Moorish city. The Moorish city is invariably surrounded by castellated walls, such as those of Seville, having but one external feature, a piece of smooth turf land,

called the "Soc," or market-place. There is to the east of Seville a piece of ground exactly of this description, called the Sitio de la Feria, and was doubtless the "Soc," or market-place of the Moorish Seville.

The only bridge across the river is the ancient Puente de Barcas. The Puente Nuevo is a misnomer altogether, for it is not yet a bridge, nor if it were would it now be very new. The Sevillians have been years attempting to get a stone bridge over their comparatively narrow river; and there the half-finished structure remains, just opposite to the Puerta de Triana. On the opposite side of the river is the suburb of Triana, interesting to me for reasons which I shall afterwards recount. About a league from Triana, a low chain of sandy hills stops the vision, the only features on these are the towers of Santi-Ponce and Italica in one direction, and those of St. Juan de Aznalfarache in the other. Many miles over the plain rise the mountains of the Sierra Morena, to the north. It is not a very fine view. Seville is not large, being only about half the size of the parish of Mary-le-bone. It is situated in a dead flat; the houses are low. There appears little to interest; yet, I never met any one who had spent a month at Seville who has not spoken of it with delight. I know no city that grows more upon a resident

than Seville; and I wonder at myself whilst confessing there is no foreign town where I could more cheerfully locate myself for life, than at Seville. The walks by the river truly deserve the appellation which one enjoys, the Delicias de Arjona; —they are delightful places for meditation, dreaming, or the more common purposes for which they are used,—of pouring out those promises which in Spain are too often made to be broken. Then the few amusements that the dull but ever cheerful Spain delights in, are here to be enjoyed in perfection,—the religious funcions, the plaza de Toros, and the pictures of Murillo, and the "dolce far niente."

The village of Triana, on the western side of the river, has from the earliest times been famous for pottery and immorality. It was described to me by a Spanish clergyman as containing "ningunos Christianos, ni Catholicos ni Prostestantes, pero solamente gitanos,"—"no Christians, neither Catholics nor Protestants, only heathens or gipsies." Here, too, lived the patron Santas of Seville, Justina and Rufina, who fell martyrs in 287; these were potters by trade, and have gained an additional celebrity in the eyes of the Spaniards, since Murillo has made them the subject of his pencil. If the Spanish clergyman's account of Triana be accurate, times have returned to what they were

when Seville was a Roman city; for the majority of the inhabitants are engaged in like employment, and amongst them many of our countrymen.

An Englishman, a Mr. Pitman, has converted the suppressed convent of the Catuja into a pottery manufactory, and brought out many Englishmen to assist at the trade. The convent, once one of the most celebrated in Spain, is situated amidst orange groves, which skirt the Guadalquiver; and on a late occasion, when the Infanta visited it, a pretty summer house was erected overhanging the river. Here the spectator may appreciate the full flatness of Seville and its vicinity. I was walking over these premises one morning in company with some Spanish ladies, when one of the Englishmen recognized me and my calling, and asked to be permitted to call upon me, for he had long prayed that some minister might pass that way, and God had now sent him one. Of course I was too happy of an opportunity to be of assistance to any of my countrymen. Accordingly a few nights afterwards he visited me in my sitting-room, wherein hung an enormous crucifix.

As soon as this man's tongue was loosed, he began to pour out an extraordinary tale of all his doings and misdoings. It seems that these Eng-

lishmen had received high wages, and had had wine supplied them cheaply; and as they had neither religion nor any superior class of people to watch over them, and guide them, they really did deserve to be ranked with the abhorrence of the Spanish priest, viz., the gipsies. Two of them had fairly impaired their understandings. One of them told me so complicated a story of adventures and miracles that had been wrought in his case, that I began to wonder in myself, whether or not I was really in the land of the living. How he had parted with his wife; how in the midst of a deep carousal, he heard a voice shouting in his ear that made him jump up, and rush from the venta; how he lay ill and insensible for six months in a hut; how, on one occasion, he was watching a pot boiling, and all of a sudden, blood and water streamed out of it, and reminded him of Christ; how he rushed into the cathedral, wandered up and down the dismal aisles, and at last fell to praying before the images. He said "he knew it was wrong to pray before these images, and yet they awakened in him religious thoughts." He said "the Spaniards of his class called him a Jew; but he rejoined, he was a better Christian than they." He was accompanied by the captain of a small schooner, loading with oranges, a Wesleyan, and evidently a man who had seen

the state into which some of these workmen had fallen, and had tried to give a proper direction to the unsettled state of this man's mind; but I could see the very crucifix which hung over my head, and which I would certainly much rather had not been there, acted prejudiciously upon the Wesleyan. He spoke very bitterly of the Spaniards, and said that very morning a dead body, with the throat cut, had been floating under his vessel's bows; but in this, he only fell into one of two extremes that most Englishmen fall into,—that of either regarding with contempt every country but their own, or the reverse of this. A few days after, I went, by appointment, with some Spanish ladies to christen some children. The ladies professed themselves pleased and edified with the ceremony; not, of course, that they had any idea of renouncing their own faith, or I any desire to convert them. The unfortunate children, who spoke neither Spanish or English, interested me the most; and it was quite impossible to resist the appeal of one of them, whom I met alone on the river bank, "Englishman, give me money." The vice-consul of Seville is a Roman Catholic; although we met sometimes on a Sunday, I was thwarted in every effort I made to render them any permanent service.

Amongst others, the man whom I had met on

the steamer coming from Cadiz, and who had been described to me as "loco," turned up. The excesses of this man had, unfortunately, made him too well deserving of that term. At times I saw these men afterwards ; but I shall make no more mention of them at present.

Our landlady very soon showed us the principal sights of Seville. She inlisted into our party three Spanish ladies, Donna Blanca, Donna Aqueila, and Donna Ana. One of whom, although she still bore her maiden name, was said to be married. I do not believe she was ; for she had the marble look of a nun ; and all three were of that class of Spanish ladies of which there are several, consistently religious and chaste. I heard it over and over again said in Seville, that there were some most pure, holy, and excellent Spanish ladies, not unworthy to be the countrywomen of the great Santa Theresa. I am inclined to regard the Spanish women as generally most true to the true, and only not true when those in whom they trust fail them ; and always devout, in a manner.

These three ladies accompanied us to the cathedral. On entering the chapel to the right, as you come into the cathedral from the west, we began to examine a picture of San Lauriano, carrying his head in his hand after martyrdom. One of our party, upon regarding this, could hardly suppress

a laugh, and remarked to one of the ladies, "Señora! can you believe in this extravagance?" The lady did not even deign to smile, but looked very serious; and one of the others, however, I believe not really the most devout, came forward, and said, deliberately, "Why should we not believe it? All things are possible with God: it is not a bit more wonderful that He should make a flower spring from a seed, than that one of His saints should glorify Him by walking with his head in his hand."

Not being an admirer of crude Gothicisms, quaintly executed decorations, because made at a time or in a country when able artificers could not be procured; one of the most agreeable features, to me, about Seville Cathedral is, that it was built when Spain was at her zenith; and that which is truly good and excellent about it, whether we consider its decorations or the general style of its architecture so much preponderates, that it deserves to be called a school of the Sister Arts. In this respect it is to Spain what St. Peter's is to Italy. It is 431 feet long, by 315 broad, and in its highest part 171 feet.

The forest of piers, breaking the vistas, which are to be seen in a seven-aisled church of such proportions, impresses the mind with that happy, confused idea of grandeur and magnificence, that

it is, at once, the ambition and success of the artist to accomplish; and although there are nearly a hundred windows in it, the light is of the most subdued description. The eye, after wandering over this glorious assemblage of lights and lines, mounts over the top of the "coro," which occupies so large a space in the middle aisle, and culminates at last upon a crimson velvet banner, which, emblazoned with a crucifix, hangs over the "Respaldo del Altar," and proclaims at once to the honour of whom the building is dedicated. Amongst some of the first objects of interest which delight the stranger, is the stone that covers the remains of Fenando, son of Christopher Columbus; the vessels engraved upon it resemble greatly in shape the Chinese Junk; and the adventures of that vessel are really a sort of commentary upon the voyages of Christopher Columbus, and Vasco da Gama.

Of Murillo's numerous pictures, which adorn several of the capillas, that which represents the infant Saviour appearing to St. Francis charmed me the most; yet I am one of those who think that a year or two in the schools of Rome, Venice, or Bologna, would not have rendered the pencil of the great Spanish artist less effective. In this picture the infant Saviour is represented surrounded with the usual orange-coloured halo of Murillo, descending into the open arms of the

expectant saint, who is kneeling at the foot of an altar, the upper part of which is lost in the flood of light surrounding the Saviour.

The ladies with us procured us the sight of many things in the "Segrario," of vast interest. A cross presented by Christopher Columbus, made of the first gold that came from America, much interested us; also a golden heart, in which the blessed sacrament is carried to the Archbishop, when he is ill or dying. The vestments, too, are worth seeing, if only to form a conception of the wealth that may be expended upon the decorations of a dress. There was a suit, worn during the festival of the Immaculate Conception, which must have taxed invention to the utmost to have devised and been wrought by a hand, one would imagine, animated with the same desire of obeying the commands of God as if it had been making Aaron's embroidered coat[1]. I was also much struck with a candlestick called, I believe, "el tenebrario," which, likewise, recalled to me the description of the golden candlestick mentioned in Exodus. In fact, since my residence in Seville, I had been constantly, reminded of Judaism in certain of the ceremonies; although I shall have to mention some which exceed any thing that Judaism ever countenanced, and ap-

[1] Exod. xxviii. 39.

pear to go to the very extreme of ceremonial extravagance. In the place where these "reliquia" are kept is a famous picture, representing the Descent from the Cross; and more famous, as one of the ladies told us, for Murillo's saying respecting it, than any thing else. He used to watch there for hours, as he said, "until they had taken down the Saviour."

I could not but look with interest, in the Chapel of the Wall, upon a rude piece of wall, upon which is represented the Virgin; which the Moors, at the time the city was besieged by San Ferdinand, could not efface, do what they would. Although they cut at it with pick-axes, it remained uninjured; and although they tried to paint over it, the paint would not lay. This chapel is adorned, moreover, with veritable Moorish flags. Here the Infanta's silver statuette of San Ferdinand was deposited.

Although it is sometimes said that comparisons are odious, I know no way of conveying an accurate impression respecting any place so well as by means of comparison. The only cathedral it occurred to me with which to compare Seville was that of Milan. Milan is not pure Gothic, it is true, and Seville is; yet there is some affinity between them in point of size, and evident determination on the part of the originators of both to spare no

expense in the erection of a temple, worthy, in their ideas, of the worship to which it was to be devoted. Adjoining the cathedral, and, indeed, leading out of it, is the Capilla Real; which I allude to, because here I noticed, hanging against the railings of one of the chapels, a notice from Dr. Wiseman, "Obispo de Oscott," in which he granted certain indulgences to such of the faithful as might repeat a certain number of Pater nosters and Ave Marias before the image exhibited in the chapel.

I shall not enlarge upon the other places we visited this morning in our walk, as La Lonja, a handsome building, immediately to the south of the cathedral, in which are the Spanish archives of South America. This building would afford an excellent model for a club-house; its most striking feature is the staircase. Equally unnecessary is it to dwell upon "la fabrica de tabacos," where tobacco, snuff, and cigars, are accommodated in a palace, and four or five thousand people made very unhealthy in the cause of smoke; nor, as Englishmen are not very likely to gain many hints in gunnery and artillery from the Spaniards, is there any occasion to dwell upon the "fabrica des canones;" or the "fabrica de capsulas," where, by the bye, we met the Duke de Montpensier, with several officers, examining a new invention for the

purpose of facilitating the formation of caps. He is a tall, thin, youthful-looking man, without whiskers, but with a small pointed sandy-coloured beard, and limbs that at present do not seem very compactly set together. The Infanta was very popular; and, on her account, the duke was also said to be. However, he deserved it for his own sake, for he had made every effort to ingratiate himself in the favour of the Spaniards; and, by this time, had pretty well mastered the language.

Our day concluded with a small party, where the strangers met, not to eat or to drink, but to play on the guitar, and to hear others do the same. The guitar was passed from one to the other; and even the silent, nun-like Donna Blanca consented, at last, to perform upon the national instrument.

CHAPTER XII.

FUNERAL OF PADRE FACUNDEZ, A SPANISH SAINT — FUNCION OF SAN FERNANDO—ARRIVAL OF A JESUIT AT THE HOUSE WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS LIVING—FEMALE INCONSISTENCY—NUMBER OF JESUITS IN SEVILLE—CONVERSATION WITH PADRE THEOFILO, UPON THE COUNCIL OF JERUSALEM — MARRIED BISHOPS—ASSUMPTION OF THEOFILO—TAYLOR'S "HOLY LIVING AND DYING."

It is quite a business in Seville to attend the different religious ceremonies; whether it be the case or no, as the traveller will constantly hear that there is very little real religion in Spain, there are still abundant remains of Hispanico-catholic ceremonial. I think one of the most amusing ceremonies which occurred in the winter of '49, was the funeral of Padre Facundez, who was carried to the church of San Pedro Alcantara. The whole city was out upon this occasion. The Gefe Politico and the town authorities attended; for all Seville acknowledged that Padre Facundez was a veritable saint. The coffin, which was preceded by the parish cross and the charity children, was covered with gold lace; then followed behind the Alcalde, Corrigidor, and a body of

soldiers. I saw the old man lying in his coffin in the church; he looked healthy, and by no means wasted by disease or extravagant fasting, but calm and placid. He is said to have worked many miracles, the last of which was not the very extraordinary one of foretelling the hour of his death. He was dressed in an ecclesiastical dress with his feet and head bare. Padre Facundez was the theme of conversation all the evening; and I was struck with the earnest manner in which I heard a young man speaking of his miraculous powers. The shop windows were also filled with representations of this saint.

The day following occurred one of the most popular of the Seville funcions,—that commemorative of San Ferdinand. Immediately behind the "retablo" of the "altar major," is a large semicircular apsed chapel, in which is preserved the body of the conqueror of Seville. On this occasion the Gefe Politico, attended by an escort of military, carried the sword of the hero from this chapel, and deposited it on the "altar major." Mass is said on this occasion, and an eulogistic oration delivered upon the sword. I knew the priest who preached on this festival. He was not considered to have done justice to the noble theme, although I can answer to his having apostrophized "*la espada de San Fernando*" to an excess; and to his having told the Sevil-

lianos that that sword had procured to them the most delightful and blessed place in all the world.

Whilst examining the sacred body of San Ferdinand, a priest, who was not officiating, brushed by me, jumped the altar rails, and nearly dislodged the officiating priest from his place; but it was well he did so, for one of the numerous candles which surrounded an image of the Virgin had fallen upon her dress; in one minute more, she, if not the chapel, would have been in a conflagration.

Ferdinand the Third, El Santo, was the son of Berenguela, daughter of the King of Castile, Alfonso the Eighth, and wife to Don Alfonso the Ninth, king of Leon. On this day, mass is celebrated in the cathedral in three chapels at the same time. Soldiers were posted close to the altar on which was deposited the magnificent sarcophagus containing the remains of the royal saint. When the sermon was over, the clergy adored the host, and then the procession was formed for carrying back the sword to the place whence it was taken. The Captain-general carried the banner of San Ferdinand, and the Gefe Politico the sword. The soldiers formed in the chapel, leaving a passage from the entrance to the altar for the procession to pass along. The instant the banner crossed the threshold of the chapel the

military band struck up the national anthem, the magnificent organ accompanying it. The officiating priest took the banner from the Captain-general, drew down the blind over the sarcophagus, and thus terminated the ceremony.

I own to a sympathy with clergymen wherever I go. I know that we are all more or less embarked in the same cause, and that we, as it were, live within a charmed circle, or, as some people would like to call it, a narrow-minded system; and it was not altogether without satisfaction that I saw the arrival at the house where I was lodging of a priest, by no means of the jovial, easy kind, that I had before been introduced to. Padre Theofilo looked like one of those active spirits in the Church which move about the world, to agitate extreme Church matters. His exterior was not very prepossessing. He had the approved ghostly complexion, piercing eyes, and a long neck that was almost bare. He hardly looked at me, but sate down impatiently to supper, and was soon after visited by a young man, between a "majo" and a muleteer. Leaving them to their own company, I strolled out with the lady of the house and Don ——.

Both began to abuse the new-comer, in their own way; Don —— called him a rude, coarse fellow; the Señora, informing me he was a Jesuit,

denounced the order. Carlos the Third never did a wiser thing than when he expelled them; it was a complete coup d'état, and almost accomplished in four-and-twenty hours. She said her father had quarrelled with her mother because the latter had allowed one of these gentlemen to get a footing in their house in such a way that he could not get rid of him. "They completely overruled the houses," said she; "they get into families, so that people not only cannot call their souls their own, but they cannot even call their houses or the food placed upon their tables their own. All she hoped was that Padre Theofilo was not going to stop long." The reader may imagine my surprise on entering the lady's work-room in the evening to see the Señora crying, with a letter in her hand, and the Padre standing by, and she declaring that he was welcome to her house, not as a lodger, but as the particular friend of her dear cousin Don Alguen.

Theofilo was not slow in accepting the use of the Señora's house that was thus placed at his disposal, and I could not forbear smiling at the inconsistency of the lady; but I was not sorry of the opportunity thus afforded me of conversing with this disciple of Loyola. Upon my first inquiries about the Spanish Church, he pretended great ignorance, telling me he had been ten years

in Rome, and was only just returned from that city. His zeal for his Church and evident intelligence was much more pleasing in my eyes, than the stolid ignorance or incommunicativeness of some of the clergy whom I had encountered. He seemed, moreover, better informed on the state of the Church of England than any I had before met. This could hardly excite surprise, when it is known, as he informed me, that, next to Belgium, perhaps more of their order are to be found in the great towns of England than any where else. He did not disguise his hope that England might be converted; "bring that little island back again to the Pope, and we have conquered the world." He lamented Gregory the Sixteenth, and said he was a much safer Pope than the present one. Pius the Ninth was a great deal too much of a liberal for him; and as to Spain, it was in a deplorable state, as far as religion was concerned. The clergy were becoming more and more nationalists and less Catholic.

"Padre Theofilo," said I, "how comes it that there are any of your body again in Spain?"

"Oh!" said he, "there are very few of us, and we are not allowed to have any cures. There are sixteen Jesuits in Seville, employed as religious instructors in seminaries, and as occasional preachers."

"As to your wishes about England," I said, "I hope and believe they never will be fulfilled. It is more than likely that as Rome, from being the mistress of the world, became the mother of Churches, the Church of England will, in her turn, impress her likeness upon the isles of the Pacific and elsewhere; it has never yet been shown that the Church of Rome is not destructive of national prosperity; on the contrary, national prosperity has ever accompanied the Church of England; and you know we, in England, hold the Papal Supremacy as a fiction."

In the course of the argument we got upon the council of Jerusalem, recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the holy Apostles, when he maintained, that St. Peter was president of the meeting, because he spoke first, before St. James or St. Paul. I remarked that this argument was new to me, for I thought even Roman Catholics admitted that St. James presided at this council. Padre Theofilo admitted that St. James was a cousin of our Lord, and bishop of Jerusalem; but for all this he did not preside at this council. I took down a Spanish Testament, and explained to him, as well as I could, that it appeared to me, that this was a large assemblage of the Christians at Jerusalem, wherein, after there had been much talking, St. Peter, as a principal man, got up and

delivered his opinion. St. Barnabas and St. Paul confirmed this opinion, by their testimony as to the miracles wrought amongst the Gentiles, that St. James summed up the debate, and gave sentence as a judge, saying, "*Por lo qual yo juzgo que nò se inquiete á los Gentiles que se convierten á Dios.*" But Theofilo would not admit this; but replied, that St. Peter acted like the president of the Cortes. He became furiously excited; his face, as it generally did on these occasions, grew paler than was its wont, and he said, "There! I will argue with you when you can speak Spanish better than you now do."

During the month I spent in the house with Padre Theofilo, I had many brushes with him, and, although excellent friends in general, upon these occasions he was furious, and seemed to lose all command over himself. On one occasion I was anxious to find out what his sentiments were respecting the distribution of the Scriptures in Spain; so I proposed to give the lady of the house a Spanish Bible. Theofilo turned pale with wrath, and said if I did, he would take it from her, and use it for a purpose that I cannot disgrace my pen by writing. I told him his language was both impious and coarse, and he seemed for a moment abashed. Another time I was mentioning to a Mexican gentleman, that the Bishop of G——'s

daughters were good Greek scholars, when I was interrupted by Padre Theofilo bursting into a loud, satirical laugh, "A bishop with daughters! pooh! who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Nay, Don Theofilo," I rejoined, "one of your own bishops, St. Pacian, bishop of Barcelona, was a married man; and so was St. Cyprian; and it would be a very good thing if a few more had been."

Here the Señora came to my aid, and declared she wished every priest in Spain was married; it would be much better if they were, said she. Unfortunate lady! she drew upon her head the full indignation of the Padre: "Woman! you argue with your elbows, and not with your head," said he. "I have received the confessions of hundreds of priests, who have declared to me their trials, and yet they do not commit sin."

The lady looked incredulous, as much as to say, That is all very well, Padre, but we should have fewer nephews in Spain if this were the case. Most men accommodate their philosophy to their fortunes; I was therefore content that the Padre should enjoy his laugh about the bishop's daughters. There is no question an unmarried clergy are the most powerful; but when men, in order to protect the virtue of their wives and daughters, enforce concubinage upon the clergy, which was the

case in Switzerland before the Reformation, need any thing more be said upon the subject? Unmarried men are naturally more cosmopolitan and Catholic in their feelings; but a wise monarch, who does not want to be bored with an "imperium in imperio," will take very good care to encourage the marriage of the clergy. There is no one thing that would change the character of Spain so much as this.

Padre Theofilo considered himself the father confessor of the family. If any strangers came, he immediately took them under his protection, and guarded them against my perverting them. One lady particularly desired him one day to save my soul, which he assured her he would endeavour to do. Another lady, in the middle rank of life, after regarding me with undisguised wonder, asked me "if I ate pork?" Thus ignorant, I fear, are the majority of the Spaniards about every thing that is not constantly under their eyes. They never read, nor trouble themselves much about the rest of the world; and comparatively few travel. It would not be difficult to show, that the little life they have comes by way of Cuba and America; like men who distinguish themselves greatly when young, and never do any thing afterwards, the Spaniards repose upon the laurels of former years.

Don Theofilo had the ladies with him rather

than the gentlemen ; these, including the "mozo," or man-servant, generally contrived to growl out an expression of disapprobation against him, when his back was turned; for when he said grace at dinner, he spread out his arms over the table in an impatient, authoritative manner, as if we were indebted to him for our meals. On one occasion I was reasoning with him at the dinner table, when he jumped up, ran round, and kneeling on one knee by my side, with his hand nearly thrust into my face, enforced his opinions, until the party laughed at him for being on his knees to Don Tomas. On another occasion, he took up my Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," which had been my only companion in many a solitary moment. I remarked it was a favourite book of devotion, when he cast his eyes to the foot of the page, where it was opened, and pointing to the names of Seneca and Lucan, he said, "profanos! profanos!"—I wish I could have given him Alexander Knox's essay on the use of profane authors in illustrating the truth of Revelation!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AUTHOR GOES WITH THE JESUIT TO A FUNCION—PROFESSION AND PRACTICE—SOME ACCOUNT OF A NOVENA—THE GREAT FUNCION OF SEVILLE, THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION — DANCING BEFORE THE ALTAR—IMPRESSIONS—A VISIT TO DEAN CEPERO—HIS DEFENCE OF THAT CEREMONY—HIS PICTURES.

On St. Andrew's day, Don Theofilo and I went to church together at San Andres, a small church situated in the street in which we were residing. There is a good deal of tawdry finery about it, but it is entirely void of architectural grace or beauty.

The church was very much crowded on this occasion; several musicians at the west end were engaged in playing exceedingly pretty operatic music, quite unecclesiastical in its character, and with much of which I was familiar. The ladies, as usual, were spread about upon the floor in rich profusion. Two things in the ceremony of the day might be remarked.—The clergy, who were at the west end of the church, instead, as is customary, of going up to the altar to kiss the elements, had them brought down to them, in small

boxes, by two youths in minor orders. The banns of marriage were published at the conclusion of the service, exactly in the same terms as those in which they are published in our churches.

The sermon was preached with a good deal of animation, and elicited audible expressions of approbation from the congregation; but on consulting my friend the Jesuit on the merits of the discourse, he shook his head and said, "It had too much of the modern philosophy and rationalism for him."

I had entered the boarding-house where I was on the best recommendation it was in my power to procure; and yet I had reason afterwards to doubt whether my choice had been a wise one. When we returned from church to dinner, we found the Señora had invited two females from another house to dine; so that our party consisted of a Spanish general, a man of the highest character, the lady of the house, the Jesuit, these other ladies, and myself. Our landlady was separated from her husband, as therefore I could not think so highly of any of the ladies as I should have wished to have done, I was curious to know how all these funcions and ceremonies affected them; I therefore turned the conversation on the fiesta of the day, and asked the Señora some leading questions. She began by avowing

her great attachment to every thing connected with her religion; she told me she went to Mass every day before I was up, and received the Holy Communion twenty times a year, and confessed before receiving it each time.

The other females, whose intimacy with some of our own countrymen stamped their character, could not measure the delight they felt in hearing sermons. Alas! what a commentary was here upon "practice and profession!" In the evening I went with this party to San Nicholas, where a novena was being conducted. One has travelled to little purpose, if one has not learned to rub against all kinds of society without taking much of one's tone from them. We therefore all proceeded to San Nicholas, taking the road down the Calle de la Cuna, and through the Plaza Pescaderia and the Plaza Isidoro. The church was blazing with lights, and crowded to suffocation; and, with its marble columns and flowers, had a very gay effect.

A "novena" is a period of nine days preceding the saint's day to which it relates; during which interval there is a particular service every night, concluding with a prayer to the saint, and a sermon. In the novena of St. Raphael the first night's prayer implores "the patronage of the saint, and that he will present the prayers of the faithful before the divine throne, and their souls

when released from the flesh." The prayer of the second day implores the angel or saint "to assist the minister of religion in the salvation of souls; that they may attain to eternity, and with them for ever love God." The third prays the saint or angel "to make them that they may hear the voice of divine grace, and overcome sin in the flesh." The fourth prays the archangel "to overcome in them the foul fiend." The fifth implores the archangel "to forgive them their debts, and to recover for them their lost grace." The sixth implores the archangel "to give them perseverance in prayer, and constancy in good works; and, this life ended, that their souls may be crowned in glory." The seventh prays the archangel "that, united, they may offer prayers to him which he may present to the Deity." The eighth prays the archangel, as patron of those who are obedient to parents, "to obtain from God this virtue and future glory." The ninth desires the angel or saint "to present all their supplications to the Deity; and to consider their needs in this life, and to give them glory in another."

The novenas and octaves are quite accidental, and depend principally upon the chance liberality of individuals. The same saint who is honoured this year by a thousand lights, and nine or eight days of special prayers and sermons, may the

next year be without a single light burning on his altar. This is called the *cultus* of saints. The splendour of the novena depends upon the sum given for it: when it is a large sum, of course the best musicians and preachers are obtained to grace the festival. The form of prayer, &c., used on these occasions, is drawn up by some clergyman in authority, or the bishop.

Whilst on the subject of festivals, I must notice the most extraordinary one of all,—that of "*La Purisima Conception de Nostra Señora, patrona de España y de sus Indias.*" Scenic ingenuity seems in this to have been strained quite as far as propriety can countenance. Over-night the bells all over the city tune up; the Giralda sparkles with lights, being illuminated on this occasion; and fitful bursts of noise announce the approaching jubilee. On entering the cathedral in the morning, I found the lofty piers surrounding the coro hung with crimson velvet, and the clergy officiating in cerulean blue, the Queen of Heaven's own colour; and, as it has been stated, made use of only in Seville. The Mass and sermon of the morning was followed by a gorgeous spectacle in the evening. At the very top of the retablo was a magnificent silver crown: just under it, and literally crowned by it, was a precious box, called a *viril*, in which was deposited the Host. This was the

climax, and was surrounded by a silver halo; immediately under it stood an enchanting figure of the Virgin; and on each side of her, a little lower, were the silver figures of San Isidoro and San Leandro. Beneath these the reliquia, Columbus's cross, and a multitude of sacred odds and ends. Rows of enormous candles were burning before all this splendour. I accompanied Padre Theofilo in the evening to this ceremony. The enormous organ pealed forth directly the Archbishop entered the cathedral. He immediately came up to the altar major; and, bowing before it, retired to his chair in the coro. The lauds were then chanted. A dignitary, with a black train dragging on the ground, some fifty yards in length, then proceeded up the altar steps, and burnt incense before the blessed Virgin: youths in minor orders carried the incense into the coro. Then the Archbishop, followed by his clergy, came from the coro into the presbyterio, or chapel of the high altar, and took up his position, on his knees, in one corner of the chapel; whilst in the opposite were arranged musicians. Before the altar were placed the choristers, dressed in silk stockings, blue silk or satin breeches, with vests of the same, and hats or caps adorned with large feathers. The music struck up; the boys, wearing this costume of Philip the Third, chanted antiphonally a hymn to

the Virgin. They then began to dance, singing at the same time: at last, putting their plumed caps on their heads, they accompanied themselves with their castanets.

During the whole of this ceremony, the Archbishop, habited as a Cardinal[1], was on his knees, looking up at the *viril* containing the Host; whilst a gauze curtain, fitted to the rim of the crown, was being gradually drawn over that which hundreds present regarded as nothing more nor less than Deity itself. The Archbishop's countenance all this time appeared most grave.

The Jesuit turned to me and said, "This, which makes you laugh, makes me cry." He wronged me here; on the contrary, I was myself melted at the spectacle. After the Archbishop had given the blessing, Theofilo took me to the celebrated image of the Virgin carved by Juan Martinez Montanes. The expression in Theofilo's face was not pleasing; there was a look of admiration which recalled a story I had heard, respecting a veneration paid to the Virgin better adapted to the goddess of the Zidonians. I throw it out as a speculation, whether the adoration of the Virgin could ever rise to any

[1] I think I must have been misled about the dress of the Archbishop; for this very Archbishop's name occurred in the batch of Cardinals made when Dr. Wiseman was.

height amongst a very moral people. After having seen Christianity working in many different countries, it is hard not to believe that indigenous prejudices are represented in the particular customs of individual churches. By these alone any one might take a map of the world, and trace upon it the ancient empire of Rome; and, remembering the empire of Venus, it is only in this way one can account for the blasphemous veneration paid to the mother of our Lord.

May I be pardoned if I wrong my Spanish friend?—but the expression of his countenance, as he extolled the very exquisite face of this figure, to say the least, had more of Platonic than divine love about it.

This extraordinary fashion of dancing before the altar was continued every evening of the octave. On endeavouring to find out its origin, all I could ascertain was, that it was introduced before the time of Isabella and Ferdinand. The custom originated at the Feast of Corpus; but as whatever Urban the Fourth conceded to that festival, Sixtus the Fourth allowed to that of the Conception; this famous dance went along with other things. At one time it was a sort of Saturnalia, and the dance was continued out of doors by all the worst characters of Seville, including the gipsies and muleteers.

A few days after this, I was taken by a lady to call upon the Dean Cepero. Being a man of exceedingly good taste in the arts, it was a pleasing circumstance to find him residing in the house formerly belonging to Murillo, and in which that great and original painter died. As you enter, on one of the columns surrounding the patio, there is a picture of Murillo, and a small slab underneath stating the above fact. It is the pleasantest house I know in Seville. The corridors are glazed, and the walls of all the rooms and passages well covered with pictures; the windows look over the "sitio de la Feria." Whilst casting my eye round the principal room, "El Dean," the Dean himself, came in. He is a man who has experienced all kinds of adventures of a political nature, and is now said to be between seventy and eighty years old, hale, active, and eloquent.

He entered the room with a cigarette between his fingers, and had a blue dressing-gown on over his cassock, with the cross of Isabella the Catholic dangling from his side; and as he ran rather than walked about, he hummed and sung in a cheerful, pleasant sort of manner. I drew his attention to the *baile*, or dance at the cathedral, and expressed my wonder at the whole ceremony.

He ran away, and returned with a small oil

painting in each hand, one representing a chorister habited for the dance on the festival of the Immaculate Conception; the other, representing one in red, habited for the dance on Corpus Christi. "There have," said he, "been several efforts to suppress it, but the popes have always overruled in its favour; for did not David dance before the ark when it was brought up from the house of Obed-Edom? It is a ceremony 'muy poetica, muy pilosophica, y muy religiosa,'—very poetical, philosophical, and religious." "Pray, Señor Dean," said I, "used there not formerly to be a dance of gipsies, and all manner of strange people?"

"O Señor! Señor!" rejoined the Dean, "Madre de Dios! what can you be thinking of?—no, no, no."

However, whether he affected to misunderstand me I will not say; but it is pretty certain there was, as I have stated above.

The Dean showed me the only undoubted Valasquez in Seville,—a meagre representation of three white rabbits. I saw nothing about the Dean that might not be found, as far as manners were concerned, in a dean of our own Church. Our English dean's house might be a trifle sprucer, and there might, or might not, be a drawing-room in the occupation of well-instructed ladies.

I believe the Dean's collection of pictures is accounted the best private collection in Seville; but I candidly own I saw little to charm me. When we ran through many galleries, we become fastidious, and are not satisfied with a questionable Murillo.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WALLS AND GATES OF SEVILLE—A RIDE TO ALCA[illegible]
INFANTA—SPANISH INDUSTRY FOR ONCE—SANTI PO[illegible]
ITALICA—INTERESTING ROMAN REMAINS—MURILL[illegible]
REAL ALCAZAR—ENGLISH AND SPANISH GARDENING—I[illegible]
POSITION OF THE NATIVES TO IMPROVEMENTS—RETROGRADI[illegible]
TASTE OF SOME ENGLISH.

I SHOULD do injustice to some of the most agree[illegible]able recollections I have of Spain, if I were to say[illegible] nothing about those walls which surround the town of Seville, and are baked brown with the Andalucian sun of many hundred years. That a rude wall, indifferently battlemented, should afford so much pleasure seems singular; but we are so constituted that as we fall into a reverie before the walls of Kenilworth Castle, and think of Queen Elizabeth, and a train of worthies of her age; these walls call up to one's mind, times and people who have never taken any more definite shape than is suited to the realms of the imagination.

The city is entirely surrounded by walls, with fifteen gates. Let the artist, with his colours wet,

and ready for use, stroll out of the puerta de la Barqueta, and he may make as pretty a terrace-picture with the landing-place, and the rich brown walls, as he can desire. Passing the puerta de San Juan, he will come to an avenue of low trees, which cast a scanty, clear shadow upon the thirsty soil, and break the line of small square towers. The puerta Real is to be remembered, which comes next, not for any particular beauty it possesses, but because it is in the immediate vicinity of the "Museo," where is the largest collection of the Sevillian school of painting. There is nothing very interesting between this gate, and that of Triana; but the road from this latter gateway to the Puente de Barcas is a scene of perpetual life and gaiety. The great tide of people from the country, muleteers, majos, and priests pour in and out of this gate; and here the eye meets with a never-ending variety of figures. The vicinity of the next gate, the puerta del Arenal, always appeared to me infested with bull-fighters, and such a fraternity as might be supposed to take interest in the neighbouring Plaza de Toros. Passing the Tore del Oro, and keeping the bank of the river, we leave the walls of the city, and enter that delightful region I have before alluded to, where the lover of indolence and sunny reveries may find very agreeable trifling.

This river-side of the city is the gay side, and it was basking under these walls more particularly, that I first became alive to the peculiar charm of these mementos of the days of Moorish empire. It was a long time before I felt any inclination to leave these walls; but at last I rode with a Mexican gentleman to Alcala de Guadaira. The road is over as flat a country as it is well possible to conceive; on the one side there are nothing but olive-farms, and on the other, open country bestudded with palmetta. However, on nearing the town the face of the country changes, and the road winds amongst moderately-sized hills, and the small river enlivens the prospect, the most conspicuous object of which is the old castle. This old castle is a place of great celebrity; the ruins are very extensive, as we afterwards found, and the views from it of Seville on the one side, and the Ronda mountains on the other, are very striking. At one corner of the castle we espied the royal flag hoisted—an intimation to us that the Infanta, who was on her way back from a ploughing-match of six hundred yoke of oxen, in the vicinity of Osuna, was breakfasting there.

We found the somewhat humble town or village full of life and gaiety. The unglazed windows and doorways hung with coloured curtains, flags hanging from the churches and balconies, and

the travelling cavalcade of the Infanta occupying the principal street. The Infanta herself was at Mass in the small church which stands within the keep of the castle. Let not the reader suppose the cavalcade was such as used to be seen before the time of railroads on the road between London and Windsor. The first carriage was a tolerable attempt at a coach; the next was a char-à-banc, drawn by four long-eared mules; and, as may be supposed, delightfully characteristic. We hastened through the throng of dark, sunny, handsome, half-gipsy faces, that lined the steep ascent to the castle, and reached the gateway just as a troop of little girls in white, carrying garlands, made their appearance preceding the Infanta, who followed leaning on the Duke de Montpensier's arm; behind them came the most perfect specimen of a Spanish nurse one could desire to see, carrying the precious baby in her arms, guarded by four soldiers with bayonets. The Infanta looked interesting, but withal pale, and delicate, and very young, as did her husband, a tall, thin youth with a pointed, sandy-coloured beard. The Infanta might very easily have awakened a feeling of loyal tenderness in the breasts of the Spaniards; there was something at once so confiding and unpretending about her whole carriage.

Alcala is famous for its biscuit bread, and its

salubrity. The Guadaira, which winds under the walls of the castle, and through a sheltered brush-wood-grown valley, turns many mills, and has on its banks the ruins of some of Moorish origin. The principal modern mill was the property of a particular friend of my companion: for once I was reminded in Spain of English cleanliness, industry, and enterprise; this might be a little owing to the sort of holiday dresses of the women employed in cleaning the corn, and the other workmen, including the intelligent Basque who showed us round, as they were all expecting a visit from the Infanta.

The sojourner at Seville will not fail to take a gallop over the swampy plain to Santi-Ponce, the ancient Italica, and the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. It is a very interesting spot, on account of its monastic as well as classical associations. The ruins of the convent of San Geronimo will afford pleasure to the lover of the picturesque, and the ruins of the ancient city to the antiquarian. As this place was no doubt in the occupation of the Moors, it affords a double crop of antiquities. The Roman remains are very extensive, including an amphitheatre, a temple, and several baths, or private houses. The grass-grown caverns or dens, where once the beasts were lodged previous to the show, are in the occu-

pation for the most part of gipsies, who prowl about the ruins, begging of the chance visitors; and it is hard to refuse any thing to the fine, handsome faces that thus address you. They gather the coins which are found in great numbers; a handful of which I procured for a trifle, containing some Moorish ones, not much more distinguished for design or elegance, than the rude, ungainly bits of metal called coin, current at the present time in Barbary.

The amphitheatre of the ancient Romans, and the Spanish Plaza de Toros, are built very much upon the same model, excepting that the modern structure can seldom boast the magnificent displays of architectural skill which are to be seen in the Colosseum or Les Arenes, at Nismes. Doubtless, as Spanish civilization progresses—for, if Spain is to be compared to France and England, we must speak in this manner—the bull-fight will ultimately become traditional; notwithstanding that, at the present time, the Spaniards are one and all enthusiastic upon this subject.

From the slight acclivity on which Santi-Ponce stands, the eye ranges over the vast plain through which winds the Guadalquiver, broken by the towers of Seville, and backed by the pale blue mountains of Antiquera and Ronda. There is a chain of low sandy hills, a sort of continuation of

that on which the convent stands; keeping these for some little distance to the south, you come to the convent of San Juan de Aznalfarache, another favourite point to ride or walk to from Seville. It stands amidst olive-farms, and is remarkable for nothing but the excellent view it commands of the city of Seville. The river winds close under the precipice on which it stands; and just opposite are the extensive orange-groves of Don Lucas Beck, an Englishman by extraction. He has a son, who was educated at Oscott, a very favourite seminary with those half-Spanish, half-English merchants who have adopted the religion of the country in which their fortunes have been cast, and are anxious to give their children what they consider the good things of the respective countries.

Although it is not my intention to describe all the pictures of Murillo in Seville, or, indeed, to attempt any thing like a critique upon Spanish art, some allusion must be made to the pictures in "La Caradad," and the "Museo," lest it should be supposed that a traveller, who presumed to inflict his notes upon the public, was insensible to these treasures. La Caradad is a sort of alms-house, and one of the few buildings without the city walls; and in the chapel belonging to the Charity are some of Murillo's most famous pictures, and

painted by him for the places they occupy. The principal of these is "La Sid" Thirst, Moses striking the rock in Horeb. It is a very long and large picture, and certainly shows a wider range of artistic power than any painting of Murillo's with which I am acquainted; for the most conspicuous object in the picture is a large white horse with a boy upon it, which, although not displaying quite the animal-painting skill of our Landseer, is highly creditable to an artist who is not, that I am aware, at all remarkable for this line of painting. The rest of the picture is full of life and interest, and will suggest the motive principle of the crowd. The companion-picture to this, upon the opposite side of the chapel, is called "pan y peces," and represents our Saviour feeding the four thousand with the seven loaves and a few small fishes. This picture I humbly think a bit of a failure; the colouring is cold, and the grouping formal. Our Saviour looks like a schoolmaster hearing a vast class to read. The other most remarkable picture is "San Juan de Dios;" though rich and deep in colour, I don't like the face of the saint: there is neither beauty nor piety in it.

The most characteristic pictures of Murillo are in the Museo, in a most disgracefully-neglected state, and almost tumbling out of their frames; but here is as fine a collection of saints and

Virgins as the most enthusiastic Roman Catholic can desire. The saints, more than the Virgins, are not sufficiently idealized. This is the crowning grace of the painter of high subjects, and here it is that Murillo falls immeasurably short of Raphael. The elevated sentiments that are supposed to occupy the heart of the real saint should not be hidden under a well-conditioned, good-natured, easy-going monk. What can be done in this high walk, let those judge who have studied the picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna. It is the most wonderful achievement of art that was ever painted, and, by long looking at it, the spectator seems to catch somewhat of the temper of the principal figures in the picture, and with them to expect the response of the heavenly choristers.

Of the fifteen or sixteen pictures that are here preserved of Murillo's, the chief, incontestably, is the "Santo Tomas." The episcopally-clad figure belongs to the high school of painting; so is there one of the *Conceptions* that has my entire approbation.

Amongst the novelties of Seville is the "Real Alcazar," now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the time-honoured palace of Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian princes. The principal entrance has been lately restored in all the glories of paint and gold. This façade, if it

strikes all travellers alike, will remind the stranger too much of a Chinese summer-house not to afford him a slight disappointment; directly, however, you come near, and begin to examine the soffits and architraves of the doors and windows, you are struck with the ingenious devices and elegant decorations. The glory of these Moorish palaces is the interior courts or patios; these are really many of them most elegant and palatial; but, as far as extent of building is concerned, and objects of vertù, we have twenty Alcazars in every county in England. The names of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V. and Pedro the Cruel, give the place some interesting historical associations. The gardens are truly delightful — no lawns. Lawns belong to England and English colonies, and are amongst her most delightful peculiarities, and awaken, in an especial manner, the admiration of the foreigner. I remember travelling some distance with a Spaniard in England, and every even-rolled lawn we rode by threw him into ecstasies; but these gardens of the Alcazar are the laboured efforts of the cinque cento gardeners. Some of the devices are not altogether such as delight even one who is fully alive to the charms of terraced gardens and box-sown borders. A large portion of the garden is occupied with a bed of thick, stubborn box, cut into the heraldic

bearings of Charles V. The gravel-walks are sown with secret fountains; and the unwary visitor treads on mines of water; so that when love or politics are drawing the promenaders too close to each other, any one in the secret has only to touch a spring, and a hundred jets of water spring out of the path, and send the loungers flying to the right and left. "The days of practical jokes have gone by," said an old Oxford tutor to a wicked pupil, who had been endeavouring to water him through the ceiling: I suppose these expensive jests would not be tolerated in a formal garden in our country of proprieties. Not the least charm of these gardens is due to the delicious climate, that no money can purchase. Touching gardens, there are two kinds—the close one, such as this, which contains no view, and is effectually shut out from every kind of intrusion; and the one that embraces shrubberies, and points, and prospects. Both are delightful in their way: the one is adapted to meditation: here the recluse may pace for hours, book in hand, only pausing at times to cull a flower; the other I could imagine better adapted to those gay assemblages that the artist Watteau so much delighted to paint. Singular, that the external world is so great an enemy to the imagination. I have heard say, that most great writers, like Buffon, whose study was as

repulsive as bare plaster walls and high windows could make it, can write best on rush-bottom chairs and in dingy rooms. I had no sooner entered this garden than I felt the world of reality give place to that of the imagination; but this would not ever have been the case had there been but a gap in the wall through which I might have obtained a peep of the country or any of the streets.

It was not without considerable regret that I contemplated leaving Seville: yet I wondered at myself. Seville is certainly a dull town, in our acceptation of the term: in short, Spain generally is a dull country; it is not only backward, it is in reality stagnant. The slight attempts at hospitality that I saw were of the most frugal kind; the idea of sitting down a dozen guests to a sumptuous dinner with all kinds of expensive wines, must be something quite unintelligible to the Spaniard. I do not believe what we understand by a dinner party is ever given amongst the upper part of the middle classes. It is true, the Spaniard offers you his house and every thing he has; but woe be to the man who takes him at his word. He will have to pay for it. The vine-dresser, sitting under the cactus hedge, halloos out to you as you are riding by, if he is at his meal, and invites you to the feast, and doubt-

less he would share it with you; but he seldom contemplates such a catastrophe, and the hospitable invitation which delights the stranger is hardly heard by the insensible ear of a native. Dinner giving is the privilege of the rich: even in England the poor seldom entertain each other. Although they meet a good deal in Spain, it is the fashion for people to eat at home, and come together to chat and play the guitar. I heard in Seville some excellent private performers on the piano; but one told me the Spaniards were quite unable to make these instruments themselves; that at Madrid, the English pianos had been over and over again taken to pieces with a view to constructing others, but without success. The indolent Spaniard, of course, desired to accomplish a great deal at little cost, or he would have sent out some one to learn the craft in England. "Let us alone," he cries; "why are we to be urged on against our wills and natures?" Of this disposition my Spanish acquaintance, General H., was constantly complaining. He had plans for canals and railroads on his table, and was always translating English tracts, and devising schemes for the progress of his countrymen, which only made him exceedingly unpopular. The most learned and reverend canons shook their broad-brimmed hats when he proposed a rail-road

through the valley of the Quadelquiver, and asked him what was to become of the muleteers? Certainly the artists would lose more than the muleteers; for these latter, instead of their picturesque jackets, would be obliged to wear green or brown frock coats, and laced collars to their coats.

It was not, however, without success, that the general, when gefe-politico, had sought to establish a Normal school. Here I found imported many English school ways; texts of Scripture, and wise sayings,—

"Severe to censure; earnest to advise,—"

hung upon the walls of the school-room. The school is located in one of the suppressed convents; this is one of the least objectional purposes to which these religious houses, as they are called, can be devoted. By-the-bye, nothing fills a Spaniard with greater surprise, than to hear an Englishman regretting the suppression of the convents. What can he be dreaming about! "don't you owe all your prosperity, which is making so much noise throughout the world, to your rejection of this system of chartered indolence? and now you reproach us for having taken one of the first steps towards the abolition of sloth and bigotry." That there is a disposition amongst many people in England of the present day to

return to a state of things that the more backward nations of Europe are beginning to think is a great hindrance to their advancement, morally and politically, is too plain; and is greatly to be regretted. We compare the state of England, in all respects, whether in matters secular or ecclesiastical, with such countries as Spain and Portugal: it seems little short of wickedness, to wish to return to that which has produced such fruits as the superstition and bigotry of the Spaniards has done. Where they do not believe the most palpable absurdities, such as men carrying their heads in their hands, and living without food for twenty years, they are, very many, believers in nothing.

I fear this spirit has been engendered in some minds from a foolish love of individuality, and dislike to think with the masses amongst whom God has cast their lot. A residence in such a sleepy country as the Peninsula dignifies one's own Church and country in one's eyes, and quite lays to rest the romantic notions that the fables about Ignatius Loyola or Francis Xavier are apt to awaken in some. To compare the things our Church is doing, with what this famous Spanish Church is about, is most instructive. Spain is wishing to take a leaf out of our book, and we are simple enough to want to take one out of her's.

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FROM SEVILLE—ALCALA—UNTENANTED WILDERNESS—CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS SERVANT—ARAHAL—TRACES OF MOORISH EMPIRE—MARCHENA—DREARY RIDE TO OSUNA—THE LEARNED AMA—DON JUAN THE DIGNITARY—REBERA'S PICTURE.

HAVING resolved to ride to Malaga, I procured two horses, and persuaded the man-servant of the house where I was living to bear me company on the road. We left the Calle D—— laden up to the eyes with mantas and alforjas, amidst a volley of good wishes for the safe accomplishment of our journey. As I rode down the Calle de la Cuna, and out at the Puerta de Carmona,—what with the excitement of packing, and my anxiety, in my Anglo-Hispanico dress, to escape the laughs and criticisms of the wits of the university who hang about the corners of the Calle de la Campania,—I could not take a deliberate farewell of a place that had altogether afforded me so much pleasure.

Although the middle of December, the day was "hermosissima," as Manuel called it; clear, bright, exhilarating weather; the distant mountains look-

ing exquisite. I never thought the Cruz del Campo an interesting object before; but it had put on a take-leave smile. We were soon jogging on in the middle of the large plain which lies between this cross and the immediate vicinity of Alcala. I was under some anxiety about my worldly goods; for I had divided my money into two parts, and dispatched half in a portmanteau, and the rest I carried under my belt. The journey to Osuna was considered perfectly safe, but between that town and Antequera dangers were to be apprehended. But, as fear is said to kill more people in Cairo, when the plague visits that city, than the malady itself, the constant talk about robbers and "mala gente" in Spain, leads the imagination to picture every strange figure that joins one in the road to be a "Señor Rolando" at least. Some such reflections as these nearly occasioned me a bad accident; for, before we were a league and a half from Seville, a smart fellow, on an active mule, with a long gun slung at his back, and a more pointed crown to his hat than is usually worn in this part of Andalucia, joined himself to Manuel, and fell into conversation with him respecting his master and his movements. I dropped behind, and, calling Manuel, instructed him to tell nobody any thing about either; and, whilst expostulating with him, a "galera," that

was passing, drawn by a very long train of mules, started into a gallop, and, knocking against my horse, threw him into the ditch, without, however, unseating me; but I took the hint, and never troubled myself any more about "ladrones" or "mala gentè;" and although I have repeatedly heard of robberies, and seen hundreds of way-side crosses, I am quite incredulous upon the subject of banditti.

From the castle walls at Alcala I took that farewell of Seville I had been unable to do before. The old folk of the place were enjoying the last rays of the sun, which, lengthening the shadows, made the view in all directions appear to the greatest advantage; and it was with reluctance I returned to the posada, one of the best in Andalucia.

Hence to Arahal the country is rather wild than beautiful. For miles and miles we rode on without meeting a human being, and scarcely a token of human existence. At vast intervals might be seen a small low white building, called a cortejo, or farm. Once, it is true, in the midst of an interminable plain, we met a yoke of twenty-six oxen ploughing, but we were soon lost in the solitude. Nature looked spell-bound; it was disagreeable to break the charm. At length I heard

Manuel exclaiming, "Muy flaco y muy endéble!" as he laid on upon his horse, which, in a few more moments, went down on his knees, and threw him gently over his head. I therefore proposed, as horses and men were going to sleep together, that we should sit down and recruit ourselves and them, before proceeding on the journey. Manuel assented to this proposition very readily, and then began to ask many questions respecting "Londres;" what its size was, whether there were any churches in it, &c. To which I could only reply, "Why, Manuel, if you were to add all the cities of Andalucia together, I do not suppose you could make one London, or half a London. Beside which, 'Londres' is not England; and villages and towns are thicker in England than cortejos are in Spain. There are many parts of England where you may drive for miles through consecutive villages, scarcely half a mile apart;—now your Spanish towns never have what we call suburbs. As to churches, a stranger in London might hunt long without finding one. We have such buildings; but we generally make them as small and ugly as we can, and put them as much as possible out of sight."

"Ah, Maria!" rejoined Manuel, "I should like vastly to go with you to Londres."

"I am not rich enough to take you, Manuel."

"Si, Señor; but I should be willing to travel in any part of the world with you."

We now remounted; and, after jogging along for another league or two, passing nothing save a cromlech, of rather a peculiar character, we espied the white and spârkling town of Arahal. Nothing could exceed the bright, white, clean look of every house in the place. The windows were painted a pale green; but I fear it was all outside show, for we were compelled to be satisfied with very indifferent accommodation, excepting that the coarse sheets of our short beds were white and clean. The church at Arahal is nothing very remarkable. I was accosted by the curé, with two or three substantial-looking proprietors, the sort of magnates of the place. The curé had been in Provence, and spoke a little French; but, although an easy man in his manners, he gave me the idea of one who had long laid aside his books, if he had ever made much use of them; but it was pleasing to observe the intimacy which prevailed between the priest and the people. It is matter of regret there is not more of this in our own country. The principal man of the party gave me a most pressing invitation to his house; but, being indisposed, I declined; and he only shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "If you don't

know when you have a good offer made you, I compassionate you."

The town of Arahal is soon seen, consisting of little more than one long street of uniformly white houses. The meadows to the south command a pretty view of the mountains. The church is in the Romanesque style; the whole place appeared to be sleeping in the profound repose of Spanish provincialism. We proceeded the following day through a country very similar to that which we had ridden through the day before; composed of slightly undulating tracts of corn land, not hedged off like the garden farms of England. A ride of two leagues brought us to the town of Marchena; a city, that for its external appearance might have belonged to the East. The many centuries which have elapsed since it was in the hands of the Moors, have had a marvellous little effect upon it. It is situated upon an eminence, and looks exactly like a fortress. I was struck, as we rode through the town, at the immense number of old women we saw sitting in the gutters. This is a most characteristic Moorish custom. Many of them also wore the hyack, only allowing their eyes to be visible; whole towns and villages in this part of Andalucia are composed of people directly descended from Moors and Jews. The terrors of the inquisition converted the old Moorish population

in many parts. The traces of the Saracen occupation will never be obliterated from Spain; so fresh in these days are they, that it is often hard to realize that one is in an European country.

We did not stop in the town of Marchena; but, after making a purchase of some bread, again entered a waving ocean of green corn. The same kind of green solitude surrounded us as before; no living being did we meet for miles and miles, nor indeed scarcely a sign of man's handicraft, excepting an occasional low-wooden cross, which we never passed without Manuel bursting into a laugh, and shouting out, "Milagros!" miracles!

"Do you apprehend these robbers at all, Manuel?" I said.

"No, Señor, not at all."

"Were you ever stopped?"

"Si Señor, once: they took all I had in my pockets, and then let me go. But there is no fear of their stopping us. We are not worth a gun between us; they would not think we were worth a dollar between us either."

"In my few travels, Manuel, I have always trusted to God rather than firearms, or I should have had my throat cut long ago."

I had not even told Manuel how many doubloons I had in my pocket, lest his fidelity should be corrupted.

This was a very tantalizing ride; the town of Osuna was visible for many leagues before we arrived at it. The country as we approached was slightly more enclosed, and possessed some features of the picturesque; and when within a mile of the town, instead of riding through open tracts of corn land, we had olive farms and vineyards lining the road. Osuna is built upon what appears from the Marchena road, a pyramidal hill. On the apex of this hill there is a fine church. As we rode into the town we passed by a forlorn-looking alameda; and, after mounting the hill, entered the plaza, or market place. The Fonda to which we had been directed was of so repulsive a description, that I immediately rode away from it, and pitched, at last, if possible, upon a worse one. I had letters of introduction to some of the principal people here, so I did not despair of amending my mistake.

Osuna is a purely provincial town. The streets were sufficiently alive with people, and all habited in the fashion of Andalucia; and what, to my eye, appeared an exaggerated style of that picturesque costume. As soon as I had found a stable for the horses, I started off to seek the gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction. I knocked at his door, and inquired of the "moza," or maid, if Don Casernes was at home.

"No, Señor; but the Ama (his mother) is."

I presented my letter, and desired her to give it to the Ama; she said, "It is no good my giving it to the Ama, Señor, for the Ama cannot read."

"What!" I ejaculated, "do you tell me that Señor Don Casernes' mother can't read?"

"No, Señor; the ladies of Osuna and Antequera all do not learn to read."

Truly, the token of high-breeding in Spain is to be as much behind the age as possible. I desired my letter, however, to be given to the unlettered Ama; and after walking about the town for some time, I stumbled upon Don Casernes hunting for me. I stated to him my grievance about the Posada, and he took me to a "casa particular," where, after some conversation with the lady of the house, it was agreed I was to come into her house that evening. Casernes then took me round to every body of mark in the place, and introduced me to them; whether to show them to me, or me to them, I cannot say. The first person he took me to was the principal of the newly established university of Osuna, Don Juan, as they called him. I was greatly charmed with Don Juan, who appeared to me a man fit to be a dignitary of any Church; and by far the best-mannered man of all those whom I met at Osuna. Don Juan was sitting in a very nice, comfortable room, with a levy of clergy and others awaiting in an adjoining

apartment. After a few common-places, knowing the picture-hunting propensities of the English, he began to talk to me about pictures, and told me in the evening, he would take me to the church of the college, and show me some fine pictures by Rebera or Spanioletto. Casernes then took me to his sister, who was sitting with her feet on a brass pan filled with live coals, and enveloped in a large shawl. She did nothing but show her white teeth, and ask her brother questions about me, and the distinguished gentleman who had introduced me to her brother's notice. The next person we knocked up was a doctor, as he was described to me, of the university of Seville, a man "bien instruydo." He was very gracious, confirming my own impression, that a well-bred Spaniard is a very gentlemanlike sort of person. We left the "well instructed doctor" of the university of Seville, to inspect a charity for the distribution of corn amongst the poor. This charity was founded by a priest, whose picture adorns the sala of the committee. Casernes then left me at the door of my Posada, saying, "I have now run you through the town; come to me in the evening, and we will accompany Don Juan to the church."

My man and myself then started off to take possession of our lodgings in the "casa particular."

We knocked at the door: no answer was given. We knocked again; and at last one of those learned Amas put her head out of the window, and said, "What is it, Señores?"

Manuel replied, "It is the Inglese."

The Ama rejoined, "Alas! Señor, my daughter Encarnacion has gone to a neighbouring village, and carried the key with her."

I could only say, vexed as I was, "I see what this is, Manuel; a poor scheme to get rid of us, so we must return to the Posada."

Don Juan professed to be very much disturbed at our ill-success with the lady of the "casa particular," and did at last find out for us a tolerable Posada.

I accompanied to the church Don Juan and another good specimen of the well-conditioned Spanish priest, full of drollery, and not unlike an old college tutor of my acquaintance. He was one of the family chaplains of the ducal family, which have their burial place here.

The style of the college church is mixed. Don Juan took me to the great picture of Rebera,—the Crucifixion—and expatiated with a good deal of warmth upon its beauties; fresh from Murillo: the character of the Italian school struck me very forcibly in this Hispanico Italian painter. "Observe," said Don Juan, "the expression of peni-

tence in the Magdalene; of love in St. John; of sorrow in the mother." It is certainly a very fine picture, and I did not like it less because the Italian school was visible. After admiring the proportions of the church, we descended into the vaults of the family of Osuna, which are very extensive, elaborately decorated, and full of ghastly symbols of the king of terrors. The chapel in which daily masses are said for the departed souls of the Osuna family is very beautifully worked.

The college of Osuna adjoining the church is small. It fell with the destruction of monasteries, but has lately been revived. At present there are but few students. Don Juan told me, there were not sufficient priests for the needs of the town of Osuna. The people were bad attendants at church, excepting on great festivals. At Osuna they had not a single Jesuit. The churches and convents of Osuna are very picturesque, being all of the richest brown colour, but every thing at Osuna is of the burnt sienna hue. The churches are brown, the people are brown, and their clothes are brown.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON HORSEBACK AGAIN—PERILS OF THE ROAD—ANTEQUERA—A WELL-CONDITIONED "CASA PARTICULAR"—CHRISTIAN OR SAINT'S NAMES—ARISTOCRATICAL IGNORANCE—ROAD TO MALAGA—TAKING REFUGE IN A GALERA OR STAGE WAGGON—THE COMPANY THEREIN—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY—THE VENTA—ARRIVAL AT MALAGA.

Don Juan and Casarnes were very anxious that I should keep company with the galera, or stage-waggon, to Antequera; for they told me I was going a most dangerous road. I parted from them with a mingled feeling of regard and contempt. It was the first time where I should have very much appreciated any real hospitality. The Spaniard puts his house at your disposition when he knows you do not want it; because he does not understand giving any one bed and board. With all their cold manners, the hospitality of the English far exceeds that of any other people in Europe. A Spaniard will give you his time; an Englishman his beef, and bread, and bed.

A violent levantine wind swept the town of Osuna and the neighbouring country the morning

I started for Antequera, which added considerably to the fatigue attending this long ride. The country, after leaving Osuna, for the two first leagues was prettier than any thing I had passed through yet; although not by any means rising into the grand or sublime. The round, downy sort of hills reminded me of some parts of Somersetshire; but, excepting this variety in the scenery, it was the same untenanted wilderness that we had been already journeying through. Perera is a miserable, cut-throat looking place, and is said to harbour nothing but robbers and banditti. Here we fell in with some soldiers escorting women and children; but it was much too slow an escort for us, so we jogged on, Manuel confessedly keeping his weather-eye open; but we seemed to be passing through a more uninhabited wilderness, if possible, than that through which we had already come. We now entered the spurs of those mountains that cumulate round the Sierra Nevada, and present a never-ending variety of lines and shadows for the pencil; but, notwithstanding the beauties of nature that were thus developed, I began to feel intensely wearied with the ride, although, in humble imitation of the muleteers, I varied my position in all conceivable ways upon my horse; not disdaining to face the tail, as I made a tack to the

larboard side of the animal. We stopped a few minutes at a straggling village called Mollina; which Manuel jocosely remarked to the man who gave us water was "mas grande què Sevilla." After leaving this place, we entered one of those charming vegas, that, like grassy lakes, abound in these mountains. For two leagues we had the welcome sight of Antequera before us, perched upon a green hill itself, that seemed nestling amongst threatening mountains, behind which the sun had just dropped. As we rode through the olive groves up into the town, our long silence was pleasantly broken by the notes of four or five guitars, and we stumbled against a troop of merry-making marriage people, who were issuing from the imposing-looking streets of Antequera.

The streets of Antequera are more stately than those of Seville; or, in fact, of any Spanish town with which I am acquainted. There are in it many palatial-looking buildings, and it is said to be very bigoted and aristocratical. It is thoroughly national; and gave me the idea of a town that might have been built many centuries ago, stocked with inhabitants, and then cut off from the rest of the world; where family feuds, love, and the most extravagant superstition were left to ferment. We rode up to an admirable "casa particular," and were immediately received by the

good Señora. As Antequera is in the mountains, the houses, most of them, possess that which never fails to delight the eye of an Englishman – large and ample fireplaces. After the fatigues of the journey I felt great satisfaction at sitting in an arm-chair, by a wood fire, such as one might meet with in one of our bettermost farm-houses, caressing two or three large dogs, which were burning their noses in the ashes, and conversing with a good-natured landlord, with a pipe in his mouth, and a couple of fair daughters. These damsels had coal-black hair, clear, healthy, rich complexions, and teeth of ivory, and those pleasing manners which belong to nearly all the ladies of their country.

When they found out that I was an Englishman, they began recounting their experience of English travellers. The last was a very great lord, who travelled with riding-horses, and four or five calèsas, or cabs—most inconceivably awkward vehicles. He was not very young; but there had been a very different "Inglese," "muy delicado," very delicate, with light, curly hair—"con una boca hermosa"—with a beautiful mouth. At last I confessed to being a "curè," and was not displeased to find that I was not the less thought of for this. I expressed my wonder at their calling their maid-servant "Encarnacion;" one of them replied, "Oh, it is a very common name for a maid

in Antequera; our man-servant is named "Trinidad:" and tell us, Señor, what your saint's name is?"

I replied, "A very homely one—Tomas."

"Don Tomasito!" cried one; "you escaped a great danger to-day in coming from Osuna—the galera has been stopped and robbed three times lately."

For the evening I forgot all my fatigues in this pleasant party; but the following day I felt miserable. I walked about the town, and marvelled at the immense number of crosses stuck about the walls, particularly at the corners of streets, indicating where men had been murdered. The names of the victims were written underneath. It was really quite alarming, and led one to suppose that every man carried a stiletto under his "capa."

The ruins of the ancient castle have been converted into a fort; the keep is still adorned with part of a Moorish tower, where the traveller enjoys a fine view of the Vega; the abrupt rock called "The Lover's Leap;" the many church towers; and the long, straight, and regularly-built streets of the town.

The following day I left Antequera. I had to cross the mountains, and descend to the blue margin of the Mediterranean. Scarcely had Manuel and I mounted the winding road as high

as the tops of the houses, when fog, and wind, and vapour swept through the gullies of the hills, and a heavy rain began to descend. Fortunately, the galera came by; so I gave my horse to Manuel, and got into this vehicle, worse by many degrees than any stage-waggon that traversed the roads in the days of Roderick Random. There were two passengers besides—a gentleman who, like myself, had given his horse to his servant, and turned in to escape the rain; and an old fat curè. What may not man come to? The waggon rocked backwards and forwards like a ship at sea, and, horrible to relate, it had the same effect upon this Spanish cabbalero. He was terribly sick; and my clothes only escaped by my manta suffering, which I had thrown over my legs. The curè did not seem the least disconcerted by this catastrophe; but lay smoking paper cigar after paper cigar, and, with a dry smile on his face, asking me questions about Londres; whilst I plied him, in return, with questions touching his own brotherhood. As soon as the fog broke, I remounted my horse; glad to escape from the fumes of tobacco, and that which was worse than tobacco.

The mountainous country through which we were passing was wholly obscured, so that I lost the cream of the journey; but it is very rarely a traveller is not disappointed in passing through

such a country as this. A novice crossing the Alps expects, when he has got to the summit of the Simplon, to look down as if from the top of a wall upon the whole of Italy, from Domo d'Osala to Campania; instead of winding gradually amongst hills and valleys, and not seeing the plains of Lombardy until he has entered them—so of these mountains, which separate the great plains of Andalucia from the borders of the Mediterranean. After nightfall, I entered the galera again, and continued jolting along until nearly ten o'clock, when we all got out at a venta where we resolved to sleep. This was the most repulsive resting-place into which I ever had the fortune to fall; the beds were merely bags of hay; the windows, broken boards. Where the Amo and his servant, the priest and Manuel, disposed of themselves, I could not tell; but they got into some hole or other, and there lay until the morning, when the priest got up at four, and said Mass in one of the rooms. There was no food of any kind to be had; and, but for a fowl which we had brought from Antequera, we must have kept a long fast. Right glad was I to be again on the road to Malaga.

The scenery hence to Malaga was charming. The character of the vegetation tropical; the grape; the palm; the fig; the orange, and such

like trees, recalled the teeming valleys of Madeira, and was no disagreeable change after the fog and mist of the mountains, through which we had journied the preceding day. But the rain again descended in torrents, and we entered Malaga, completely wet to the skin—alighted at the hotel d'Orient; and, agreeably to the vicissitudes of a traveller's life, I took possession of apartments just vacated by the Prince of Bavaria.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROGRESSIVE STATE OF MALAGA—ENGLISH AT MALAGA—FUNERAL OF THE ENGLISH CONSUL—SPANISH CLERGY AT MALAGA AND PROTESTANT TENDENCIES—IGNORANCE OF THE UPPER AND LOWER CLASSES—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CHAPTER—DR. WISEMAN AGAIN—LEARNING OF THE CLERGY—HERMITS OF MALAGA—ENGLISH MECHANICS—TOLERATION.

It is easy to understand why General H., who is always regretting the backward state of his country, should prefer Malaga to Seville; but a foreigner, wishing to become acquainted with a strange country, will certainly feel he has left the nationality of Spain behind, when he arrives at Malaga. In Malaga, he will see comparatively little of the Andalucian costume; he will see more than one tall, red-brick chimney, unpoetical importation from laborious England; he will not unfrequently hear his own language, not only from the mouths of Englishmen, but from Spaniards also; in short, he will perceive that *progress* has really, at Malaga, got a foot on the shores of Spain.

I found the magnificent "Fonda de la Alameda"

filled with my countrymen and countrywomen; and a table d'hote of some thirty people, without a single Spaniard present. Besides the Fonda, there were other places, occupied by English families; with some of whom I had left England in company, and others I had seen at Seville. Rather a gloom had been cast over this community of our countrymen, by the death of Mr. Mark, the father of the present, and himself formerly the consul here; a man deservedly respected by those of all sides in politics, and all varieties of religion. It was, of course, my duty to read the service of our Church over his remains. A lady kindly manufactured me a surplice, so that I was enabled to do all things in order.

Malaga is the warmest winter residence in Europe; it looks to the south-east, and is more or less surrounded by mountains on all sides. Half a league from the town on the Velez Malaga road, and just hanging over the Mediterranean, is the British Cemetery, the first of the kind inclosed in the Spanish dominions; and this was accomplished by the estimable gentleman I was called upon to bury. On the premises is a sort of temple lodge, which might have been converted into an excellent chapel; but the Spanish authorities interdicted it. It was singular, that although the cemetery afforded sufficient evidence

of mortality, no one in it had ever been buried by a clergyman of our Church, until I officiated at the interment of the indefatigable originator of it. I was told that the Spaniards had never seen a surplice before, and that they would take fright at it; but I was resolved, as far as I was concerned, this worthy son of the Church should be properly honoured in his funeral.

The Spaniards are fond of attending funerals; and upon this occasion, half the town of Malaga turned out: the body was borne by the several consuls in their consular dresses; and behind them followed a train of three or four hundred respectably-dressed people, and amongst them one or two priests. I met the cavalcade at the limits of the procession; and proceeded with the service until the conclusion, not only without interruption, but with the greatest attention on the part of all present,

A sermon I had heard in the cathedral had led me to suppose the clergy of Malaga were any thing but a very tolerant set. The preacher, who was very animated, inveighed against the Protestants with as much ardour as a youthful divine in our own Church, who thinks he is going to do that which was never done before, and conquer all silly and crabbed tempers, is apt to direct his discourses at the Dissenters in his parish. There might have

been a reason for this: if a general liberty of conscience should ever prevail in Spain, it will first have prevailed by sufferance in her ports; such as Malaga, Barcelona, and Cadiz; probably, this is the opinion of the priests; and naturally enough do they try all they can to stem this evil tendency, as they regard it.

The bishop of Malaga, who is a suffragan to the archbishop of Granada, is a very old, infirm man, though reputed to be good. The see, before his appointment, had stood vacant for some time; for no one could be found rich enough to take it; in the present uncertain state of Church property it is quite impossible for a man without private means to accept a bishopric. Accordingly, at Malaga the *funcions* are few; and the churches not nearly so well attended as at Seville. In the mean time, the Protestant tendencies of those who are horrified at some of the extravagances of Popery, and are anxious to see rather a more rational state of things than that which exists at present, find their way to Malaga. I have before me now some letters of a Spanish professor of Granada, addressed to an Englishman in Malaga, which abound in very vehement expressions of dissatisfaction with many matters ecclesiastical. He says, "The immorality, and superstition amongst the high and lower orders (particularly

in the towns in the interior) is truly appalling." He says the whole machinery of public education is in a most neglected and ill-managed state. The wide-spreading indifference, not to call it infidelity in religious matters, is attempted to be arrested by the invention of miracles, and the creation of new saints. He then goes on to say.

"A new santa (Santa Filomena), whose printed life I might send you, has just been imported from Rome; altars have been raised to her in several churches; novenas, processions, and fiestas set on foot. This new idol, which was recommended by Christina from Rome, has already worked the most wonderful miracles at Granada, and probably elsewhere. So fashionable and so popular has become *la dichosa santa*, that most all the female children born within the last fourteen months have received her name." This writer goes on stating the military parade which had been ordered in honour of Santa Filomena; and concludes by expressing a wish that zealous Protestants would avail themselves of the travelling propensities of the contrabandistas, and circulate, by their hands, the Bible in Spain. He adds, that he had found the Prayer Book of the Church of England in the hands of a canon of Granada, and another in those of a physician, who both commended the book highly.

I fear this is no exaggerated statement of the ignorance and superstition of the highest and lowest orders in Spain. Some Englishmen, who are fond of seeing the foibles of their own country-people, and will not allow them that superior morality that others claim for them, declare the Spaniards are quite as moral as the English. This I do not believe. I was conversing upon this very matter one day with an Englishman in the fonda at Malaga, when my eye chanced to fall on the following statistics.

A resumé of the marriages, births, and deaths occurring in the town of Malaga, in the months of September, October, November, and December:

MARRIAGES.

Bachelors with Spinsters	149
Bachelors with Widows	7
Widowers with Spinsters	11
Widowers with Widows	5
	172

BIRTHS.

LEGITIMATE CHILDREN.		NATURAL CHILDREN.	
Males	369	Males	80
Females	352	Females	66

DEATHS.

Single males, including children from one to five years	184
Single females, including children from one to five years	165
Married males	84
Married females	40
Widowers	40
Widows	63

It is to be hoped the illegitimate children are not quite in this proportion in England; but if one is to credit the gossip of Seville and other places, the immorality of Spain is most to be looked for in the married state.

Malaga, in many respects, reminded me of Madeira; resorted to for its excellent climate by a few English, who amused themselves much in the same manner as the visitors to the Atlantic island were wont to do. The features of the town are few. The Alameda runs from the harbour north, and so comes against the bed of the river Guadalmedia, that I never saw otherwise than dry. This bed of a river is crossed by two or three primitive bridges; and, creating a division in the city, causes the existence of the not very common thing in Spain, suburbs. On either side of the Alameda are lofty houses, chiefly in the occupation of wealthy merchants of Malaga. On the shores of the Mediterranean you bask in the never-failing sunshine, and are regaled with the abounding odours of geranium. The valleys or barrancas which open to the sea are filled with a tropical vegetation; and in some of these, particularly in the Malaga Valez road, the lover of still heat may enjoy himself to his heart's content.

Malaga was the part of the kingdom of Granada of Phœnician origin; it is full of interesting asso-

ciations to the learned. After having been some seven or eight centuries in the hands of the Moors, it was captured, without conditions, by King Ferdinand in 1487, which led directly to the conquest of Granada. The whole of the Moorish population was enslaved, and all the mosques purified and converted into churches.

The present cathedral is built on the site of the ancient large mosque. It is in the Romanesque style, but in bad taste; with a sort of clerestory with round-headed windows, which have a very ugly effect. The interior is poor, and quite void of interest; arranged, as all the large Peninsular churches with which I am acquainted are, with the coro in the middle aisles. I never saw a tolerable congregation in the cathedral at Malaga. The number of the clergy I understood to be small; notwithstanding there is a seminary for their education in the town.

I was somewhat amused, in walking over this seminary with a priest, at a mistake he fell into. I was pointing out a portrait to a lady of our party, and remarking that the countenance bore a strong resemblance to the Bishop of London, when the priest remarked, "Un buen sujeto?" "Si," I rejoined, "el obispo de Londres." He then told us he had been at Malaga; at last I found out it was the ubiquitous Dr. Wiseman, Bishop of Oscott

at Seville, who had been amongst the Malaga clergy as the Bishop of Birmingham. I told him I also had been introduced to Dr. Wiseman, and I knew him to be a man of great ability; but I could not answer for his being "un buen sujeto." There is not much to see in this seminary. The students, like those in the English college at Lisbon, have to pass through a twelve years' course of study; but still they turned out very few clergy. I asked him if there were many of the clergy in Malaga who understood Greek? He shook his head, and replied, "There was but one in the town of Malaga." From what I could make out, it seems to be the practice of the students in theology to learn by heart a great many sermons, so that they may have no difficulty, when called upon to preach, to pour out a powerful harangue. As sermons are not read or printed in Spain to the extent they are in England, the Spanish preachers might do that with impunity which we could scarcely do in England.

There are several other schools and charitable institutions in Malaga; of the latter class the largest and most important is the "Asilo para pobres y expositos." This, like most of the institutions I have seen in Spain, is rather good in intention than in execution. The children are put out to nurse almost as soon as they are left at the

house, and if they survive this period, they return to continue their education. Every description of human infirmity finds shelter here; in some proportion, the old, and the young, and the halt, and the blind, &c. The "Hermanas de la Caradad," Sisters of Charity, who showed us round, were dressed as nuns, although they are not necessarily such. They were very lady-like and well-spoken women. The practice of giving a religious character to the public nurses of the sick and infirm, is certainly one of the happiest features in the Roman Catholic system. In the every-day appeals that must be made upon the Christian graces in hospital life, if people are not religiously trained they must grow very callous. These "Hermanas de la Caradad" hear Mass every day, and profess to like their employment. They contrasted much with the nurses I have seen stumbling up and down the stairs of the London hospitals; or the marvellous body which used to superintend the Marylebone workhouse.

Another religious community that interested me at Malaga was a company of hermits, who have their habitation, called the hermitage, up in a sort of sierra, about a league from the town of Malaga, commanding a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding mountains, and the town of Malaga. There were three of these old gentle-

men, dressed in flowing robes, with long white beards and faces, which looked as if they had indeed been exposed to storm and tempest for a century. They were none of them in orders, and apparently sufficiently ignorant. Their chapel was a perfect doll-house, adorned with ill-done representations of all the most extravagant acts of sainted heroism. They told me a priest came up and said Mass to them on saints' days, and that they prayed in consort only three times a day. The sight of these three old fellows creeping about their rich mountain valley ought to have inspired one with a love of a life of contemplation, but I cannot say it had that effect on any of our party. Whilst in these parts a traveller should continue his walk for half a league to the east, to the ruins of the "Convento de los Angelos." It is the most picturesque spot in the vicinity of Malaga, and affords an interesting view of the Moorish castle and the Alcazaba, which together make so great a feature in the town. He may make a round, and return home by the Spanish cemetery, which affords an evidence that the Spaniards are at least ahead of the English in one respect. It is a very pretty thing, and makes even death look cheerful.

Half-way between Malaga and Molinos, there is a large iron-foundry with a chimney that must have gladdened Mr. Cobden's eyes when he visited

these parts. I mention it because, whenever one sees such a building, one smells the blood of an Englishman. It is enough to see smoke, or any indications of vulcanic labour, to be sure our energetic countrymen are not far off. There are several attached to this foundry. I reckoned the English residents of Malaga to amount to about one hundred; and, very much owing, I believe, to the instrumentality of the consul's family, they were altogether as well-conducted as our forlorn countrymen of Seville were ill-conducted. Many attended the prayers at the consul's house every Sunday, and received my visits with gratitude; and, although their religious views were tinctured with the Calvinistic extravagances of Scotch theology—many of them being of Scotch origin—they were very desirous of having a clergyman of the Church of England as a chaplain amongst them, which I am happy to say they now have. The Spaniards could witness the destruction or suppression of their convents, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the disgrace and infamous treatment of many of the clergy, and at the same time enact the most stringent measures against any interference with the Roman Catholic Church, and declare "that the Spaniard who should publicly apostatize from the Roman Catholic Apostolical religion should be punished with the sentence of perpetual alienation."

From this spirit it has happened, that Spain has refused to foreign Protestants the undisturbed exercise of their religion within her dominions, longer than the Papal States themselves. So that in a commercial town, like the Havana, far removed from the mother country, the British residents, after having subscribed a large sum of money for the erection of a Protestant Episcopal place of worship, could not obtain permission from the Spanish government to build; and notwithstanding the existence of a treaty between the two countries, signed as far back as 1783 at Versailles, upon the subject of granting British subjects proper burial-grounds, the late consul had to contend for years with frequent objections and disappointments, before he procured a full and legal permission to incloso the first Protestant burial-ground in Spain.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has consecrated it; not without the approbation of the most sensible amongst the Spaniards themselves. The next thing to obtain is a legal recognition of the position of the chaplain, who is now officiating at Malaga. I may add here, besides the British residents in Malaga, between four and five hundred British travellers visit the town every year, and about eight or nine hundred seamen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALGECIRAS—THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR—FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON ENTERING THE TOWN—CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION INDICATIVE OF THE VARIOUS CREEDS—STATE OF RELIGION—THE ROMAN CATHOLICS—THE WESLEYANS—MR. RULE—PROSELYTISING SECTS—EUROPA POINT—ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL—WESLEYAN SCHOOL—INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH THE MASTER—STRENGTH OF WESLEYANISM.

As the Spring came on the English party at Malaga broke up. It was not without considerable regret that I quitted a place that had many things about it to make it agreeable. The warmth and beauty of the climate in January was very striking; and no sooner had the vessel in which I embarked for Gibraltar left the bay, than I felt that this spot enjoyed a local genialness of climate not common to every place in the same latitude.

At five o'clock in the morning we were off Algeciras, where I spent the morning. It is a completely Spanish town; and, notwithstanding it is situated immediately opposite to Gibraltar, it is thoroughly national in all respects; so that the transition from the customs of one country to those

of another is sufficiently striking to the traveller who crosses in an hour or so from one town to the other. The view of the Ronda mountains and the Rock is exquisite from Algeciras. I crossed in a small steamer that plies between the two places, and was addressed as "capitan" by a skipper, and told that Sir Charles Napier had just sailed with a regiment to chastise the Riffians.

As I had been in Gibraltar before, I did not experience that extreme curiosity which every Englishman naturally feels on visiting this celebrated English possession. From one's very playground-days Gibraltar has always been associated in the mind with British prowess.

The first thing that attracts the attention in the crowded streets is the motley character of the population. Strings of Jews, with black caps and loose frocks; turbaned Turks, Moors, merchants, contrabandistas, majos, amuse the eye; then suddenly the fife and drum announce to the gaping stranger the approach of a regiment of red-coats; and down they come, neat, clean, most invincible in their aspects: a contrast to the ramshackling troops he has been used to see in Portugal or Spain. Every man appears anxious to excel his neighbours in order and exactness in his march. Then there are sailors of every stamp, from men-of-war's men, admirals, and captains, to

the skipper of smuggling falucca, travellers, and merchants; and, agreeably to the old saying, "Quot homines tot sententiæ," the creeds of this chequered population are nearly as numerous as the classes of the people.

In Spain the whole population is professedly Roman Catholic. At the time of the conquests of Ferdinand and Isabella, it used to be Roman Catholic, Mohammedan, or Jewish; but now, in Gibraltar, in addition to these three religions, we have Protestant Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan. But—to return to first impressions—the stranger feels a sense of being amongst essential incongruities. Houses built in the English style, with miserable little windows; when you enter them you find them fitted up, not with England's later improvements, but as England used to be some thirty years ago; and, as you have an Andalucian sun still over your head, you begin to question whether you would not forego the English comforts for the sake of the more appropriate habitations of the Spaniards themselves.

By far the best place to understand Gibraltar from is the Flag Staff, whence you see not only the Rock, but all the surrounding country lying in a mass at your feet. The Rock, both in shape and colour, is very like a huge chameleon basking on the sandy shore of Spain; for the neutral ground

which connects it with the main land is as flat as the sea itself, and nearly entirely composed of sand. Here is the cricket-ground; the large, melancholy-looking town burial-place; and, just rising beyond the lines, the huge sand-hill called the Queen of Spain's Chair, where, it is related, Her Catholic Majesty upon one occasion took her seat, and declared she would not leave it, until she saw the flag of Spain hoisted on the Rock, instead of that of Great Britain. The good-natured governor, not liking to keep a delicate woman sitting on a sand-hill, it is to be presumed, lowered the British standard, and hoisted that of Spain; when the queen, considering her credit saved in this manner, descended from her shifting throne, and went about her business. From this point the eye travels on to the Ronda mountains, San Roque—one of those towns that was swelled to its present importance by fugitives from Gibraltar, when the heretics seized upon that citadel. Between San Roque and the bay are the ruins of the ancient Carteia, the first Phœnician settlement in Spain, if not the ancient Tarshish, and the port where probably the invading fleets of the ancient Carthaginians rode secure. Algeciras, immediately opposite the Rock, is another town that has risen to its present importance mainly since the British have had possession of Gibraltar. The day I was

at the flag-staff the general prospect was charming. The sea alone was very lovely; calm enough, but varying in its colour with every cloud that floated past. The bay was enlivened by a fleet of boats from the men-of-war which were at that time lying at anchor, under the command of Sir Charles Napier.

The northern end of the rock bristles with cannon and gun-holes, like the stern of a three-decker; and here is situated the main part of the town, with the two cathedrals, the convent or governor's house, library, Wesleyan chapel, &c. The beautiful Alameda intervenes between the northern and southern portions of the town—would that the indolent natives would learn from this garden, what paradises a little care and industry would furnish them with! Rosia Bay is a great place of residence, and in this vicinity there is a Roman Catholic chapel of ease, and a Wesleyan school-room, where preaching sometimes goes on. The flats at Europa Point have little to interest a clerical traveller; he will probably think there is more speculation in the long row of white slabs, distinguished by Hebrew inscriptions, that marks the burial-ground of the despised Jews. Gibraltar is computed to be about three miles long and one broad. The flag-staff stands, I should judge, nearer in the middle of the long-ways of the rock

than of the breadth. The east side is almost quite precipitous: immense banks of white sandy-looking depositions run down into the sea. When up here several of the rock-eagles floated by us; but we did not catch sight of any of the famous Gibraltar monkeys.

The state of religion, when I was at Gibraltar, was most disheartening. I shall proceed to give a sketch of it. When Gibraltar fell into the hands of the English in 1704, the Spanish population, considering the place given up to the powers of darkness, and judging the toleration of the new-comers by their own, nearly all decamped; leaving the spiritual wants of those who remained to the care of a single priest. Had the English Church taken a stand here even at the period of the long siege, a very different state of things would have existed than that which now does. There is no place where the consequences of neglect are more distinctly seen. As soon as warlike proceedings subsided, a heterogeneous population, composed of all manner of indifferent characters, drained back into Gibraltar; mixed marriages took place; and thus a race of people sprung up, who might with little difficulty have been secured to our Church; instead of which, what is the state of religion in Gibraltar at present?

There is said to be a population of 15,000 or

20,000 people ; of these, exclusive of the military, not 2000 are reckoned to be Protestants, but, of course, counting these, there are several thousand Protestants resident on the Rock. I state this because our rulers, in making what allowances they have done for the Church of Gibraltar, have always reasoned as if the military chaplain was more than sufficient for the spiritual requirements of the military. But to proceed in order in our examination of the actual condition of religion in 1849, the Roman Catholics did not think about establishing a bishopric at Gibraltar, until there was a rumour of a Protestant bishop being appointed: then they forestalled us, and appointed Dr. Hughes the Vicar Apostolic and Titular Bishop of Heliopolis, to exercise episcopal functions at Gibraltar, in 1840. The real Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Tomlinson, was not appointed until 1842. The present Roman Catholic bishop is a man with Irish papistic zeal, somewhat inflamed by an Andalucian sun. He is indefatigable, not only in retaining his own people, but, if he could any how manage it without incurring a government prohibition, he would make converts amongst the military. He had eleven priests beside himself to help him in the duties of the place.

Whilst walking about Gibraltar, I soon stumbled against the repulsive-looking Wesleyan chapel, or, as

it is assumptively called, "La mision protestante;" so, with the excuse of asking for some tracts for a lady at Malaga, I knocked at the door, and inquired for the minister. A remarkably kind, shining-faced old gentleman came forth, and extended his hand to me as if we had been friends all our lives. After some preliminary conversation, he told me that he was more particularly the minister of the English congregation; that he was associated in the mission with another gentleman, whose province it particularly was to look after the Spaniards. He went away, and soon after returned with a good-looking young man, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, so very modest in his address, that it quite disarmed me of any hostility I might have felt for the abettor of schism. He told me, beside the chapel and girls' school adjoining the house in which we were, they had another establishment at the other end of the Rock, chiefly devoted to the instruction of Spanish children. The following conversation took place.

Self.—"Pray have you Mr. Rule's memoir of his mission in Spain?"

Young Wesleyan.—"No: Mr. Rule was very active, but the Spanish mission has at present fallen to the ground. We had a young man lately at Algeciras, but the Spaniards made it too hot for him."

Old Wesleyan.—"I believe, Sir, the priests are to blame. They are designing men, who purposely keep the people in darkness."

Self.—"I have met several Roman Catholic priests, and I cannot but feel, in judging of them, we should make allowances for the school of theology in which they have been trained. Supposing a man were to disapprove ever so much certain things in the system in which he is placed; unless he were a second Luther, how is he to work a reformation?"

Young Wesleyan.—"The force of education is very strong."

Self.—"To change the subject, pray is your mission entirely supported by members of the connexion on the Rock?"

Old Wesleyan.—"No, Sir; it ought to be, but it is not. We look to the parent Society for our main support, and we receive from that as much as 800*l.* a year."

Self.—"Are you on good terms with the clergy of the Church of England here?"

Old Wesleyan.—"Pretty well. There was formerly some collision respecting the schools; but, as our work is distinct, we see little of each other."

Young Wesleyan.—"Not as much as we ought to do. We ought to be on more friendly terms."

Self.—"How can you expect to be on more friendly terms with a body that you so systematically oppose?"

Old Wesleyan.—"The Wesleyans are the best friends the Church of England has."

Self.—"I cannot see it; your predecessor, Mr. Rule, in his book, which I have read, says something of this kind: 'There is the Roman Catholic Bishop—of course Christianity cannot be taught by him; and as to the Protestant Bishop and his set, little better is to be expected from them.'—Is this the language of a friend?"

This Mr. Rule was described to me, with truth, I fear, as a little firebrand, saturated with sectarian bigotry, and puffed up with his knowledge of the Spanish. He took the field against Spain generally. He and his emissaries opened a large school at Cadiz, and another at San Roque; and at last raised the indignation of the clergy, who instigated the authorities to proceed against them. The English consul felt that he was not justified in throwing the shield of English protection over them, so that they were obliged to return to the Rock, and thank Providence that they had not suffered very severe treatment. Of course, all this was glory to them; but I should like to ask such missionaries, what we in England should think of a body of Spaniards coming and telling our people,

in broken English, they were all going to perdition, and that they knew not what Christianity was? A country calling itself Christian, however far gone in idolatry, or overburdened with superstitions, is not to be treated by any denomination of Christians as if it were heathen. It really is something frightful, when one considers the proselytizing efforts of all denominations of Christians. The Church of Rome pours money and Jesuits into England in the hope of converting that little island. The Protestants of England return this zeal for conversion with interest, and try to overrun Spain and such countries with Protestant publications. The Russian Church makes war against the Church of Rome in Poland. Many Roman Catholics I met, in the course of my travels, spoke with much toleration of the Protestants, and seemed to think we were all tending, though through much contention, to ultimate union. I do not think the sensible part of the Roman Catholics suppose this union is to be effected by their Church conquering all others; but that imperceptibly the wounds that have been made in different parts of the body will be drawn together.

After bidding good-bye to the Wesleyans, I continued my walk to the south end of the Rock, to inspect the Roman Catholic establishment there. This consists of a chapel and a school, con-

taining about sixty-five children, boys and girls, and a very pleasant residence for the priest, and a sort of upper chamber for the bishop, when he visits this end of his diocese. The priest was an Irishman, and received me with a much less open hand than the Wesleyan. The school appeared to me sufficiently good. At the time I was there, there was only one boy of English parents in it; and, what appears to me very strange, the master informed me there have been Protestant children there, to whom he taught the Protestant catechism. The chapel is little more than a large room, capable of containing about two hundred children. There is Mass every day at half-past seven o'clock, and during Lent a sermon every evening in Spanish or English.

I likewise went to the Wesleyan school-room at this end of the Rock. It is large, spacious, airy clean, and, as far as external appearance goes, by far the nicest school in Gibraltar. Altogether, I understand that the Methodists in Gibraltar have upwards of three hundred scholars; for, besides the two schools I have seen, they have an adult school. I had a long conversation with the master, who had been a soldier, and formerly clerk to the chaplain, became a Methodist, and fell into regimental difficulties, and was at last compelled to purchase his discharge; and he then

took the post of schoolmaster here. He looked like a man who had been through a great deal of trouble of one kind and another. He complained that, though a man might be converted in the Church of England, there was nothing to assist him in his spiritual growth, or retain him where he was. The poor Church of England, that every enthusiast quarrels with, would hardly have stood, one may imagine, in any country but England; but when I think of the many and crowded churches, the excellent lives of some of her members, and the general learning of her ministers, I feel satisfied that she is as pre-eminent over other Churches as the country at large is over other nations. Those who have forsaken her always seem to feel like people who have forsaken a good but cold mother.

The schoolmaster told me that one of the best things the Wesleyans had done was to establish a reading-room at that end of the Rock for the soldiers: here they met in quiet, and read and talked; and were not driven by necessity to the canteens to drink. I thought myself this was a good hint both for our own clergy and commanders of regiments. When there was no Methodist minister who could speak Spanish, he took it upon himself, and preached in that language. The power that Methodism has over some minds is very astonishing. It seems to have the greatest effect upon dissipated

men of the lower orders; which may or may not confirm the sentiment of the junior Wesleyan minister, who said he believed that Wesleyanism would last as long as there were souls to be awakened which the Church of England could not awake; but why should not the Church of England be efficacious in calling such men as these to repentance?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STORM—CATHOLIC UNITY—A SUNDAY AT GIBRALTAR—CHURCH AND STATE—THE MILITARY—THE CORK WOOD—THE PRIEST A COOK.

I NEVER remember being so forcibly impressed with the idea of how much we are under the influence of the changes of weather, as I was whilst at Gibraltar. I suppose it was owing to the sudden transition from excessive dryness to great moisture. I was sitting in my room, which commanded an excellent view of the bay, one evening; when I was seized with a most painful sensation of melancholy. I endeavoured to overcome it by taking up first a light book, and then a serious one; but it was no good, I could not succeed. In a short time there broke over Gibraltar one of the most tremendous tempests I ever witnessed. The next day I met an acquaintance, who told me of his sensations which preceded the storm, and which far exceeded my own. I found the beautiful Alameda converted into a wilderness, and some of the finest trees torn up by the roots.

It is in reality, as well as in the regions of imagination, that our most sunny visions are destined to receive a shock and interruption; though, perhaps, we are in a healthier state after this is over than we were before: simply because we are nearer to the truth. There is not, to an ardent mind imbued with theological sentiments, a more agreeable dream than that which seems embodied in the expression of Catholic unity; a thing which we must ever desire, but in seeking which we must take care how we give up a reality for a shadow.

I remember, when first taking Orders, settling in a village in the Gloucestershire hills, falling into the current of Church opinion, and thinking much about this. The word Catholic was a sort of resuscitated word in every one's mouth. The clerks in banking-houses called circular notes, Catholic notes; because they were available for every country in the world. I had had eight years of theological experience; and was now sitting and looking at the lovely bay of Gibraltar, where, if I had sat eight years ago, I should have been spared much trouble. It was Sunday morning. Over-head might be heard the footsteps of the presbyterian minister, preparing for the Sunday duties. He was an eloquent man, and so popular that he emptied the Wesleyan chapel, and drew

off some of our own people who had Scotch connexions; and whose inconsistency has found countenance of late years from some in high quarters. The two cathedrals were just below; sorry edifices, both of them. The Roman Catholic has a tower, and the bells were ringing from it; but not a note of calling to prayers came from the uninteresting-looking edifice called the English cathedral. It is built in the Moorish style; for what reason it is not very easy to say.

Proceeding on my way to church, in company with an officer, we passed another; who, to the question of my friend, "Where are you off to?" replied, "To hear Mr. ——, the Free Church preacher." We next passed three soldiers; a look of inquiry elicited the fact that they were bound to the Wesleyan chapel. Passing down to the ramparts, we heard, issuing from a large gloomy-looking building a nasal chant; this was the largest of the five Jewish synagogues that are in Gibraltar. Looking up a street, we saw soldiers pacing before the Roman Catholic cathedral. We were soon after brushed by the flowing robes of half-a-dozen audacious-looking Moors. At last, however, we landed safely in our own cathedral, where we found no great number of worshippers.

There was a good deal of propriety about every thing we saw; but, I am constrained to say, little

life. The prayers were read by a gentleman who had once been a priest and a professor in the Spanish Church: he acquitted himself very tolerably. The sermon of the preacher was a quiet, sensible discourse, but a congregation such as is likely to assemble at the cathedral in Gibraltar must be held together by stronger materials. There is, literally, no Church feeling in Gibraltar; and the English population here is so constituted that, without some popular attractions—bad as the phrase is, and sad as the confession may be—it seems very difficult for a clergyman to retain a hold upon his flock. In the afternoon the chaplain attached to the hulks preached. In the evening the Spanish gentleman reads the prayers of the Church of England in Spanish, and reads also a Spanish sermon. He used formerly to preach extemporaneously, but some complaints were made about his attacking with too much ardour that cause which he had abandoned, and he was afterwards recommended to preach written sermons. This was a very great mistake; but only characteristic of the cautious nature of our Church discipline. To oblige a Spanish preacher to preach from a book is to rob him of all power at once; this is cutting the locks of the Church. The night I was at the church the congregation was under ten.

In these days of architectural knowledge, the church would be considered a failure. It is in an unfortunate style. There are two aisles divided by columns from the nave, and these columns are crowned with horse-shoe arches; the consequence of this arrangement is, that the voice is very much broken. At the east end there are stalls and an episcopal cathedra. There was a talk of erecting a campanile; for the church has been long without any bell at all. The Saints' days, and the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, are observed here.

In that school, which was attached to the cathedral exclusively, there were, altogether, about 150 children. The majority of the boys were Spaniards, but they repeated equally well the catechism in the Spanish and English languages. Notwithstanding the occasional help rendered to the Archdeacon of Gibraltar by the chaplain to the hulks, when I was on the Rock, there was a decided want of clergymen of the Church of England. It seems the poor Church of England at Gibraltar, as well as every where else, suffers from her proximity to her bigger, although not older

[1] Dr. Tomlinson, the Bishop of Gibraltar, had not been in the "Rock" for some time when I was there; it is fair to mention, that I was told his visits had always been productive of good and peace-making. I have since heard that he resides there more than he used to do, and that Church affairs are in a much more satisfactory state than they were.

sister, the State. I think I am right in my statistics, in saying there is £30,000 drawn from the Rock, which I presume goes into the colonial chest, amongst other things the pew rents of the cathedral. The Church is then given the sum of £400 a year, whilst the other part of the civil list is something quite extravagant; judges, and attorney-generals, receiving their thousands, or eight hundreds a year. In addition to what they can collect, the Wesleyans are enriched with £800 a year from England; whereas, the Church of England had not more than half of this sum, and was crippled in her resources, because she was prohibited from making the most she could of what she already had. It is quite difficult to understand on what principle this system is adopted by the State. I had no opportunity of visiting those schools which are exclusively under the care of the military chaplain.

Gibraltar is said to be a favourite garrison with the military; and there are many things to make it so, to those who do not spend the entire day in idleness and dissipation. The garrison library is excellent; the climate generally pleasant and healthful; and the points of attraction to those fond of scenery and the picturesque, many and great.

The favourite point to ride to is the Cork Wood.

Many of the trees are very fine, and gnarled; and the wood presents many exquisite vistas of green and chequered shade. I made one expedition to this spot, and merely allude to it, because of the circumstance of our having put up our horses in the chambers of an untenanted convent, and had them tendered by a priest, not a monk or hermit, who likewise cooked us some eggs and bacon. I do not relate this as being derogatory to the priest, but as exemplifying the degraded state into which the Spanish Church has been brought. He was a young man, and did not seem at all displeased with his occupation.

CHAPTER XX.

BOUND FOR TANGIER—SHIP'S COMPANY—A VISION OF POWER AND ITS EFFECT ON THE MOORS—IMPRESSIONS ON ENTERING A HEATHEN COUNTRY FOR THE FIRST TIME—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—MOORISH AND SPANISH BIGOTRY—THE BIBLE AND THE ARABIAN NIGHTS—CONSULAR GARDENS—PROGRESS AND THE "STATUS QUO"—THE SOC OR MARKET-PLACE—SAINTONS—A RIDE TO THE CAVE OF HERCULES—A SOLDIER NO SAINT.

THERE are several boats which run periodically between Gibraltar and Tangier, for the purpose of carrying the letters of the different consuls; but excepting these, there are no regular means of transit; and as I was disappointed of a lift in one of the government steamers which I had hoped had been going, I was compelled to take my passage in one of them. Accordingly, the following day at dawn, I was alongside of the Spanish "correo," or Consular falucca. She was freighted chiefly with empty poultry-baskets, besides her human cargo, composed of Moors and Jews. Before I got on board, I noticed in the stern of the boat, a pale-looking, sorrowful man, in European clothes, who directly saluted me in English; this was

a travelling Jew, whose countenance may be familiar to dwellers in every part of the world. The travelling Jew looks sagacious and chastened; when not cunning and obsequious, he really looks as if some of that sorrow, which he refused to place upon the willing Saviour, adhered to him more than to the rest of mankind. There were besides this Jew, fifteen others; but these were dressed in the "jelab," a kind of frock or smock with a hood to it, and wore a small black cap, which throughout Barbary, distinguishes the Jew from the turbaned Turk or Moor: two of these latter formed part of our company; and besides them, there was an old Jewish woman, and the French consul's secretary, or rather, as I afterwards found, his cook. The countenances of the Moors were all defiance and lordliness, and upon the slightest provocation, they dealt their blows upon the Jews.

These Barbary Jews look upon an Englishman, who has the appearance of one travelling for his pleasure, with double interest, as one belonging to a nation which dictates its own terms to their masters; and every member of which is supposed to enjoy abundant resources. Countenances obsequiously looking up to you, at last attract your curiosity, if not interest; many of them are certainly handsome, and far more intellectual than

their oppressors; but partly owing to their dress, and the manner in which they laid about the deck, wrapped up in their frocks, at no moment ever betraying a thought of resistance or fierceness, one could hardly suppose they were any thing but women.

Our voyage, which ought only to have occupied four hours, promised to be a long one; for it was several hours before we had even left Europa Point behind. The sailors and the French cook amused themselves by carnival sports, covering each other with flour and tar; the French cook wore a cloth cloak made in the fashion of the jelab; and in the course of the struggles occasioned by their sport, the sailors tied a rope round his waist, and immediately exclaimed, "Monge!" "Monge!" a monk! a monk! and indeed it strikes the eye that there does exist the greatest possible affinity between the dress adopted by the mendicant orders, particularly that worn by the followers of St. Francis of Assisi, and that of these Barbary Jews and Moors; whether we are to trace it to the fact of the early Egyptian monks and hermits having adopted the dress of the common people of the East, or suppose that that Mohammedan empire, which once overran Europe, left this fashion of dress with other things behind, when it retired to the opposite shores of the Mediterranean.

The report of a salute, which we heard, as we got into the Gut, (called so from the narrowness of the passage,) told me that Sir Charles Napier was on the move home; shortly after the fleet made its appearance, the Sidon towing out the St. Vincent, the Regnard and Plumper, which are screw steamers, following at assigned intervals. The Jews and Turks were both delighted and wonder-struck at this exhibition of a naval power; they eagerly hung over the sides of the boat, and when they were not silent, the word "machina" informed me the screw steamers were the theme of their comments. Nor could any one be surprised that such savages as the Moors should be over-awed at this demonstration of skill and power. The two screw steamers, with every sail close reefed, and scarcely a puff of smoke escaping from their small, and almost hidden funnels, appeared to move through the water literally by magic, no locomotive agent being visible. "Has he gone to England?" said one of the Moors to me in Spanish; but as our quarrel with Morocco had not been settled in the most satisfactory manner, I feigned ignorance as to the destination of the St. Vincent, and her companions. The captain of our boat would not attempt crossing until the next morning, when we were carried over with the current without any sail set.

It is remarkable how soon the human mind reconciles itself to new scenes, customs, and people, and loses first impressions. I was now, for the first time, about to enter a place where the Christian religion holds no sway; I was therefore careful to note my own impressions. The town of Tangier from the sea, although sufficiently unattractive in its architecture, has something pleasing about it. It is situated at the head of a large bay, on rising though not mountainous ground, a white wall of fortification covers it from the sea, from which, however, the towers of the two principal mosques, and the consular houses, are seen rising above the wall: to the east is a tract of country characteristically sandy; to the west is a series of moderately high headlands, which terminate in the Atlantic at Cape Spartel, that promontory that indicates the mouth of the Mediterranean to navigators from the south-west. The beach was lined with vagabond Jews and Arabs, who plunged into the water for the purpose of carrying the passengers ashore. We were met by the captain of the port, a very fine, commanding looking individual, who has a sort of alcove just without the Sea Gate of the town, between which and the sea-shore he spends the best part of his life: although what in England we call a working man, his post must be very much of a sinecure;

for I believe the Emperor of Morocco does not possess a single vessel, the few feluccas I ever saw in the Bay of Tangier being strangers.

On passing through the Gate I was in a new world, of this there could be no mistake; dresses, houses, associations, familiar to those who surrounded me from their infancy, were to me perfectly new, strange, and such as I had formed no definite conception of. I cannot recollect ever having been so sensible of surprise at any thing I have ever before witnessed; although after a short time, human society wearing in these parts one of the simplest aspects, the scene became familiar, and one was led to feel the intrinsic dulness of the Moorish life. The town of Tangier is divided into two parts by the main street, which rises from the Sea Gate to the Country Gate at the opposite end. In each of these divisions is a large mosque; and on the heights crowning the west division of the town, is the Alcasaba, or Castle. The white wall of fortification noticed from the sea, surrounds the town. Notwithstanding the surprise experienced by the traveller, the conclusion he soon arrives at is, that the worthy emperor's subjects are decidedly barbarians. The houses, which are very small, are always painted white; and indeed, in general, the place has very much the appearance of such a city as

a child would erect with a pack of cards; the shops are so small, which line either side of the main street, that the seller of wares can only manage to lodge himself, tailor-fashion, in one corner, and there remain on peril of throwing every thing down should he move about with the least disposition to activity. The apertures of these shops are generally shaded by a projecting wooden blind. At the foot of the walls of the houses, and literally in the gutter, it is the custom of the Moors, particularly on market-days, to sit in rows. This is a thoroughly Moorish custom, and I doubt not of great antiquity; for at Marchena in Spain, which with Tarifa, on the opposite side of the Gut, retains more than any other city in Spain, Moorish customs; this was one which I particularly remember noticing.

What with the forbidding aspect of the buildings, the turbans, and flowing robes of the Moors, the muffled faces of the women, the squalid smocks and jelabs of the Jews and Arabs, or country people, I felt so impatient at the signs of barbarism, that I could not help offering up a desire, as I walked to the Fonda, that the time might not be far distant, when the prejudices that excluded them from European civilization, should give way to a knowledge of the truth; but I myself, as I found, was

also under some prejudice. After depositing my baggage at the Fonda, I prepared to make a more deliberate survey of this, to me, most curious place.

A country constituted like Morocco, and positively within a morning's sail of a quasi English town, presents, of course, many startling features of interest to an Englishman, whose birthright attaches him to a nation which has passed through a greater number of progressive stages of civilization than any place in the world. We must go back to a period almost prior to the arrival of St. Augustine, during Saxon heathenism, to find in our own annals a state of civilization parallel to that at present existing in Morocco. Yet there is no reason to be deduced from the natural aspect of the country, why there should not be the most delightful regions of cultivation, or excellent roads in these parts; of which I do not think the emperor can boast one. The natives of this part of the world cannot plead the desert, or excessive heat, or excessive aridity: it must all be laid to the charge of Mohammedan bigotry, alone an evidence of its earthly origin. The Farkah, or court preacher, delights to enlarge upon the sinfulness of cultivating the Christian. The less the good Mohammedan has to do with a Christian the better,

unless it be to fulfil the injunction of the Prophet: "When ye encounter unbelievers, strike off their heads until ye have made a great slaughter amongst them."

When I learnt that this was the case, I could not help feeling how unlikely religious persecution of any kind is to conduct us to the truth. Scarcely a month back I had heard a Spanish preacher at Malaga inveighing in very bitter terms against the Protestants, and appealing to the Catholic spirit of the Spaniards to keep them sound. Was it an unjust reflection to make, that, in proportion as a country proscribes, it will be backward in the scale of nations? Spain, the most bigoted, is also the most behind the other countries of Europe. Notwithstanding my strong sympathies with the Church of England, I rejoiced that I belonged to a country where no man was persecuted for conscience' sake; and where the only restrictive laws which existed, were enacted and persevered in, in the fairest spirit of self-defence; and against those who tell us our own is not our own, and who would again bring us into bondage.

The Bible and the Arabian Nights are allowed to be the keys to the condition of most Eastern or Mohammedan countries, and I found every thing to confirm this opinion. Immediately on turning into the principal street of Tangier, I met one of

those auctioneers or criers so often introduced into the Arabian Nights. He carried on his head a bale of cotton goods, and other articles in each hand; and ran up and down the street, bellowing out the value of his goods to the Moors sitting in the gutter, and stopping where he saw a likely purchaser, that he might afford him an opportunity of inspecting his wares. Another time I saw this same crier with a young black slave, dragging him up and down the street, and offering him for sale.

After observing this crier, we continued our walk up the street, and passing through the Country Gate, we came into the "soc," where the country-people hold their market upon Mondays and Thursdays. Here are people not only from all parts of the kingdom, but from many distant regions of Africa. Blacks from the interior, some of whom have found their way from the petty kingdoms about the Gambia; and one, who was hawking about cakes, when he heard that I was an Englishman, wished me to take some of his sugary merchandise "sin denero"—without money, for we English were gentlemen; a sentiment which, I conjectured, he had not improbably picked up from having heard of our efforts to suppress the traffic in his countrymen.

More or less bordering upon this market-ground

are the gardens of the consuls; and some of them are very pretty and very extensive. We entered the Danish consul's garden, which includes an orange grove, a small olive farm, and vineyard. Here, too, besides every variety of shrub, are some forest trees, growing with considerable luxuriance; a house stands in the middle of it, which is frequented by the family in the summer. It was quite a wilderness, for but little neatness was displayed in the flower borders. After leaving this garden, and skirting some of the other consular gardens, we crossed over to the opposite side of the valley, and came up upon a beautiful turfy terrace, called Marchan; and here we drew breath, and looked at the interesting view before us. To the west is the Atlantic; moving the eye along the horizon, the first object that breaks the line is Cape Trafalgar; the next prominent object is Tariffa, with its fine old castle and light-house, the most southerly point of Europe. Next comes the headland that opens Gibraltar Bay; and behind this, rendered flat by many an aerial tint, rises the singularly-shaped rock of Gibraltar; the white buildings on Europa Point just glimmering into view. There is English enterprise and valour, and English bustle and prejudice, fermenting as elsewhere, whilst here the world has stood still since the patriarchs. The eye, leaving the Rock,

falls on a narrow reach of the Mediterranean, and then encounters the ragged brow of Apes' Hill, and soon afterwards some snowy mountains, a lower chain of the Atlas, close to Tetuan; and under these, are numerous lines of hills, and tracts of intervening country, as far as the eye could judge covered with abundant vegetation. We returned to the town through the Alcasaba, or Castle, in the precincts of which the tents of the Bedouin Arabs are generally to be seen.

In this short walk round the town, there were two insignificant buildings which attracted my attention; the one is called Emsala, or Place of Preaching. It is little more than a long wall, with three or four niches in it, in the centre one of which the priest stands, with a large copy of the Koran; whilst another, ascending a few steps to the left of this, harangues the people on the virtues of the Prophet, and the sin of cultivating familiarity with infidels. The emsala is only used, however, on certain high Moorish occasions. The other building noticed was a small white hut, which stood in the soc; and is a specimen of a class of which there are many in and about Tangier. They are resting-places of the santons, or saints; and of the veneration in which they are held I had some proof; for, curiously inspecting one of these, in a place where I thought I might

escape observation, I was angrily scolded by a Moor who chanced to turn the corner. A Christian, it is said, may not enter one of these on pain of death, and they afford a sanctuary for any one against the sword of "the avenger of blood;" bearing, in this respect, an analogy to the cities of refuge enjoined by Moses, and appointed by Joshua. These rests, or graves of saints, are very thick in some places; and no wonder, for the living specimens of these santons are numerous. They are the most importunate beggars; and well calculated, by their appearance, to impose upon their countrymen, and indeed upon any one but the Jew, who takes out the ill-treatment he receives from the Moor in a deep intellectual contempt for all that belongs to Mohammedanism.

I had abundant proofs of this spirit existing among the Jews the first day I was in Tangier. I had been walking up the street with a Moor, who had crossed over from Gibraltar with me in the Spanish "correo," and who had just warned me to be on my guard against the Jews, when I was joined by another tall old Moor, who had on a white shirt with the white capuchin cloak over it, the hood of which shaded his pale wrinkled face and long white beard, and in his hand he carried a white staff. Having bid adieu to my former acquaintance, I began to regard this venerable

personage with some interest, when a Jew joined me on the other side; and the following short but significant conversation took place.

Moor.—"Señor, denero, dame denero."—Sir, money, give me money.

Self.—"Perchè, hombré?"—Why, friend?

Moor.—"Yo soy un santo."—I am a saint.

Self.—Si; pero un santo puede vivar sin denero."—Yes; but a saint can live without money.

Jew.—Monsieur, ne donnez pas; cet homme est une grande bête."

Self.—"Vraiment."

Jew.—"Toutes les saintes ici sont bêtes, ou insensés."—All the saints here are beasts, or mad.

Thus warned, I parted with this ghostly-looking saint, and soon after saw him in the market, walking round to the different vendors of bread, cheese, peas, &c., and helping himself, here to a handful of peas, and here to a piece of bread, as he felt disposed. I was informed this was a privilege enjoyed by those who are esteemed saints; and that all those who can claim a difficult-to-be-disproved alliance with the family of the Prophet are saints by inheritance. Those who are "captus mente" are likewise beloved of heaven, and have the privilege of picking and stealing with impunity.

My inquiries led me to the conclusion that a

very small section of Morocco will afford the traveller a tolerably just idea of the whole country. The same mixture of Moors and Jews in very much the same proportion is found every where; and so with regard to the face of nature, owing to the great quantity of moisture that falls in the whole of Barbary, there can be little lack of vegetation any where. I shall, therefore, for the amusement of the reader, describe from my Journal a ride I made one morning to Cape Spartel, the nearest point of any interest to Tangier. As a rule, it may be said, beyond the walls of a Moorish city a stranger cannot walk without the probability of suffering from the over-zeal of some obscure Arab. The first thing to be done, therefore, in making any sort of expedition, is to procure a soldier whose life is to answer for your life in case of accidents: this is simple and summary, and so far it is good. In this ride I was accompanied by my landlady's nephew, Baruch, a nice, intelligent youth, who spoke the Arabic in use here, and who chose a soldier for our companion whom he could trust, who in due time made his appearance, with his turban, long gun, and bayonet. Soon after came a grey horse and a mule, which the captain of the port was glad to let for hire. I mounted the steed, and Baruch the mule. The figure of the barb is not at all unfa-

miliar to the English eye: it is seen often enough in Rotten-row; for the English, if they gained no other advantage by the possession of Tangier, gained this, that they were enabled to improve the breed of horses. The points of the barb are its long and springy legs, and its small flat head. One, like myself, no great judge of horseflesh, would remark upon the agreeable paces of the Barbary horses.

On leaving Tangier, as long as we were in the vicinity of the consular gardens, we rode through a sort of sandy lanes, but very soon emerged upon the grassy, heathy, undulating country, over which the eye ranges for miles and miles without being able to trace any symptom of formal efforts at civilization, or scarcely cultivation; now and then the bridle-path conducts into woods of thick and towering brushwood, intermingled with which are many noble specimens of the heath and gum schistus, the flowers of which latter plant quite overspread the wood. These woods are kept low by the Moors themselves, who distrust each other so much that they dare not leave too thick a cover for the robbers. Here, too, wild boars abound, none of which I had the good fortune to see, or the ill fortune to feel. After passing these woods, and gaining a ridge of low hills ahead of us, we looked down upon the Atlantic; between us and the sea

was a fine tract of lawn-like land, covered with the arbutus and palmetta. The sea appears shut out from this low country by a long ridge of deep, sandy shore, that stretches from Cape Spartel to the west as far as the eye can follow. Cape Spartel is not a very striking promontory, but at the foot of it is a certain cave of some classical repute, called the cave of Hercules, towards which we rode. On descending the low ridge, we entered a hamlet, a wretched-looking place, consisting of a collection of huts, which looked like large hurdles placed together tent-fashion, and resting on the ground without walls: an aloe-hedge enclosed the small community. A pack of curs flew out upon us, and several of the men and children made their appearance, having nothing on but the coarse smock, with the hood to it as a covering.

The cave, which was the ostensible object of our ride, is of no great extent, and does not present any very remarkable features. There were many Moors in it cutting out millstones, a purpose for which I understood it was used by the Romans. The substance of these millstones appeared like conglomerate. We returned by a different route to Tangier, which, though less open than that by which we had come, afforded no great variety of scenery.

The mounted soldier, who, with a pedestrian Jew, accompanied me in this ride, possessed a good expression of countenance, and, had my experience of the Moors ended with him, I should have formed a favourable opinion of their general character. Through means of Baruch, I had an opportunity of testing the prejudices of this soldier. The low corn-lands which we passed on our return were covered with cranes, and I asked the soldier to shoot one; this he declined doing, because he said the crane was a sacred bird; for, "There was once an unjust judge, who sate in a judgment-hall approached by stairs, and who took bribes from those who came before him, and caused the stairs to be soaped; so that when the party that had refrained from bribery came up the stairs he slipped down backwards, and broke his neck. God, to punish this unjust judge, transformed him into a crane, and condemned him to follow the plougher, and clear the newly-opened furrows from the worms and slugs." However, notwithstanding his veneration for the crane, he permitted Baruch to slaughter one. He said a soldier could not be a saint, because, if he was, he could not capture a culprit; for, if the latter appealed to him as a saint, he must protect him against the hand of justice. On approaching Tangier, he threw himself

back in his saddle, and, putting his horse to its speed, discharged his musket as he rode along. We entered the Soco with a string of camels, which were being driven in for the evening to the caravansary that abuts upon the country-gate of the town.

CHAPTER XXI.

STATE OF RELIGION IN TANGIER—THE ROMAN CATHOLICS—JEWISH CONVERSIONS—PRIESTS OF THE PROPAGANDA—THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF CONVERTING A MOHAMMEDAN—CHURCH OR MOSQUE BUILDING—SCHOOLS—MUSTAPHA DUCALY—DISCUSSION WITH HIM—SYNAGOGUES—A CIRCUMCISION—PROTESTANTS—JEWESSES—THE CLIMATE.

I SHALL now make some remarks upon that subject which has always been the chief object of interest to me in my wanderings,—the prospects of Christianity in this part of the world. The Portuguese are said to have constituted Tangier a bishopric; but the traces of episcopacy are not very discernible. There is a small Roman Catholic chapel here for the accommodation of the numerous consular families professing the Roman Catholic faith. To this chapel are attached two priests, both Spaniards; but placed here, as one of them informed me, by the "Propaganda." The senior one has been stationed here many years, and if not dead, is approaching his ninetieth year; the other may reckon about half this term of existence.

There may be in this place of Roman Catholics about two or three hundred.

If by a mission is to be understood a community necessarily devoted to the task of conversion, it is a misnomer to call this a mission, for hardly any thing is done in this way. The junior priest told me the Jews occasionally profess themselves converted; but it is always with a view to some temporal advantage He said they had not made a single conversion among the Mohammedans, nor do they try to make any.

I could not but feel interested in the aged priest, when I looked at him, with his venerable white hair streaming over his shoulders, as he sat in the patio, or middle court of the house, and thought how many years he had passed among these barbarians to such little profit: if this man was ever zealous, how great a check was here to missionary ardour! But the Romanists have certainly not shown their wonted wisdom at Tangier, and not having the ground disputed by other Christians do not seem to have been studious about converting the Mussulmans.

The chapel is considerably decorated, and crucifixes and pictures, as is well known, are the abomination of Mohammedanism. Mohammed's great success as the founder of a religion, may be attributed to the simplicity of the creed with which

he started. Arabia was overrun with diversities of creeds and idolatry; he denounced idolatry, and asserted the unity of God. These, like all simple truths, are points readily comprehended, and obstinately maintained; for when a Mohammedan is taxed with the falsehoods, absurdities, and plagiarisms contained in the Koran, he can fall back upon Abraham, and quote him as a teacher of similar truths; and it requires no little ingenuity to lead him to embrace a more complicated faith. Upon points so simple as these, it seems singular that so monstrous a fabrication as Mohammedanism should have been raised. In dealing with Mohammedans, or attempting to convert them, I know of no other way of proceeding than first of all to satisfy them, that we have some common ground of sympathy. Thus the unity of the Godhead forms the first step in this argument; the iniquity and peril of idolatry may form the second; the recognition of the patriarchs, particularly Abraham, may form the next. The acceptance of Christ as a prophet, may be improved into the admission of Him as a mediator. I do not think the belief in a mediator, strictly speaking, is any part of a Mohammedan's faith. It is wrong to suppose that the Mussulmans regard Mohammed at all in this light. I have asked if this were the case several times, and have been as often told, that

they do not, further than they may admit any holy person to have the power of praying for them. The younger priest spoke to me in very desponding terms of the whole subject of conversion; and I should judge that all idea of it had been long abandoned by the mission, and that they only thought of discharging the duties of the chapel.

Church-building, (for the Arabic word for mosque corresponds to our "church," and the Latin "ecclesia") was quite the order of the day during my stay at Tangier; and it was one of my amusements to inspect the turbaned and frocked bricklayers handling the trowel on the summit of a new tower upon which they were at work. The style of architecture is similar, although much debased, to that which characterises the Moorish buildings in Seville. Besides this new mosque there are two others, and several schools, which enjoy a semi-sanctity, where the noise of the scholars learning the Koran, recalled to one's mind very forcibly a village school in England on a Catechism afternoon; albeit the reception a stranger experienced on showing his face at the door had nothing of Christianity about it. Pedagogue and scholars alike vehemently shook their hands and fists at him, and, with the true bitterness of

bigotry, gave him to understand he had better go on.

Through the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Drummond Hay, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, whose abilities are so well known to the public, I had an opportunity of conversing with one of the most intelligent and influential of the Moors, Mustapha Ducaly, for a Moor was a man of vast enterprise; he had actually been in London; he had brought out English workmen with a view of working an antimony mine, in the vicinity of Apes' Hill. After expressing approbation of some points in the Koran, Ducaly said it was natural I should think as I did, for Mohammed believed in Christ, and indeed the Mohammedans had a title to enjoy the blessings of both dispensations; but it was shown that belief in the one utterly cancelled the other. When it was urged that the existing state of the world was a confirmation of Christianity, as it was a refutation of Mohammedanism, he said there was a time when the Mohammedan empire was the greatest in the world; but it was shown that this empire and influence came and went like a tidal wave, and that the vaunted civilization of the Moors would bear very little comparison with the existing state of England or France. Ducaly said the English people were

great because they had good hearts, and not from the influence of Christianity; that they were inconsistent, and did not observe that strict morality which was enjoined by Christ; that Mohammed better knew human nature than Christ, and, therefore, wisely gave them greater liberty, however he was disposed to approve of the English custom of choosing a wife rather than the Moorish one of taking one upon the choice of another, which led to frequent divorces; that young men were mated before they had beards; and that old maids and bachelors were scarcely known in Morocco. Ducaly was anxious to become a freemason, but doubted whether he could consistently with his profession as a Mohammedan.

There are four insignificant synagogues in Tangier. In one of these I saw an aged Jew, wearing the Frank dress, instructing about twenty young men, who wore the national dress, from some Talmudic writings, how they were to prepare for observing the approaching "Pascua," or passover. In another, I witnessed the not very pleasing sight of a circumcision; had I been an artist, and anxious to obtain any hints for a picture on any passage in the life of our Saviour, I should have studied the exceedingly picturesque assemblage of faces and dresses, gathered together on this occasion, in preference to the galleries at

Bologna and Florence; an exact copy of the scene could not have failed to have produced a fine picture. The mother was present, but took no part in the ceremony: throughout the service they sang psalms; the operation was instantaneous; and after its performance, myrtle twigs were thrown in amongst the company to smell, whilst a cup of wine was handed round to the more important people who were present. Few of the Jewish infants ever die from this ceremony; whereas, many of the young Moors, as they undergo the ordinance at a much later period of life, and are more roughly handled, die from it. The descendants of Isaac and Ishmael, retaining in this respect, in a remarkable manner, their characteristics.

There are, I suppose, three or four Protestant families in Tangier. Mr. Hay systematically reads the Church Service at his house on a Sunday, which is open for any who please to avail themselves of this opportunity of joining in the prayers of their country. But I have noticed here, as in other places, a sort of jealousy in this matter, and not many avail themselves of the advantage afforded them by this excellent custom. Mr. Hay justly remarked, in a land where every thing has a religious meaning or import, he was not likely to improve his influence amongst the natives, by showing a contempt for sacred things.

Indeed, bad as the moral effects of the Jewish and Mohammedan religions are, it must strike every traveller that the people are under the influence of religion, such as it is, much more than they seem to be in the great towns of England. For six days in the week, doubtless, the subject of religion is scarcely brought to the notice of the manufacturing masses; even in London, how few and far between are the churches at the west-end! and how little there is to set a stranger thinking on this subject, who should walk from the top of Oxford-street to Snow-hill! New Oxford-street has opened a few miserable looking churches to view, but scarcely would a stranger see any thing worthy the name of a church, until he came in view of Newgate, and then over that sombre building, he would see the dome of St. Paul's and perhaps begin to think about public worship.

In this little place three sabbaths are marked, the sixth, seventh, and first days of the week; for Mohammed enjoined the sixth day to be devoted more particularly to the honour and service of God; and on the Friday the square red flag of the Moors is generally seen waving over the several mosques; this is the day on which the mufti preaches in the mosque, and the gates of the city are closed during the service. Then the Muedden's voice, which is heard in the morning at

dawn, telling the people it is better to pray than to sleep, and at night repeating the same thing, does not leave the mind for any time to forget the duties of religion.

It is a common thing whilst dawdling in the market-place, or street, to see a stir among the people, and on turning round, to find preparations making for the bastinado. On one of these occasions I saw the governor sitting in the doorway of his house, dealing summary justice on a youth for stealing, who lay on the ground with his legs tied, and a soldier at each arm, whilst two others laid on upon his back like smiths with their hammers upon an anvil; during the first fifty blows he bellowed considerably, but afterwards was quite silent. On another occasion, there was a poor woman beaten until she expired, for having been found in a Christian's house.

To European eyes, the treatment of the women is the most barbarous feature in their social economy. I will leave it to others to determine, whether the Moorish accusation be just or not, that European gallantry reverses the order of nature, and that it is ridiculous; but any notions that can lead to such disfigurement of the human form as meets one's eye in the streets of Morocco, can scarcely be right. You can with difficulty credit that the bundles of clothes you see sitting

about the streets, are really women. The whole figure is enveloped in a coarse brown material, something like brown-holland; and when the face is not bandaged over, the wearer holds this dress up to the eyes, and then puts on a rough straw hat with a brim at least a yard broad, which seems completely to bury the poor creatures, whom custom has made the slaves of such a fashion. Sometimes the young women would let fall the dress, and look up and display sufficiently bright eyes and teeth.

The Jewesses reverse this order of things, and exhibit their charms very openly. They never seem so happy as when they can get a party to inspect their jewels and dresses and pretty faces. But however much an artistic eye may delight in the exquisite complexion, exact oval of the face, and regularity of the features, the absence of individuality in the expression of their countenances, and the ungainly figures which they early become from eating cuscusu, prevents their beauty from being very engaging.

But we will now turn from these domestic and national habits of the people to make a remark upon the climate. In this part of Barbary it is not very wholesome, the combination of heat, and at times excessive moisture, render it any thing but beneficial to European constitutions predis-

posed to consumption; scarcely any of the consuls' ladies appeared to me to enjoy good health. The heavy rains that fell during my stay in the place, gave me a taste of the debilitating nature of the climate, and quite prevented me from seeing so much of the neighbouring country as I wished to have done. I was bent on visiting Tetuan, and, as usual, the natives sounding the alarm, and declaring we had to cross rivers, and owing to the rain it was impossible to do so, I resolved to return to Gibraltar, and sail thence: I had the good fortune to meet a companion in my voyage back, who agreed to accompany me in any further travels in these parts.

CHAPTER XXII.

DANGEROUS VOYAGE TO TETUAN—ASH-ASH—BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY—TETUAN A PURELY MOORISH TOWN—SOLOMON THE JEW AND HIS HOUSE—SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED—THE PASCUA AND ITS MISERIES—TETUAN WOMEN—THE "NUEVA TROPA"—THE COLONEL — MILITARY OF MOROCCO — BIGOTRY OF THE TETUANERS—DE BLAYNEY, THE FRENCH ENGINEER—JOURNEY TO TANGIERS—ORIGIN OF SOME SPANISH CUSTOMS—FACE OF THE COUNTRY—THE SALUTATION.

It was some time after the sunset gun had fired, that I was pulling off to the "Wave," a small English trading schooner, the captain of which had agreed to give us a passage to Tetuan. An unwonted gloom and darkness hung over Gibraltar, and heavy, broken, and scattery clouds were covering the sky. When I got on board the crank vessel in which I was to cross, and found the captain had never been on the African coast before, and that the ship's company consisted only of himself, two men and two boys, and his wretched wife, not half sufficient hands to work the vessel, I was very anxious that my friend, who had some knowledge of nautical matters, should be punctual to his promise of joining me from the New Mole.

Whilst looking along the sea in that direction, suddenly I espied the man-of-war boat just under our prow, bringing my friend A.— from the New Mole. I have noticed this circumstance, because the manner in which small boats escape notice, though within range of vision, even in calm waters, is often remarkable. We were carried out of Gibraltar Bay with a steady wind, but lay the greater part of the night under Apes' Hill, not being able to do any thing; and directly we shifted the position we came in for the full benefit of the gale which was blowing from the west; and our captain, not without reason, was under some apprehension for his vessel. However, we fortunately got round Ceuta Point; and then, although the vessel heeled over as much as a vessel could do without capsizing, we ran an even course into the turbid bay of Tetuan. The question now was, how to get on shore. We lowered a boat and made for what appeared the mouth of the river, but soon found the keel of the boat dragging in the sand. A Moor, perceiving our danger from the shore, beckoned us to keep to the north, and we with difficulty crossed the lower part of the sandbank, and entered the channel of the river Martin. At this part stands a large, square, handsome tower, intended for a fort, but possessing no military preparations. On casting the eye round,

the prospect is very striking; several lines of hills and mountains terminate upon a plain somewhat of a crescent-shape, having the bay of Tetuan as the concave side. Six or eight miles from the sea the white houses of Tetuan, built upon a green knoll, are visible. The old Moor directed us to go to the Custom-house, two miles up the river; whither we walked over the somewhat swampy grass. This Custom-house is called Martin; in a small recess or chamber of which Ash-Ash, the governor of Tetuan, was smoking his pipe. This Ash-Ash was the son of the former governor Ash-Ash, and it would seem as if the governorship were a kind of hereditary honour. There was something particularly refined and high-bred in his appearance. He affected a little kindness towards the English, and has condescended to receive and read an Arabic Bible presented to him by some of our countrymen.

The scene around this Custom-house was highly novel and picturesque: the Bedouins, the Riffians, people of Sus and Taphalet, with Jews and soldiers in authority, left the eye no lack of amusement. The Riffian is distinguished by the long tuft of hair that is allowed to grow on one side of the crown of his head, which is otherwise shaved, and which sometimes reaches down to his girdle; the soldier, by his turban and flowing robes, and the

fine cast of his features and rich complexion. After some slight inspection and examination, by the help of a Jew and some indifferent horses we proceeded, across the vega, under guidance of a soldier, to Tetuan. The discharged clouds of the storm of the preceding night, opening, revealed how near we were to the snowy mountains. We entered the town at the Jews' quarter, and rode to the Spanish fonda, which is kept by a Jew named Soloman.

Tetuan is a purely Moorish town, and does not possess a single indication of European influence. Like Tangier, it is entirely surrounded by a castellated wall, and has an Alcasaba, or castle, of some importance, and several mosques with square towers. The sloping sides of the hill on which the city is built are laid out in gardens. Notwithstanding the city is built comparatively on rising ground, it may be described as situated in a defile; for mountains hang over it on all sides. The peculiar feature of the town is its marked division into two parts; the Jews' quarter and the Moors' quarter. A strong gate divides the two cities; and on certain occasions this gate is kept by Moorish soldiers, and the ordinary Jewish rabble is not suffered to pass into the Moorish quarter.

Soloman's house was in the heart of the Jewish

city, and it was the Pascua, or Passover, when we were there; so that we were made to feel as well as to see somewhat of the burdens of Judaism. The Jew's house is built in the style of the Moors, and this fashion of building always makes a dull-looking-street; but in proportion as the house is cold and forbidding in its outside appearance, it is interesting and animating within. Every room opens into the patio, or court, upstairs as well as downstairs; and whilst we were writing in our room upstairs, we looked down into the other rooms and the patio, which were crowded with the different members of a Jewish family. There were no less than six females, of all ages, dressed in the gorgeous and voluptuous robes of the Barbary Jewess. Their earrings were literally small hoops of pearls and precious stones; and the vests, which fall open and expose the bosom, were covered with gold filigree; but both men and women were scrupulously clean on these high occasions. Soloman never made his appearance at the door without my thinking it must be Sunday, for one in his class of life to be so exquisitely clean.

In taking a walk, it is always a question whether one shall ascend to the house-top or go into the street, for it would be possible to traverse the whole city on the roofs of the houses. It is unfortunate that the obvious elucidation this affords

to many Scripture passages, should not have been noticed in our translation[1]. In walking along the house-tops you may pass by the square openings of the patio of each house, and nothing could be easier than to let down into any of these a small couch with a sick man upon it. As in hot weather blinds are sometimes drawn over these openings, and vines trained over them, probably the word ὀρύξαντες, which occurs in the second chapter of St. Mark, in reference to this subject, may relate to the breaking through this temporary kind of roof for there can be no doubt the houses in Judæa were built entirely upon this model.

On looking down into the streets of the Jewish town, nothing could exceed the Sabbath-like character of the scene. Every thing like business was closed; no horses, mules, or wheel carriages of any description were to be seen: no sellers or criers were to be heard in the streets. In short, nothing was going on, although there were many men in the streets; but these were not conversing in crowds, but leaning in rows with their backs against the walls of the houses, doing nothing, and apparently saying little. They were all dressed very nicely.

We ourselves were not, however, disposed to

[1] Mark ii. 4. Luke v. 19.

keep the Jewish "Pascua;" and, therefore, procuring a guide, we issued out of the Jewish city into the Moorish. No sooner had we passed the gate and entered the great square of Tetuan, than we found a life and bustle that contrasted strangely with the lifeless city out of which we had just come. Here we had an opportunity of inspecting the various shops and artificers, the "fabricas" of swords, guns, and pistols, mats, and devices in coloured woods, slippers, &c. We found abundant evidences of activity and industry in the various low shops surrounding the square.

The women dress differently here to what they do in Tangier; here, besides the hyack, they wear a piece of white cloth bound tightly over the features, so that they cannot, if they would, drop the veil, to gratify the curiosity of a traveller. The effect of this custom, I understand, is to give the complexion a pale and saddened appearance; and thus the absurd jealousy of the Moor brings its own punishment with it, by diminishing that beauty which is so highly prized. The dress of the Tetuan women is not only ugly, but positively repulsive.

If I had been seeking any additional signs of the backward state of the Moors, I could not have been better satisfied of this than I was in witnessing the exercises of a company of foot-soldiers,

called the "nueva tropa," or "new regiment," and doubtless considered something very choice. One of the most feeble efforts of scenic military representations would convey a just idea of the soldier-like character and discipline of the "nueva tropa." The colonel very politely asked us into the court where they were exercising, and placed chairs for us by his own, whilst we had to retain a calm and sober look before an exhibition that was truly ludicrous.

The "nueva tropa" were arranged before the colonel, who sat with his arms hanging over the back of a chair, training them in the use of the fife and drum. The colonel, who wore a magnificent gold-braided jacket and white muslin drawers, was exceedingly animated in directing the musicians, jumping off his seat, and impatiently dashing his hand down to mark the time, when the drummers did not beat time as he intended them. The rude melody concluded with a desperate flourish of drums and fifes, during which the officers rose and saluted, and we also made our bows, and thanked the colonel for this military treat. In the afternoon, the "nueva tropa" were going through their evolutions in the great square, and then our friend the colonel was strutting at the head of the regiment, and kicking his toes into the air to prevent his slippers from falling

off; whilst the whole square was lined with the Tetuaners, who sat as usual in the gutters, delighting in the exhibition. An old Moor asked me if the music was such as we had at Gibraltar; but I could only give him the equivocal answer of the Oxford examiner, when a man told him Aspasia was married to Marc Antony—"Not exactly."

As far as I could form any opinion, the chief military power in Morocco is the cavalry; and this is a species of yeomanry cavalry, under the command of the several governors or bashaws of provinces. I understood that when Mr. Hay went up to Morocco, before he reached the capital he was accompanied by a force amounting to nearly 10,000 of these horse-soldiers, the governors of the several provinces through which he passed swelling the tide by a contribution of soldiers.

The Tetuaners, if not more bigoted than the people of Tangier, are less accustomed to foreigners. Accordingly, in our walk one afternoon, we had an amusing instance afforded us of the intolerance of the people. We were passing a mosque, and our Jewish guide had forgotten to take off his shoes, when twenty voices behind bellowed from the shops, "Thou rascal, take thy slippers off;" and, as we turned an inquiring look at the enraged slipper-makers, they hallooed to us, "And you, too, off with your shoes, you infidels."

The Jew obeyed instantaneously, but we could hardly forbear laughing at such excessive impudence. What would these Tetuan slipper-makers have said, if they had seen us, a week or two afterwards, walking into the penetralia of a mosque, and ascending with our profane feet and Frank shoes the stairs of a minaret?

Our unfortunate consul—for certainly any man placed as he is must be considered unfortunate—introduced us to a Frenchman, the only other European but himself dwelling in Tetuan. This was a certain M. Bertram de Blagny, an engineer employed by a company of Moors to superintend the works of some copper-mines in the neighbourhood. He was very glad to get us to accompany him to the scene of his labours, and we were not sorry for an opportunity of seeing a little of the country. Accordingly, we issued out of the town by the gate through which we had first entered the town, and, after riding a league, crossed the river Martin, and continued our ride some way to the east. The mountains are of the most picturesque shape, and present almost from their bases that granitic appearance which characterizes the upper Alps. The country of the valley is fertile enough; and on some very beautiful rising ground, ten or twelve miles from Tetuan, the mining operations are carried on. De Blagny had already sunk

several shafts, and turned out some fine specimens of the ore. Having admired some of his devices for keeping the proper direction of the shafts, we left him to give some further directions to his workmen; my friend took out his pencil to sketch, and I sat down by one of the old soldiers, and abandoned myself to the pleasure of contemplating the exquisite line of country before us. Whence is it that these accidental piles of mountains, that broad plain with cloud shadows flying across it, and that blue sea that washes into the bay, should be capable of dispossessing the mind of all anxiety, and filling it with real pleasure? But, indeed, what are the eccentricities of material nature, whether in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, that God has not made subservient to the pleasure of man? Whilst thus stretched upon the ground and thinking, I turned to the old soldier, and said to him in Spanish, "Soldier, you look to be an old man: how many years may you have enjoyed?"

Soldier.—"Seventy—rather say seventy-five."

Self.—"Do the Moors of Tetuan live to a great age?"

Soldier.—"Yes, some; to fifty, seventy, even a hundred; there are plenty of them, men and women both, a hundred years old."

Self.—"I suppose this is owing to their not drinking wine?"

Soldier.—"Oh, Señor! I can assure you I drink wine, vino, rom, and aquadente, when I get them."

Self.—"You have been to Gibraltar?"

Soldier.—"Yes; I have been at Gibraltar, Algeciras, and Cadiz."

Self.—"Ah, Gibraltar is the ruin of all religious principles. Does the emperor drink wine and rum?"

Soldier.—"Muley-Abd-er-Rahman, the sheriff, drinks wine, not brandy."

Self.—"As you make nothing of drinking, perhaps you eat pork?"

Soldier.—"No, no, no; Christians eat pork, but not Moors."

Self.—"Why?"

Soldier.—"It is sinful."

Self.—"Why is it sinful?"

Soldier.—"It is forbidden."

Self.—"This is verily to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; and how many wives have you?"

Soldier.—"One; one is enough for any man. I have three children."

Self.—"But the king—how many has he?"

Soldier.—"Oh, many."

Self.—"How many sons?"

Soldier.—"Thirty."

Self.—"Then he judges the land like Jair, who had thirty sons, who rode on thirty ass-colts.—And how many daughters has the sheriff?"

Soldier.—"Twenty."

The next questions I put to the soldier, related to the population of Tetuan; but I should question his accuracy on this head; he said there were twenty thousand Jews, thirty thousand Moors, and five thousand black slaves. This old Arab, for such I understood the majority of the soldiers to be, was evidently a wet Mohammedan; he knew little of the Koran, and was unable to read, although he said the other soldier who had accompanied us was a good Koran man, and otherwise a proficient scholar.

I was not long enough in the country to become familiar with the different races; but even working on these mines there were several distinguishable by the character of their countenances and complexion. The Moor does not deserve the appellation of sooty; generally speaking, the dark brown of the Moor has nothing of the negro black about it; yet I particularly remember noticing on this occasion, a man of prodigious muscular strength, of a pale Indian-ink complexion, and yet

without negro features. Some which I think were Birbers, with their shorn heads, and projecting ears, presented rather a crampt development of the intellectual faculties; and on the other hand nothing could be finer than the countenance of one of the proprietors of the mine, Sidi Ismael, who entertained us with coffee and cigars in one of those huts of which the villages are composed. We mounted our horses, and scampered back to Tetuan.

I have before remarked how oppressive the Jewish ceremonials are; during our stay at Tetuan we could get no bread, only the Tortones, or Pascua biscuits; one day we could hardly get any dinner, but were entertained instead, by being invited to a sham supper; for the Jewish women sat for many hours before a table, upon which, was spread milk, eggs, honey, beans, fish, cuscusoo[1] uncooked, and therefore not intended to be eaten. The chamber in which they were sitting, was hung with numerous glass lamps: in the bottom of each of these was a dollar submerged in the oil. The walls of the chamber were hung with Moorish matting; and whilst some of the women were sitting upon the floor, others had betaken themselves to their slumbers on the neighbouring couches.

[1] Cuscusoo or cuscusu.

Having taken our leave of De Blagny, who deplored bitterly the accident that made him an exile in these parts, we returned to Tangier. We left our Fonda with a troop of garrulous Jews at our heels, passed the gate leading from the Jews' Quarter into the large square of Tetuan. There was a small "gratificacion" to be given to the soldiers at this gate; and when we had passed by the "soc," or market, and came to the country gate, there was another "gratificacion" to be given to another soldier. In addition to our escort, there were two Jews, who accompanied us the whole way. An old Jew, who had much taxed us for money, followed us out of this last gate, and came up to me with his hand outstretched, as I thought begging; and being wearied beyond my patience, I raised my hand, in imitation of the Moors, as if to strike at him; but finding I had mistaken his intention, I put out my hand to him, he touched my fingers, and I pressed my own hand to my lips, the usual token of esteem; he appeared well satisfied, and our cavalcade proceeded on its way.

After leaving the town, we came on a pretty plain, green and fertile, surrounded by a succession of sloping hills, in the sides of which are many deep caves, where the Moors construct their pottery. For several miles the country is exceedingly beautiful; and owing to the recent rains, every

thing looked as green as a Gloucestershire valley. After passing the mountainous region, you enter a wild, heathy country; in parts of which, are dotted about small olive groves; many of the trees present signs of great antiquity; and where the grassy hillocks are scored by brooks, there are generally several of these trees; together with gigantic rhododendrons, and plants of this class. We rode through vast tracts of this kind of country, now and then keeping the plain, and again crossing green hills. The few villages which we passed, were similar to that I have already described; huts composed of hurdles with entrances to them, in the true Moorish fashion, as low as they could be, and such as would oblige a man of six feet to bend considerably, if not to go down upon his knees, in order to enter. The country people we met were similar to those we had seen in the market-places of Tangier and Tetuan, excepting that the women took no trouble to conceal their weather-beaten features. After passing through a long and picturesque olive grove, we came upon the Fondack, which we had long been desiring, when we rested for a few hours before accomplishing the remainder of our ride.

This Fondack (the origin of the Spanish "fonda") is a somewhat inhospitable place of reception, and affords nothing more than a shelter from incle-

ment weather. It is a square, white building, containing simply a litter yard for camels and horses, surrounded by a colonnade. On the top of which we stretched a mat, and rested. The Moorish soldier, Hamet, was one of those happily constituted bodies, that appears to lose nothing of the nourishing qualities of the food it takes in; and as we all sat round the matting to lunch, Jews, Turks, and Christians, I was amused at the condescending manner in which he broke bread with the Christian, and made a hearty meal. He inquired of the Jew the nature of every article which was offered to him, and after devouring it with great gusto, let his hand swing from his knees, on which his elbows rested, as if they anticipated more employment in the agreeable office of conveying food to his mouth. Verily the union between the Jew and Moor is marvellous: they are quite indispensable to each other; apart neither of them can be considered to make up a man: the one from his bigotry, the other from his effeminate weakness; and therefore they mix on a sort of unequal terms of equality.

The country for the remainder of our journey was of the most uninteresting character. Sulky clouds hung over the landscape, which was mostly composed of green corn meadows; and as we rode one ahead of each other (another custom bequeathed

to the Spaniards by the Moors), we could not indulge in much conversation. I resigned myself to the quiet contemplation of animate and inanimate nature, and to a train of ideas I imagined to be compatible with the people of the country: here I noticed the notes of the cuckoo, and the vast number of hoopoos that crossed my path, and every bird in Barbary has a personal history attached to it. The unjust judge in the person of the crane I constantly saw, or the feathered tyrant of the Atlas; for these parts are rich in ornithological treasures, including eagles, vultures, merops, or bee-eaters, thrushes, flame-coloured cranes, and many other beautiful birds. However, the weariest road has its end, our soldier at last gave the signal that we were at Tangier by spurring his steed forward, and discharging his musket. We turned into the smooth sands of Tangier bay, where we met the French consul and his wife riding, whom our soldier immediately galloped up to, and having touched the consul's finger, pressed his hand to his mouth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FRENCH CONSUL STRIKES HIS FLAG AT TANGIER—ARRIVAL OF A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY OF SIERRA LEONE—CONVERSION OF MOHAMMEDANS—COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE TRIBES OF AFRICA, AND COMPARISON BETWEEN THE PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN COAST AND THOSE OF BARBARY—THE MISSIONARY AND THE JEW—THE HADJIS OF TANGIER—ARRIVAL OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA — BRIDAL PROCESSION AND FUNERAL PROCESSION.

We found a little agitation amongst the Europeans at Tangier, for the French consul, M. R—, had managed to pick a quarrel with the Moors, and had struck his flag, refusing to hoist it again until a salute of twenty-one guns had been fired. I had my own opinion upon this matter, which subsequent events fully confirmed. M. R— was in some mysterious way mixed up with the Mussulmans, and is said to have had a Mohammedan æra in his existence, and to have been nearly allied to Abd-el-Kadir; since then, however, revolutions in all parts of the world have occurred, and all this immediately upon the cessation of African hostilities by the capture of that Arab chief. This has led many of the leading politicians

of France to consider that safety at home, is to be found in action abroad; and that it is as necessary for the French nation to have a battle-field, as it is for them to have a National Assembly.

I was hailed by two or three of my Moorish acquaintances from their resting-places in their shops or the gutter, by the appellation of "fraile," literally "friar," for they had found out that I was a clergyman; however, another teacher had arrived from Gibraltar, in the person of the Wesleyan minister, once a missionary at Sierra Leone, who, before his return to England (having been recalled), had come to see whether there was any opening for a Wesleyan mission in this part of the world. I was not sorry of the opportunity which this meeting afforded me, of eliciting some curious facts, respecting this geographical enigma, the mysterious continent of Africa.

I told this gentleman I thought he was likely to have very poor success at Tangier, and likewise what the Roman Catholic priest had told me, to a question which I put to him; he said that he had converted a few Mohammedans on the western coast of Africa, but then he admitted these were very different from the Moors of Barbary, and were, if Mussulmans at all, altogether of a very lax school They became members of the adult Wesleyan school, and by the study of

the Scriptures, gradually came to see that those sacred writings were of much more intrinsic value than the Koran.

For my own part I told Mr. D., I thought it would be quite impossible to persuade any of the Moors of Tangier either to come, or to suffer their children to attend a school kept by the Christians; the few observations I had made during my short acquaintance with a Mohammedan country, led me to believe that no extensive conversion or voluntary embracing of Christianity on the part of Mohammedans was to be looked for; and that as their empire had been gained by physical conquest, so the present aspect of the world seemed to foretel to us, in what manner it would gradually decrease; more civilized and energetic nations would occupy their territories, and then events might follow similar to those that had occurred in Spain, the races would become amalgamated, and the conquerors would increase as the conquered decreased. Since I had been here, I had heard of Jewish women becoming Mohammedans, that they might become the wives of the Moors, and Christian deserters from Ceuta becoming Mohammedans and renegades, but I had not met with a single case of one bred in the tenets of the "false prophet," abandoning his original faith for Christianity.

Mr. D. talked of the Wesleyans having 5000 converts at Sierra Leone; but then he said that the majority of the inhabitants on the western coast are either pagans or heathens, and these are, of course, much more open to persuasion than either the Mohammedans or Jews that swarm throughout Morocco; beside which, the slave-trade has proved the best of all softeners of the benighted negro heart. Sold often by the petty sovereigns of those countries in which they have had the ill fortune to be born, the negroes are hurried down in large bands to the place of embarkation, having not unseldom seen their numbers decimated, to supply them with the means of prolonging their own miserable existence. If they are in luck's way, the slaver in which they are being carried to America is captured by an English vessel, and they are carried back to Sierra Leone, liberated, and protected; and when it is proposed to them to embrace Christianity, what is more natural than that they should say, "The religion which induces our deliverers to act in so benevolent a manner must be true; we need no further reason for embracing the Christian religion." Nor is there any reason why conversions thus effected should be either unlasting, or of little benefit to the general cause of Christianity. If our religion has by any accident found its way

into the heart of Africa, it is probably through this agency. I am under the impression that a not by any means ungeneral communication takes place between all the tribes of Africa; so that there may be more intelligence existing amongst the inhabitants of this unexplored country than we imagine. A curious confirmation of this occurred to Mr. D., who, when he went into the market-place, saw a woman marked as the natives of western Africa are; and, in consequence, addressed her in the Mandingo language, a very rude, poor, and imperfect dialect, but which the woman understood, and replied to him with many expressions of delight. The reed snuff-boxes, which all the Moors use, and peculiar painted pens, are just the same, he told us, as those the inhabitants of the shores of the Gambia employ. So of the national dish, cuscusoo, which we had one day for dinner; he had eaten it, prepared somewhat differently, at Sierra Leone; and I myself had partaken of the same kind of preparation in the Canary Islands.

The Wesleyans at Gibraltar have amongst their quasi teachers a young Jew, whose father lives at Tangier; and I met the father one day in the street with the Wesleyan missionary, who was trying what he could make of him. The Jew was thin, handsome, aged, and cunning in his appear-

ance; the Wesleyan missionary was robust, with unctuous good-nature beaming from every corner of his shining countenance. I know not what impression the Jew may have made upon the follower of Wesley; but I looked upon him as one whose only religion was in his Jewish habit; and who was as likely to be converted as Calpe and Abyla were to change places. Like most people who are not very familiar with a foreign language, he thought talking fast was talking well; and so he strung his answers together to our various questions in this queer fashion:

"Oh, Sir, Englishmen are good men; their hearts are good. It is not Christianity that makes them good. Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians believe in the same God. Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians believe in the resurrection of the body. The Jew believes in neither Christ nor Mahomet, but Jehovah only. The Jew believes in the transmigration of souls. There are many Barbary Jews in London who do as we do here, and observe the same days, Passover, Pentecost, great feast of tents or tabernacles."

How common is that fault of the human heart, a want of such hearty faith as knows not even what it is to question any part of the revealed Word; yet I could not but marvel at the miracle of Jewish dispersion, and the verification of the prediction,

that the Jew should be "a servant of servants." The prophecies made to the two sons of Abraham are remarkable: in Isaac Abraham's seed is to be blessed, but the Scripture says, "And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed." It is in Isaac that Abraham's seed is to prove a blessing to the world. The Jew, forfeiting this great blessing, is the slave of Ishmael's descendants; whilst the blessing has passed to those who embraced the Gospel.

I think the Wesleyan missionary returned to the Rock with no very encouraging thoughts of converting the inhabitants of the "little Mecca," as I have even heard Tangier called,—such stern Mohammedans are the inhabitants of this part of Morocco.

Another great proof of this is to be found in the almost universal prefix of Hadji to the names of the Moors of Tangier. When one was standing in the market-place, this title, descriptive of one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, was perpetually ringing in one's ears. The morning previous to our final departure from the town we witnessed the arrival of a ship's cargo of returning pilgrims. They had been absent a year, the usual time it takes to perform this act of Mohammedan devotion. The sight was not without interest: our friend the captain of the port drew a rope

across the beach, to prevent any communication taking place between the newly-arrived pilgrims and their wives and children, who were expecting them, until they had undergone some kind of medical inspection. The women stood crowded together upon a heap of stones, and whenever they could distinguish, in the ragged and wan pilgrims that jumped from the boat, a husband or son, they set up that singular shrieking call, expressive of delight, that I believe is common to most Arab women. A lad who was standing near to me, recognizing his father, dashed under the rope, and was almost in his arms, when the wary captain of the port caught him by the tips of his fingers, and hurled him back again, bellowing and crying with disappointment.

The town was alive this afternoon with processions; one was of a bridal character, at which a ghostly band carried bales of silk handkerchiefs, jars of honey, sacks of corn, rows of candles, shoes, and a young ox, as presents for the bride. Another was the reverse of this, being a funeral; I heard a wild, plaintive chant in the vicinity of the principal mosque, and in a few moments after the rude trough in which the body, rolled in a hyak, was laid, passed me, carried on the shoulders of four or six men—other idlers fell into the procession, and as they marched or rather rushed up

the street, they chanted antiphonally verses from the Koran, or reiterated the brief confession of their faith.

"Allah Ackbah Mohammed
La Maha il Allah!
Mohammed Resoul Allah!
Resoúl Allah[1]!"

the tone of, what a cold-hearted person might call, fanatical devotion, in which the mourners sang, touched a chord, that nothing I had yet seen in the Mohammedan religion had done—here was certainly faith and devotion in its way; but still, perhaps, it was only to be compared to that of that multitude, who for the space of two hours did nothing but reiterate their faith, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

After visiting the Roman ruins, that lie within a league of the town, we took our farewell of our friends previous to sailing on the following day for Gibraltar.

[1] This is an attempt to describe the sound of the chant in words.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM GIBRALTAR — SCOTCH SECTARIANISM — THE FRENCH STEAMER "ÉCLAIREUR" — ESTIMATED SIZE OF ALGERIA — MERS-EL-KEBER — FIRST APPEARANCE OF ORAN — NOTICE OF ITS HISTORY — THE MOSQUE WITH THE FRENCH SIGILLUM — SINGULAR APPEARANCE OF THE MILITARY — INTELLIGENCE OF THE ARAB LADS — STATE OF RELIGION — FORTUNE OF THE MOHAMMEDAN EMPIRE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN — ABD-EL-KADIR AND GENERAL PELISSIER — MESERGUIN — HOT-SPRINGS NEAR ORAN — DEPARTURE.

Like the virtues of the dying, the charms of a place we are leaving for good, strike us more forcibly than they do at other times. It was so with the Bay of Gibraltar, as we sailed out of it for Oran, on board the "Éclaireur," one of the seven steamers of war, which the French employ to carry letters, and occasionally passengers, between the different ports of northern Africa.

There is not a more delightful spot in the Mediterranean, than the Alameda at Gibraltar; British industry, and southern climate, combine to make it all that a garden should be; yet I was not sorry that I was about to forget sectarian discord in the contemplation of a country in which I had no personal stake. I was favoured

with a visit from the "Free Church" minister, the night previous to my departure, which only confirmed the opinion I already entertained, that as Knox was the personation of sectarianism, the Scotch in general, notwithstanding their cleverness, and even superiority in many things, are almost incapable of understanding what is implied in the word Catholicity. It would be hard to exaggerate the tone of severity, in which I found many of these abroad speaking of the Roman Catholics. It seemed as if it would have been an unwelcome discovery on their parts, to have found that after all there did exist a real appreciation of the doctrine of the atonement, with the Spaniards; and what was still more to be deplored, their views hardly seemed to be so general, as to contemplate Protestantism in antagonism with Romanism—it was in reality Scotland against the world; for in that region alone, is true Christianity understood.

I was now directing my course to the land of St. Augustine, a writer catholic from the general appreciation of his writings in all ages; a name indeed little revered in Scotland; yet, if we must give in to hero-worship, how much more deserving our sympathies than the harsh-minded founders of Scotch Presbyterianism? Some men write for the human race, others only for sections of the human race: of the former was the bishop of Hippo; at

least if it is not ostentatious to speak upon a slight knowledge of his works, he seems to have experienced largely, and to have felt warmly, and to have inherited from his mother Monica, some portion of that lovely Christian temper that shone in her.

The National Anthem was playing on board the "Queen" man-of-war, as we steamed by Europa Point, and rounded the Rock, of which we had a noble view from the south. The Frenchmen looked up at her bristling crest, with an inquiring speculative expression upon their faces, as if they would discover some weak point; but we had no occasion to look otherwise than modest, feeling conscious that the Rock was not an unapt emblem of the British constitution, that never means to fall to pieces at the bidding of the foes without her. For some way, we were very much land-locked; what with the formidable promontories, that are called the Pillars of Hercules, and the mountainous coast of Barbary, the shores of the Riff country are savage as the inhabitants. It was intensely hot on deck, yet the eye reposed with delight upon the fields of snow which still covered the heights of the Sierra Nevada, the last land we saw, for we had soon lost sight of that on the coast of Morocco.

The "Éclaireur" was a vessel of two hundred horse

power, and in good order; it was commanded by a lieutenant, M. Brouzet, whom we found gentlemanly and civil, and, as we inferred from conversation, a royalist. Indeed, one would have expected to find the majority of the sailors royalists: the Republic is a hard task-master; and, amongst other annoyances, has converted sailors and ships once belonging to the Royal Navy, into mere merchant vessels. M. Brouzet evidently felt this, and declined receiving our fares; so that but for the assistance of our consul at Oran, and importunity on our parts, we should involuntarily have defrauded the exchequer.

There were on board this ship sixty-five sailors, twenty marines, and eight officers; and, as far as we could judge, every thing was conducted in perfect order; for the silence which prevailed on board was quite remarkable. Some of the officers spoke in enthusiastic terms of the city of Algiers, and declared they preferred it before any town of France after Paris.

Algeria is calculated by the French themselves to be equal in square miles to four-fifths of France. It comprises what the Arabs have called the Tell, or land capable of growing corn; and is bordered on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the frontiers of the kingdom of Morocco, on the south by the little Atlas, and on

the east by Tunis. The River Mullooiah, which in ancient geography separated Mauritania Tingitana from Mauritania Cæsariensis, is not the boundary line between Morocco and Algiers; but it is a line less clearly defined than this, and lying considerably to the east; so that the modern kingdom of Morocco contains the whole of Mauritania Tingitana, and a part of Mauritania Cæsariensis.

The coast, as we approached the frontier from the sea, though not by any means flat or insipid, presented rather a uniform appearance, varied by the accident of a few small islands which are better known in ancient geography than modern. Right ahead of us we had two remarkable promontories, Cape Falcon and Cape Carbon, the western and eastern boundaries of the Gulf of Oran, in the further corner of which we could just discern with a glass the white houses of the town; and shortly after we entered the port of Mers-el-Keber, fondly compared by the French to Gibraltar, and, doubtless, one of the largest and most commodious harbours, not only of Algeria, but of the whole Mediterranean.

A high, barren mountain overhangs the small port-town. A handsome fort, built in part by the Spaniards, looking north-east, commands the roadstead. The houses are chiefly of Moorish

origin, fitted with windows, and some few of them covered with the gabled roof of European houses. The barren mountain, although not entirely unlike Gibraltar, is not a detached rock, but rather part of a chain of hills that skirts the bottom of the Gulf of Oran. At the foot of this high, encircling land runs an excellent modern road, uniting the port Mers-el-Keber and the town of Oran, which are situated, as it were, at either corner of the Gulf.

The custom-house officers gave us a great deal of trouble; and this, with the circumstance of three or four omnibus-conducteurs pressing us to enter their vehicles, in order to make the journey to the town, contrasted strangely with the yet road-less, wheel-less adjoining country, which we had lately visited, and almost dispelled the thought that we were still in Africa. There was the barb, that we had only seen (dirty and neglected, it is true) in the green bridle-roads of the adjoining country, fretting with the collar, and kicking up the clouds of dust, as if we had been whirling along to Epsom-races, instead of traversing a territory so lately in the occupation of the Bedouin. The half-Frank, half-Arab, or Jew-dress that occasionally passed us on the road, likewise told us that we were in a transition country. After racing along some few miles (6 kil. Fr.), we

passed under a small tunnel, and suddenly came upon the town, which lies in a sort of cul de sac, or is built up from the shores of a small bay or cove. Within the larger Gulf is the bay of Oran. The town, although not by any means one which consorts with my ideas of the picturesque, has considerable feature about it. It is built on the two sides of a small stream, called by the Arabs Oued-el-Rahoui, and is overhung on the west by the mountain of St. Croix, so called from one of the numerous forts or castles which appertain to this place. The plain, from the top of the eastern bank of the obscure rivulet, stretches away, beyond the walls of the town, for several leagues of open country, once famous for its great fertility.

The town seen from one horn of the cove, the Fort de la Moune, before the present stately French hospital had been built, might with some aptness have been compared to a troop of Arab horse-soldiers pouring over the sides of a ravine.

The short-sighted policy of the African Moslems has always drawn upon them their ultimate misfortunes. It seems, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the port of Oran, which was celebrated for its wealth and commerce, dispatched many piratical vessels to the coast of Spain. Ximenes instigated Ferdinand to retaliate; and accordingly

an armament was sent to the coast of Africa, and Mers-el-Keber was captured, 1505. Not satisfied with this, Ximenes, when past seventy, landed in Africa himself, and conducted in person the siege of Oran. The Spaniards scaled the ridge of the sierra which surrounds the Gulf, and, after much fighting, Navarro, the general in command, gained the day over the enemy; the fleet entered the cove, and the Moslems, enclosed from below and above by the Spaniards, of course were soon compelled to surrender the town. The spoil on this occasion is said to have amounted to half a million of gold ducats. Ximenes saw in this conquest the promise of great victories to the Catholic cause; but his affairs in Spain and his infirm health obliged him to return to Europe, after having left ample funds to his captains to settle the Spanish residents. We, in England, can scarcely understand now the tremendous desire that Churchmen in those days entertained to promote the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent. I do believe it was this alone that actuated Ximenes in his celebrated expedition against Oran.

The Spaniards built magnificently; and now the traveller may see many remnants of the Spanish plateresque style of architecture built into the walls; but they did not attempt to colonize, that is to say, to extend their dominions

inland, or to cultivate intercourse with the natives; and, notwithstanding they were in a land literally flowing with milk and honey, they depended upon Spain for the necessaries of life. In 1708, Oran was lost by the Spaniards, but recovered in 1732. In 1790, when the star of Spain was on the wane, an earthquake happily dislodged them, and gave them an excuse for abandoning what, through mismanagement, might be justly called an unprofitable possession; upon which the Turks occupied the town, and built other forts and castles. Henceforth the Bey of Oran was compelled to have his residence here; but it never recovered its former celebrity, and was finally occupied by the French in 1831. When I add that the present population consists of 13,000 Europeans, 6000 Mohammedans, and 1000 Jews, the reader will be able to form some notion of the strange and motley character of the place and people.

As we made our way through this strange population, my companion pointed out to me the evidence of our being in republican France, notwithstanding we were on the shores of Africa. This was a lofty "tree of liberty." Shortly after passing this, I remarked a still more striking evidence of this fact, in looking through a gateway which led into the cloisters of a dishonoured mosque.

Over the door of the mosque this inscription was painted, in large and conspicuous letters,

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE,
LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ,
PROPRIETÉ NATIONAL.

I felt for the Arabs. They must have swelled with secret indignation; and there a line of them were, wrapped up in their loose, dusty-coloured garments and corded head-gear, squatting in the dust, or lying along upon the ground at the foot of the walls, looking the picture of obstinate and irreconcileable misfortune; prepared, if needs must, to be buried under the crumbling walls of their house of prayer.

There are some four hotels, and half a dozen cafés in Oran. We entered the first we could meet with, the Hôtel de France, and were shown into the sal-à-manger, a very large room with several lofty French windows; and filled, for the most part, with the military officers attached to the regiments quartered in the town. Our eyes being used to the compact and neatly-dressed British soldier at Gibraltar, and the inexperienced countenances and beardless chins of the very youthful officers, who were in command of the regiments stationed at that garrison when we were there, were not easily reconciled to the rough, weather-beaten, bearded faces of the heroes

of the African campaigns, or the outlandish fashion of their garments. I allude especially to the officers attached to the regiment called the Chasseurs d'Afrique; their trousers were of a bright brickdust colour, made very large and bulgy about the hips, but coming small down, and fastening close under the boot; their jackets of cerulean blue, laced according to their rank with silver; and their shakot a very unbecoming little sugar-loafed cap, not fit, one would suppose, to cover a man's head from a summer sun in Siberia instead of Africa. When I saw these same soldiers out of doors, the admirable horses, on which the majority of them were mounted, acted as a sort of counterpoise to the bad taste displayed in their uniform; and I was fain to admit that their appearance was sprightly and military. The regimentals worn by the "Legion étrangère," although an African troop[1], are more European and sensible, in character, than that of the Chasseurs, whilst that of the "Spahis" surpasses this latter in its eccentricity.

As soon as we turned into the streets we were surrounded by Arab lads chattering French, with a facility which any might envy; and indeed they are noted for the rapidity with which they acquire the language of their conquerors. The Jews

[1] The Foreign Legion is composed of adventurers from nearly all the European countries but England.

had an expression of countenance, strikingly different from that of their countrymen of Morocco. The yoke that has been lodged upon the shoulders of the Arab, seems to have been taken from those of the Jew; and he looks here to be awakening into the character of a man. That sneaking, effeminate bearing, which first arrested my attention in the Barbary Jew, certainly did not strike me so forcibly here, although there was nothing about them even now which should make one feel that the weapons of war would not be ill-placed in the hands of the Jew.

One of these immediately came up to me, and inquired into the state of affairs at Tangier.

"Has not the French consul struck his flag? Where is he? Are they fighting? What is he going to do?"

Another told me, that ten thousand troops were looked for immediately from Marseilles or Toulon, as here at Oran, they were in expectation of hostilities on the Frontier.

I confess I had been, all along, disposed to think that the quarrel at Tangier had more to do with political feelings at Paris, than the settlement of petty differences with the Moors, who are only powerful in their helplessness.

As soon as we could rid ourselves of these curious people, we went down into the valley, on

the sides of which the greater part of the town stands. Here many stately buildings catch the eye,—the towers of the modern churches, as well as the octagonal minarets, appertaining to the mosques, and surpassing every thing in importance, the gigantic French hospital. After finding with some difficulty the insignificant stream, the Oued-el-Rahoui, about which much talk is made, we followed it up some little way by an excellent road, which, surmounting the eastern bank, joins at the eastern suburbs of the town the main road to Meserguin and Tlemcen; on either side of the close valley are gardens, abounding in vegetation, including amongst their productions, the banana and palm. Crossing the main road, and keeping on a little way to the east, we entered what is called the Negro Village, or what I should rather denominate Arab Oran, in contradistinction to French Oran. This village, the blacks say, is exactly like the towns of the interior; and if we may indeed from this one form an idea of all, we may rest satisfied that no very glorious cities are to be met with in the undiscovered parts of Africa.

This village is built in the most debased style of Moorish architecture. The houses, which are all square, can none of them be more than six or seven feet high; so that one would judge the Berber Arabs, who are many of them tall, gaunt

men, could scarcely stand upright in their habitation. Besides these mud or stone buildings many of the broad grass-grown streets are graced by rows of huts, and even dingy-coloured tents; alongside of which are picqueted their much neglected horses. Between this village, and the walls of Oran, the French have erected a handsome caravansary; but the natives, not unnaturally, refuse to make any use of it; and it is, therefore, just at present, standing unoccupied

Passing into the town by the south-east gate, we found the small church of St. Honoré, once a mosque, and in style a minute Cordova. It was stamped, externally, like the great mosque still devoted to the Mohammedan religion; with the Republican inscription, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, Proprieté National." There was nothing of an interesting nature to be seen in the church, excepting the regulated price of sittings, which was five sous on an ordinary day, and ten when the bishop preached.

Our consul, Mr. Butler, of whose attention and politeness I cannot speak too highly, introduced me to M. André, Pasteur de l'Oratoire. I am not bound to sympathise with every minister of religion who is a Protestant. There was an untidy, negligent air about the pasteur and his helpmate, that did not impress one favourably, and a

Calvinistic and unromantic expression of countenance which jarred somewhat against one's taste; but probably he had been surprised in his negligence, and hence was short in his manner. He told me there were a thousand Protestants at Oran, but his own congregation amounted to no more than two hundred. He had been at Oran five years, and described the place as very immoral; and, indeed, considering the character of the population, it could hardly be otherwise.

The French, having fought with the natives for some ten or twelve years, and having gained many great and important victories, and constructed fine roads, and in part built magnificently, at last discovered that, to gain the respect of the Arabs, they must at least not be without a show of religion. Accordingly, in 1840, I believe, Algiers was erected into a bishopric. The new bishop, M. Dupuch, whose diocese contained within its limits many of the ancient African bishoprics, and amongst them that of St. Augustine, entered with true missionary zeal into this new and most interesting field of evangelization. Many of the services of his clergy were felt and recognized by the French government. They entered the camp of Abd-el-Kader, and obliged some of the African generals to acknowledge that in the progress of subjugation the stole may effect some victories

that the sword cannot. "Singular thing," remarks M. St. Marc Girardin, "of all our establishments in Algiers, the strongest and most efficacious is the bishopric! It is that which has best shown to the Arabs that we wish to found in Africa a durable power, and that we have the means of attaining it[1]." The consequence has been, that the Cross now surmounts vast numbers of the ancient mosques; and precisely the same transmutation seems to be going on as must have taken place, a few centuries ago, in Spain.

At Oran there are eight priests, including a vicar-general for the province, and, doubtless, comparatively speaking, they are more in their element than the good pasteur; for the simple reason, that the majority of the Europeans are Spaniards, lukewarm as many of them at present are, the most devoted of Catholics. In other parts of Algeria the Protestants are almost as thick as the Roman Catholics. Whilst upon the subject of religion, I must not omit to mention my introduction to Amed-ben-Caid-Omar, the mufti, a man of graceful manners, and conversant, in a degree, with the French; but apparently not taking the slightest interest in matters beyond his province.

He good-naturedly conducted us into the large

[1] Révue des Deux Mondes, 1841.

mosque which I have before noticed. There was little enough to see, beyond a profusion of rude columns. In the centre there is an octagonal compartment, projecting into which is a sort of gallery, supported by wooden columns; and opposite to this gallery on the eastern wall is arranged a desk and pulpit, exactly as they are in a presbyterian place of worship. The floor was covered with mats; but the whole building bore signs of sad neglect and decay. A few devout Mussulmans were engaged in their devotions. One sat upon his heels, with his knees almost touching the eastern wall; another was standing with his arms in an attitude of devotion, and his face pertinaciously directed towards Mecca. We then followed the mufti up the minaret, whence, five times a day, he told us, the mueddin summons to prayer. Here there was literally nothing but the worn steps of a tower staircase to interest the traveller. The view from the top was striking and animated. There was the mountain of St. Croix overhanging the little cove;

"qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces;"

there were the busy throngs of the people on the shores, and all the usual tokens of a rising colony;

"pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa;"

the scaffolding was still about the French hospital.

> " Hic alta theatris,
> Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas,
> Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris."

Nothing could be more appropriate than these words, even had the scene not been upon the shores of Africa; for there was the threatening mountain, the growing port, the hewing of stone, and a population busy as a hive of bees. We chanced to be at Oran upon a great fête-day; thus we had an opportunity of seeing every phase of this singular population.

The day began with a review. General Gudin's staff had a brilliant and striking appearance; and, although some of the troops that passed before him looked irregular, and, to my eye, somewhat like our yeomanry corps, the impression left on my mind was, that there was plenty of fighting stuff in the province of Oran. The most singular troop is that of the "Spahis." It is a compound of the Indigenes and Frenchmen; and is an attempt, on the part of the French, to reorganize and employ in their own service a body of men very celebrated in the history of the Barbary States. Notwithstanding the Frenchmen intermingled with the natives, and wore the Mohammedan dress, it was quite ludicrous; for in an instant the infidel eye,

contrasting with the sulky, foreign, absent countenance of the Arab, betrayed their country.

We adjourned from the review to the new church of St. Louis, to hear a "Te Deum;" here we found the African heroes in great force. The authorities of the place occupied a post immediately before the altar; then came a body of women—a few with bonnets, but the majority wearing the mantilla; yet, I thought, had they been without this badge of their country, I should have known them to have been Spanish women, so marked a difference was there to be discerned in their behaviour and that of the French. The Spanish women are all of them constitutionally devotees: they are more faithful in religion than love, because man is more fickle than the Power they worship. Whilst in church it is very seldom they look about them; they sit, apparently intent and fully occupied with the ceremony, or whatever it may be, that has called them to church. The soldiers on duty, officers as well as men, wore their caps; and the word of command was given with as much sang froid as if we had been in the field.

The church of St. Louis is strikingly plain; there is not a single image in it; nothing but a crucifix, painted the colour of the wall, and fixed immediately opposite the pulpit. The officiating priest wore a large beard and moustache, nor could

I discover that the razor had ever touched the crown of his head. These peculiarities are, doubtless, all of them concessions made in consideration of Mohammedan prejudices. A mufti without his beard would be regarded like a soldier without his sword amongst the Mohammedans; therefore the French priests in Algeria, nearly all of them, wear this appendage; following, in this respect, the example of the Spaniards at Lima, who have a chapel for the natives, where our Saviour, the Virgin, and all the saints are represented as being black.

Most cordially do I approve of the wisdom of the French clergy in throwing aside those stumbling-blocks to so many besides Mohammedans,—waxen dolls, and preposterous and childish figures. And, to draw a reasonable conclusion from the antipathy of the Mohammedans to any approach to idolatry, does not the fact of the Arab, the most imaginative of beings, the quickest in his feelings, and most dogged in his faith, show us very plainly, that people in southern climates as well as northern can be kept stedfast in their faith without the aid of pictorial representations, or wax dolls and marble statues?

The other amusements of the day consisted in dances amongst the negroes, running in sacks, and such other entertainments as would have consti-

tuted a Windsor revel in the days of George the Third.

Had I first travelled through North Africa before landing in Spain, I should immediately have traced the origin of many of the customs of that country that are wholly unlike any thing I have noticed in other parts of Europe. The traces of the Moorish empire are much deeper than even the Spaniards themselves are aware of. Whilst I was looking at a party of negroes dancing for the entertainment of the French officers, disgusting to my eyes as the exhibition was, I thought I could trace in it the origin of the Spanish bolero. The huge iron castanets worn by the negroes are, it is true, abandoned for those of box-wood by the Spanish girl; and as a certain monotonous harmony seems necessary to inspire the dancers, the Spaniards strum the guitar whilst the negroes make use of a small drum.

The pirouetting of these negroes was astonishing, yet without an iota of grace in it; they seemed emulous in degrading themselves, so only that they could please the officers, who were much entertained with the exhibition.

Whilst calling on General Gudin, to thank him for some civilities he had shown us, the conversation fell upon the behaviour of the French consul at Tangier. The general spoke with a good deal

of indignation about M. R—'s conduct. When I insinuated that it was probable that France would occupy Morocco sooner or later, the general said that France had quite enough to do, at present, to strengthen her present possessions, and settle the numerous colonies which had been planted in Algiers; but he admitted, in the course of events, and in the cause of civilization, France would in all probability become master of that kingdom.

The more moderate amongst the French have expressed a wish that, as they have Spain as a neighbour in Europe, so they might also have her in Africa. But, alas! Spain wishes nothing more than to be left alone. She lives in past glories, past achievements; and certainly just now has neither power or inclination to extend her dominions in Morocco. It was during the reign of Louis Philippe that Algiers became what it is: it may or may not have crossed his mind, at the time of the Spanish marriages, that, if he could unite in a common band of interest France, Spain, Morocco, and Algiers, the western half of the Mediterranean would have been French. French writers have long since cut up the Mohammedan empire, as far as the Mediterranean is concerned; and the Christian philosopher, if not even the politician, must agree to many of the conclusions at which they have arrived; for

the latter should consider whether adhesion to the Koran can exist, in spite of a state of civilization and an acquaintance with physical sciences such as is exhibited in the northern states of Europe; in spite of adhesion to the Bible, and faith in Christianity. If—which I think he will be disposed to admit—these two things cannot go together, he will not dread the possibility of Russia occupying Constantinople, Wallachia, and Moldavia; Austria, Croatian Turkey; England, a territorial passage through Syria to her Indian empire; France and Spain, the greater part of Northern Africa.

One day, during our short sojourn at Oran, we took a carriage and drove a few miles into the interior, to a town called Meserguin. The road for the most part was excellent; the country very open and green, but with no great show of cultivation. After crossing a low hill, we descended into the valley of the large salt lake, Sibkhah. The prospect was monotonous, but not without interest; on the other side of the lake Sibkhah, the end of which it was impossible to see, are the mountains of Beni-Amer, a parasitic chain of the Little Atlas. The town or village of Meserguin stands a mile from the lake. Here the colonists and conquerors are obviously treading upon the toes of the Arabs. The sloping and gable-roofed houses of the Frenchmen look as if they were

pushing back the Arab huts and rows of brown tents. A few gardens, the result of French industry, vary the monotonous character of the vegetation.

We were directed to visit one of these, belonging to Colonel Montauban, into whose hands Abd-el-Kader surrendered himself. We found the colonel himself walking in his delicious parterre; he obligingly pointed out to us those productions of the most value. Here was nearly as great a variety of trees and flowers as is to be seen in a garden at Madeira: oranges, lemons, mulberries, and other trees, and all kinds of flowers.

The colonel told us, before the French revolution broke out, there were thirty thousand troops in the province of Oran; but now they were much reduced in number. General Pelissier, the commandant of the province, had, he informed us, gone on an expedition into the desert.

It was at Sidi-Brahim, the other side of the lake, that Abd-el-Kader surrendered himself to Colonel Montauban; on the stipulation acceded to by the general, De Lamoricière, that he should be allowed to pass to Alexandria or Acre with his family; but this he never was permitted to do.

The commencement of his career was very similar to that of the Sherif Hassan, who founded the existing dynasty of Morocco. He preached

the Holy War with the Koran in his hand, and claimed a descent which he could ill prove; so that, notwithstanding that great incentive to union, the hatred men bear to an invading enemy, his claims were perpetually being disputed by those amongst whom he lived. The only act of very great cruelty recorded against the emir, was done in retaliation for that famous deed of cruelty which General Pelissier perpetrated, when he caused lighted fagots to be thrust into the cave in which some of the enemy, with their wives and children and cattle, had taken refuge. During some sort of cessation from hostilities, the emir invited some French soldiers to an entertainment. They were distributed into several tents, furnished with combustible matter, and at night the tents were fired, and nearly three hundred soldiers perished in the flames.

The province of Oran, although the least attractive, in respect of its scenery, of any of the French provinces, possesses the most healthful climate; and this little village of Mesergain is even distinguished in the province of Oran for its fine, dry, wholesome atmosphere. I attribute this to the circumstance of its being placed some distance from the mountains. In the vicinity of Oran are many mineral and hot springs; one there we went to see, situated between the town

and the port, Mers-el-Keber. It was so hot that we could not bear our hands in it. A few sickly people hanging over it attested its beneficial effects upon themselves,—if these ghostly advertisements are to be taken for any thing. But they generally appear to me like the patients of Sangrado, who grew better till the day of their death, and only died at last from not having drunk sufficient water.

We soon found it impossible to see half the objects of interest in this part of the world in the short time we had to spare. It was with much regret that I left unvisited the town Tlemcen, said to contain many Roman and Byzantine remains; but the vessel had arrived in which we purposed to continue our voyage to Algiers, and we were therefore compelled to bid adieu to Oran.

At six o'clock we embarked on board "Le Meteore," a spar-decked vessel of 160-horse power.

CHAPTER XXV.

AMUSING CHARACTER OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY—TENES—THE ENGLISH COMMISSARY—COMMUNISM À LA TOILET—APPROACHING THE TOWN—BARBAROSSA—NUMEROUS SIEGES—PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE—FANTASTIC CHARACTER OF THE ALGERINE ARCHITECTURE—DRESS AND MORALS OF THE ALGERINE WOMEN—BAZAARS—NEGRO WOMEN—THE NEW CATHEDRAL—RUTHLESS DESTRUCTION OF THE MOORISH HOUSES BY THE FRENCH—FORT L'EMPEREUR.

It was an exquisite night the night we left Oran; the deck of the vessel, too, was one of the finest I ever saw for promenading; and various and singular were the groups of people on the deck; emigrés, political refugees, with their long moustache and shapeless white felt hats; colonists of the first, second, and third classes: those who can afford blue spectacles, and a spirited barb to take them to their farms. Here a bearded priest, or a sœur de charité with her white wove-bonnet and rosary, and several mothers with their squalling children; for there are few grey hairs amongst the colonists: they are generally found to belong to that vast class of people, who marry without having sufficient to live upon, as they have been

accustomed to live; and with love to console them in their hardships, venture upon a visit to Algeria. We slept between decks, where were arranged fifty or sixty berths,—a common bedroom, which afforded us an unwelcome opportunity of witnessing the maternal solicitude in some of these spreading families.

The unfortunate officers seemed sadly put to it to keep up the independent air of gentlemen; and yet not to be rude to the crowd of passengers. There were seven of them, and we messed with some in the wardroom; some were Republicans, and others Royalists; and in the opinions of these latter, we did not fail to lend our hearty concurrence; but the state of their captain's heart seemed to occupy their attention more than any thing else; for he stood in danger of a lady on board, and was at times so far gone, that if there had not been others to look after the ship, we should certainly have foundered off the rocky coast of Tenes; as it was, we were detained two hours in the little bay, because the lady could not dine when the vessel was in motion. I did not much care for this, for Tenes is very prettily situated on the site of the ancient Cartenna, and is a sort of port to the new town of Orleansville.

The coast had hitherto appeared uninteresting enough; but immediately about Tenes, the country

is mountainous and picturesque. There is a bold headland immediately to the east of the town; the houses of which straggle up a sort of sandstone cliff, the upper part receding into a green valley behind which appeared hills, covered with vegetation. Tenes has arisen to its present importance in an incredibly short time, which some attribute to its vicinity to the iron and copper mines; and already has its cafés, baths, and church, and all the usual appliances of French comfort; here, of course, we dropped some of our passengers, and took up others going to the capital.

It is of course most desirable to have the means of succouring the sick ready at hand; but it struck me in looking at the gigantic hospital, the counter part of that of Oran, that faces the sea at Tenes, that there is something ominous in these great medical preparations. The climate, though generally compared to that of Provençe, is, I suspect, very different, and requires on the part of the emigrants a great deal of care: it is really much warmer than that of Provençe; but owing to its aspect, and the heavy falls of rain, it may not feel, or even the glass may not show, so great a difference as from its latitude might be expected.

When the fair enchantress had satisfied the

cravings of nature, we steamed past the bluff headland I have noticed. The coast hence to Algiers is uniformly mountainous; many were the rising settlements we passed; and so much life did there appear in all we saw, that I could not help feeling as if France had crossed the Mediterranean.

Whilst standing in the bow of the vessel, and looking at a mass of Jews or Arabs, that, with their dirty dresses looked like a coil of snakes hybernating, I heard some one talking French in an accent I could not mistake; and, on turning round, found one of our ubiquitous countrymen. There is a thoughtful and ingenuous look generally in an Englishman's countenance, however he may have rough-hewn his fortunes. It was so with this man, who appeared to be naturalized in Algeria. I told him my calling, because I have generally found it a means of drawing out men situated as this man was: he told me he had spent seven years between Spain and French Africa; and that he was at the famous battle of Islay; he attributed the loss of it on the part of the Moors to the rashness of the emperor of Morocco's son; he himself was then engaged in supplying provisions to the French army; since when, as he said, the progress of civilization, or rather colonization, had been wonderfully rapid. The French revolu-

tion had produced a temporary stagnation in every thing; and a great increase of bankruptcies in Algiers. As far as he had been able to judge, religious opinion in Algiers was very much the same as it was in the south of France; a few professed to value the acquisition solely on religious grounds, and as a means of restoring a very important province to the fold of the Church again.

After passing another night of communism little agreeable to our tastes, where the priests and sœur de charité lay down in berths just behind ours, and two colonial matrons in berths at our feet, on ascending the deck we perceived in the morning that we were approaching Algiers; we kept passing a series of swelling hills, which rise almost at parts into the proportion of mountains, they were dotted over from their crests to their bases, with the sparkling white "maisons du campaign," and were green with numerous and carefully planted gardens: over the edge, so to speak, of the most eastern of these hills, we saw the thick piles of houses belonging to the town; and shortly after opening the Bay, we had the city before us. It is situated at the western extremity of a vast bay, possessing every element of the picturesque: one branch of the Little Atlas seems just in this locality to expand itself, and spread around and

about the bay its gradually diminishing arms; these green knolls[1] extend quite round the bay, and are covered with houses, and beyond them are the imposing mountains of Djurjura, seldom without snow upon their summits. The town itself looks like a marble hive, the houses appearing more thickly set together, as they rise from the sea; the upper part of the city is Moorish, the lower part European.

I seldom find myself before a strange city without a crowd of pleasing associations entering my mind. On the present occasion I felt few of these; for I shared with most of my countrymen an utter indifference about Algiers, and should never have come here but with the hope of seeing the land of St. Augustine's ministrations. Yet Algiers may be said to represent a very important epoch in the history of the Mediterranean. It was the lair of the most dreaded of corsairs; and, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, few were the captains of merchant-vessels that did not hold their breath if they were driven within sight of its towers. The natural disposition of the Algerines to piracy was confirmed and carried to an unheard-of extent, when, in an evil hour, they invited Barbarossa the Rover to fight their battles with

[1] These are called the Sahel hills.

Spain for them; this pirate, as most of my readers know, was a Turk, who lived by his wits, as they say, and gradually accumulated a fleet of galleys and barks, which was the terror of the Mediterranean. As he was a Mohammedan, the Algerians did not hesitate to invite him to join them against the Christians. He came, and repaid himself for his trouble by making himself master of the place; and he it was who introduced the Turks into this part of Barbary, and so led to the territory becoming a tributary of the Porte, which it continued to be until the French occupation, and still is, in the eyes of the English government; for, if I mistake not, we have never recognized the conquests of the French.

The atrocities of the Algerines have brought against them successively the Spaniards, the French, and English. The most disastrous event in the reign of Charles the Fifth was his attempt upon Algiers, when his whole armament was destroyed by a frightful tempest. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, Du Quesne thrice bombarded Algiers; but this did not put an end to the depredations of the corsairs, or prevent them from committing outrages upon the Christians with whom they came in contact. In 1816, Lord Exmouth appeared before the town with a formidable fleet, and obliged Dey Omar to sign a treaty,

in which he engaged to deliver up all Europeans without ransom, and never again to subject the Christians to slavery; and, at last, notwithstanding all these warnings, having given some fresh offence to the French, an expedition was dispatched from Toulon in 1830, which, pursuing not a very dissimilar line of tactics to that which was adopted by Charles the Fifth; although he landed to the east of the city, and the French to the west, they finally subdued the place; and by so doing, doubtless, whatever politicians may think, rendered a service to humanity.

On landing, our baggage was instantly seized upon by Maltese porters, speaking a lingua franca indeed, in which it was hard to say whether French, Italian, or English had the precedence. These porters led us through a gateway which I presume to have been in former years the Duan gate leading to the mole built by the son of Barbarossa; we soon entered a broad and handsome street, the greater part of the east side of which was occupied by a magnificent mosque, having a fine colonnade, supported by marble columns that abut on the gutters of the street. This street brought us to the Place de la République, as fine a square as is to be seen in any city with which I am acquainted. The east and west sides, and part of the north side, are

built in a style handsomer, but much resembling our Italian Opera House, or, rather, the Rue de Rivoli at Paris; the southern side is occupied by the picturesque remains of one of the Dey's palaces. The greater part of the north side of this fine square is adorned with an open stone parapet, over which the "flaneurs" of the place like to lean and look down upon the crowded harbour, the bay, and distant mountains of Djurjura. Nearly in the middle of this square—for I may as well complete the description of it—is an equestrian statue of the youthful Duc d'Orleans, upon the pedestal of which is engraved—

L'ARMÉE
ET
POPULATION D'ALGERIE
AU DUC D'ORLEANS,
PRINCE ROYAL.
1842.

Planted opposite to this memorial of royalty and loyalty is a tree of liberty. The square, too, which in those days was the Place Royal, now bears the name of the Republic. The Place is planted with some healthy-looking mulberry-trees, a species of tree that flourishes more than commonly well in Algeria. Beneath the noble colonnades are cafés and shops, similar to those seen in the Palais Royal. It was at one of these that we took up our quarters.

I have never been in an English colony, unless we should consider Gibraltar to be one; I therefore can form no notion to what degree of splendour our colonial capitals may have grown; but, as the French are generally considered bad colonists, I cannot forbear communicating my impressions in respect of this fair architectural creation. In less than twenty years the country has been conquered, and the capital made a rival of Paris; for so completely has the bottom part of the city been modernized, that when you keep to the main streets of the lower city, if you did not cast your eyes upon the queer heap of buildings, which look as if they were going to fall into the sea, you quite forget that you are still amongst the Moors; and you are disposed to think the French have rendered this African province deserving the compliment that was paid to it, after Sallust and other Romans of note had lived in it,—that it was so agreeable, and resembled in many respects so much the mother country, that no Roman might henceforth be banished there. I cannot see what a Frenchman has in his mother country that he may not find here.

The two principal streets leading out of this square, conducting to the east and west gates of the city, the Bab Azoun and the Bab-el-Oued, are built with arcades, and are exceedingly handsome;

but no sooner do you leave these fair new parts of the city, and begin to mount up into the old town, than you are lost in a maze of alleys and narrow streets, built in a most fantastic style of architecture.

My natural instinct, on arriving in a new place, is to walk round it until I can find an eminence whence I may study the geography of the land in which I am sojourning. Accordingly, we walked down the Bab-Azoun; we continued, by a winding road, to mount up near the summit of the city, and came up upon a space just without the upper gates, before the Caserne d'Orleans. Here were crowds of French soldiers and Moorish lads gambling; the Moors eagerly staking their chances against the soldiers; slightly removed from them, a company of Arabs, with their dark tents pitched in a circle, with looks of bitter and undisguised disgust upon their faces. We returned to the Place de la République, down through the heart of the city. The streets are very narrow; the houses infinitely higher than those of Tetuan, consisting of three or four stories, each story projecting over the other, supported by poles, so that the upper stories almost touch and exclude the blue sky. The doorways of the houses are many of them of marble, and elaborately carved in some places. Parts of some of the streets are arched over; and

the strange effect of this labyrinth is by no means lessened by the mysterious muffled figures that one sees darting up broad stone staircases, or winding causeways.

The women dress here differently from those of Morocco, and in a much more picturesque fashion. They wear short petticoats, and trousers fastened round the ankle; but are well masked and covered up. Even the Moorish women, however abandoned, are by French enactments obliged to continue the national dress; because, the French say, if they wish their own laws and customs to be respected, they must make the natives respect their own. Accordingly, though we heard some sad accounts of the depravity of the Moorish women, when they had once thrown off their national prejudices, we never saw any otherwise than closely masked.

The dress of the Turk is much gayer than that of the Moor: the majority of the tradesmen in the upper town appeared to belong to this class. They occupied shops of the most diminutive description, in which it would be quite impossible for any one to stand upright. Even when sitting cross-legged upon the floor of these shops, their heads almost touched the tops; but in the lower part of the town there are bazaars, the principal one of which is not at all unlike our Lowther

Arcade. The scene in this bazaar or arcade, into which my friend and myself entered, was characteristic enough. The Jewish shopmen stood at their doors, importuning one to buy their commodities, whilst the indolent Moors were playing chess and draughts all the day long. Another class of traders are the black women, sellers of bread; they are uniformly dressed in a coarse blue striped habiliment, and are generally sitting in rows outside the bazaars, or near the gates. They chatter incessantly, and occasionally make such ugly faces, that it is painful to look at them. These negroes and the Jews are cheerful, and evidently do not share in the sense of oppression that the Arabs experience.

Near to this bazaar the stone-masons were at work upon the new cathedral. It is built in what may be called the barbaric style; but, notwithstanding the Moorish character of the architecture, it is altogether a very imposing structure. The north-west façade is composed of a centre, flanked by two minaret towers, and adds greatly to the general effect of the town. That which has hitherto been called the cathedral is a mosque converted into a church, and possessing nothing about it to interest the traveller very much. Before the building of this new cathedral the Protestants were better off than the Romanists:

their principal chapel is a handsome modern building, with a Grecian façade.

These were the different buildings which arrested our attention in the course of a morning's walk. The French, we understood, had pulled down many fine Moorish houses in the progress of their works, and were now beginning to regret having done so, and to seek for the remaining ones, even at exorbitant prices. Amongst the finest still untouched is that belonging to the British consulate: here we were taken up to what in former times was a treasure-chamber, and shown a hole which seemed to go down into a deep well, into which it was said the unhappy negroes who had brought up the treasures were thrown, that they might not divulge the secret of their master. The patio of this building is a most elegant specimen of the Turco-Moorish architecture. The walls are covered with encaustic tiles. If I am not under a great mistake, this was the house occupied by the traveller Bruce, who, previous to his Ethiopian rambles, was consul at Algiers.

The object of our morning's walk was to have reached the Fort of the Emperor—Fort l'Empereur—which we failed in doing: however, a day or two after we contrived to accomplish this. It is about half a league to the south-east of the city, and on a sufficient eminence to command the

highest parts of that pyramidal pile of buildings. When the Emperor Charles the Fifth undertook the subjugation of Algiers, he landed his troops at Cape Matifon; and, marching a party of them up this eminence, erected a fort, which has ever since borne the name of the Fort l'Empereur. Hence he completely commanded the city; and, but for the terrible storm that swept his camp, must have accomplished what the French did in 1830. They landed their troops at Sidi Feruch, about the same distance from Algiers on the west side, as Cape Matifon on the east; and, coming over the mountains to an eminence that slightly commands Fort l'Empereur, they silenced that fort; and then, advancing upon it, gained possession of it, and so had the city at their mercy.

The fort is extensive, and the view from it magnificent. Between this fort and the town, or the Caserne d'Orleans, fortifications of a highly interesting but most expensive character are still being proceeded with. The soldiers in the fort said the Arabs were not the least reconciled to the French domination, and would pretty quickly, if they could, recover their former possessions. I presume these new fortifications are intended to guard against others pursuing the same line of tactics, on any future attack upon the city, which they themselves adopted. I can well believe that

the Arabs are most hostile to the existing powers of Algiers. I never remember seeing men in whose countenances the tiger-heart was more conspicuous than in those of the Kabyle Arabs, some of whom were generally to be seen standing in knots at the obscure corners of the streets.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DILIGENCE TO BLIDAH — MUSTAPHA PACHA—MISERABLE STATE OF THE ARABS—BOUFFARICK—BLIDAH—THE HOTEL—A SPANISH LADY'S ACCOUNT OF THE DUKE D'AUMALE—A SUNDAY AT ALGIERS — NIGHT IN ALGIERS — FRENCH AND MOORISH CAFÉS.

HURRIED as our visit to Algiers was, we contrived to make an excursion to Blidah, called by some of the French themselves the Versailles of Algiers. Early one morning we proceeded to the "Bureau des Diligences," situated in the Place de la République. As I was jumping into that thoroughly European conveyance, a diligence, and at the same time forgetting I was not in France, I was startled by the apparition of six Moorish women who were seated inside, looking very much like so many corpses in their winding-sheets, bandaged as they were close up to the eyes; they were under the protection of one sulky-looking Moor; and I had received too great a shock to envy him his ghostly charge; so jumping out again, I pushed myself into the coupé.

We left the city by the Bab-Azoun, and wound

our way through that beautiful tract of country called Mustapha Pacha. Skirting the sea margin there is a rich but narrow plain, which is limited on the land side by the grassy limbs of the little Atlas mountains, which here, as it were, fall into the Sahel hills. These are covered with villas and farm-houses, embosomed many of them in woods of olives, fig-trees, and mulberries, with plantations of the cotton plant; beyond them, in the distance to the east, are to be seen the snowy mountains of Djurjura; so that altogether this view is one of great beauty. After crossing the hill through defiles overhung with forest-trees, we continued to be surrounded by most agreeable prospects, and we might easily have imagined ourselves to be in one of the favoured parts of Devonshire.

We had for our companion in the coupé a Frenchman, important in size if in nothing else; he was one of the upper class of colonists, and had been fifteen years in Algeria, and expressed his admiration at the progress which the French had made in the important work of civilization. He seemed well contented with these African possessions, spoke harshly of the men; but extolled the beauty of the females; he said that since the restraint exercised by the Moors over the women had been checked by the French conquest,

many of them had rushed into every excess. As we entered the village of Birkadem, I observed a knot of miserable Arabs grouped together or lying in the dust as usual in a sort of no-man's-land. I asked the colonist what they lived upon? he said, "If they chose they might earn four or five sous a day, which was enough for them." I felt hurt at the manner in which he spoke of the Arabs; and just as we left the village we passed three of them in their ragged frocks, chained together, and driven before a couple of mounted soldiers. I have sometimes thought the low characters of London a very painful spectacle of moral degradation; but I did not know how nearly like a wild beast a human being may look until I saw these men. The colonist eagerly thrust his head out of the window of the coupé, and with a broad grin upon his countenance, asked the soldiers what the "bêtes" had been doing; and on being informed that they had committed some depredation, he expressed a good deal of savage delight at their capture: indeed the fate of the conquered is the same all over the world; it is only when there is some just and merciful sovereign overruling the excesses of the conquerors, that the natives experience any thing like compassion and consideration; and it is very much to the credit of the sons of Louis Philippe,

that when in Algeria, they were all of them distinguished by a disposition to check cruelty towards the Arabs, and if possible, by building them mosques and caravansaries, to conciliate them; the Duc d'Aumale was particularly distinguished for this excellent disposition.

Our road continued along the plain of Metidja, like all the French roads with which I am acquainted, provokingly straight. In many places we were given to understand that we bordered upon the old Roman road, which joined all their African provinces together. On either side of us appeared to extend interminable green plains, affording evidences of a rank if not luxurious vegetation, whilst ahead of us were the mountains; the passage of which would have introduced us to the little desert: underneath these hills is the village of Bouffarick, in the vicinity of which great agricultural efforts have been made to reclaim the swampy land, which rendered the neighbourhood unhealthy, and this has been crowned with success; for there are now here extensive mulberry plantations, and this is accounted one of the most fertile districts in Algeria; here resides a Pasteur, as well as a Curé, so I presume the colonists in these parts are composed of pretty equal numbers of Protestants and Roman Catholics. The road here turns, and running parallel with the moun-

tains over a dead flat, by the hamlet of Beni Mered, where there is an obelisk commemorative of some French exploit, conducts into the town of Blidah.

Blidah on a bright day must doubtless be a very charming place; but I regret to say that during the whole time of our sojourn there, it was enveloped in a thick rainy fog; we could just see the bottoms of the mountains almost tumbling into the great square, and the teeming orange gardens, and groves of other fruit trees, which distil fragrance throughout the neighbourhood. It is said before the French army came to Blidah, this district was literally covered with a forest of orange and lemon trees. The buildings of the old town are mean in the extreme, even more obscure than those of Tetuan, yet the Spaniards are said once to have occupied the town; but most probably for a very short time. The French, however, have not been idle. We were set down at the "Hôtel de Régence," which had quite the air of a suburban hotel, such as might be met with at Versailles or Richmond. The windows commanded the principal square, three sides of which are surrounded by colonnades, built in the style of those at Algiers.

We sat down in a breakfast-room paved with encaustic tiles, and filled with little tables at

which sat officers and colonists of the first class reading the papers, and ever and anon bursting into animated conversations, and apparently ready to throw the rolls at each other's heads, because they could not all agree whether Louis Napoleon had violated the constitution in sending an expedition to Rome; a fact which, I believe, a dispassionate person could entertain no doubt about.

After a breakfast of Parisian cooking, we sauntered out, exclaiming, "Considering that we are forty miles from the sea that washes the shores of inhospitable Northern Africa, we have no good reason to be dissatisfied with French enterprise." Under the cover of umbrellas we inspected the town as well as we could. We entered the church, which occupies one side of the great square: it was formerly a mosque; the old tower is surmounted by a modern cupola, crowned with a cross. M. Dupuch, in his first visitation, superintended the hoisting of this cross, when the Mareschal Valée devoted the building to the Roman Catholic worship. Six Arabs carried the cross from the foundry in Blidah, and the French soldiers hoisted it up, and fixed it, by the torch-light of the Arabs. The interior is dark and gloomy, very low, with five aisles and a flat roof composed of pole beams. Had I been transplanted

blindfold from England into this mosque, I should merely have remarked, "This is an old Norman church." There were no figures in the church, —only a few small prints. The officiating clergy, as elsewhere, wore long beards; a custom which I have understood they have only adopted since the Revolution; and which they excuse, when any objection is raised to it, by quoting Isa. chap. l., and saying our Saviour wore a beard. There can be no real objection to the custom; it elongates the face, and gives a venerable appearance to the countenance, and was worn by the most famous prelates of our own Church. The town of Blidah contains a population of about seven thousand, and has six new-built gates.

Our journey back to Algiers was amusing. I sat by an old Spanish lady, who did her best to entertain me. She said the Arabs and Moors delighted greatly in the diligences, and whenever they could they availed themselves of an opportunity to ride in one. The reader may form some idea of the extent of the traffic on these newly-made roads, when I mention, that in one place where we changed horses, I counted four diligences at a meet. The Spanish lady told me there were a very great number of her countrymen settled in Algiers. As we entered the district of Mus-

tapha Pacha, she began pointing out the villas of most note: "That was where the Duc d'Aumale lived; he was greatly beloved. Oh, Señor! the Revolution has ruined Algiers; it has done no good. The duke was very charitable, but the poor now are greatly neglected."

"And pray, Señora," said my friend, "whose is that large white villa?"

"It is a boarding-school for young ladies."

"Are there many convents in Algiers?"

"Not many. M. Dupuch, first Bishop of Algiers, laid the first stone of a monastery of the brothers of La Trappe, upon the field of battle near Sidi Feruch, where the French first landed. There may be others, but I know nothing about them."

The Sunday at Algiers is spent very much as it is in Paris. Music and promenading in the Jardin Marengo,—so called from a colonel, who has converted this, which was once the scene of Algerine atrocities, into a very pretty pleasure-garden. There is a fountain in the middle, the coping round which is marked with the places where the hatchet or sword of the executioner alighted, after having severed the head of the Christian slave; for here are said to have been many thousand Christian slaves murdered. There

is here, also, a marble column dedicated to Napoleon. The French have never lost the idea of universal empire which the great hero inspired; and, in reference to these African provinces particularly, are very fond of comparing themselves to the Romans; and doubtless would be very glad to persuade themselves, if they could, that the map of France should some day coincide with that of the old Roman empire. I thought the men who were promenading in the Jardin de Marengo had rather a ruffianly appearance.

Perhaps the time to judge of the real character of the population of Algiers, is at night. Notwithstanding the signs of order and prosperity in the day-time, the orgies that seem to be held in every town of any size in Algeria, afford abundant evidences that France has transplanted the vices as well as the energies of the mother country. At night the cafés are crowded; young women sing to the frequenters of them; and in one, into which I glanced, were boys with crowns on, and feathers, collecting sous. I should judge these cafés, which appeared very numerous, were very demoralizing places. The same sort of thing might have been seen at Oran; and always might be seen, stealing a glance through the blinds or shutters, some of the wild and dirty-looking

Arabs. The Arab is a degraded being; and the vices of the conquerors have been imitated by the Moors. The quiet Moorish café is now made attractive, as I was informed, by the introduction of negro dancers. The shades of night drove the bees out of the hive; and the streets always at this time were crowded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

M. DUPUCH FIRST BISHOP OF ALGIERS—ACCOUNT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC *CULTUS*, PROTESTANT *CULTUS*, JEWISH *CULTUS*, MOHAMMEDAN *CULTUS*—THE AUTHOR'S ESTIMATE OF MOHAMMEDANISM—THE CLERGY OF ALGIERS—ST. AUGUSTINE—ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS—THE DONATISTS, THE REAL CAUSE OF THAT SCHISM—CONCLUSION.

I SUPPOSE, like most places noted for a low state of morals, Algiers has some quiet devout people French Protestants generally bear this character; and of these there are a good many spread about in the colony. The first Bishop of Algiers, too, M. Dupuch, was deservedly prized for his activity, and, with several other of the French clergy, was animated with a real desire to restore the African churches to somewhat of their former life; or, rather, to re-evangelize the dioceses of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian. I shall now endeavour to give the reader some idea of religious matters in Algiers. I have before remarked, that all the places of worship in the colony, of whatever description, bear the Republican seal upon them —"Proprieté National." The Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish cultus, are under the

supervision of the Minister of Religion for the colony, whoever that may be; but the Mussulman cultus is under the Minister of War. The mosques before the conquest possessed their revenues just as our churches might; but the tyrannical system of centralization has induced the French authorities to sweep all these revenues into the national or colonial chest, as it is called, and to pay the Mohammedan authorities directly from the Government. The Mohammedan population having fallen off to a great extent, there has been, as might have been expected, a very great reduction of mosques. There are now only four principal ones; the chief of these, it is said, was designed by a Christian slave, who, although he pretended to have designed a mosque, in reality planned a church, knowing that Algiers must, sooner or later, fall into the hands of the Christians. This mosque, however, has not yet been devoted to Christian purposes. Besides these principal ones, there are fifteen secondary mosques; but these, I understand, are altogether of a different class to the four principal mosques, and are frequented by Mohammedans chiefly, if not only, in the great fasting month of Ramadân. The organization of the Mohammedan cultus on at all a large scale is a most elaborate affair, consisting of—

1. The *Khrethbib*, or Preacher, whose functions are fulfilled by one of the Muftis, chiefs of religion and justice.

2. *Imans*, The officiating Ministers, whose duty it is to direct the prayers and other parts of worship.

3. The *Bach-heuzab*, Chief of the Heuzabins.

4. The *Heuzabins*, Readers of the Koran.

5. A class of Readers of edifying books, such as the life of the Prophet, Maxims, &c., for the instruction of the faithful.

6. The *Mouderress*, Doctors or Professors in Theology.

7. The *Hondours*, Aspirants to higher ministerial functions.

8. The *Mouaggats*, charged with indicating the hours of prayer to the Mueddins.

9. The *Mueddins*, charged with calling the faithful to prayers, from the towers of the mosques.

10. The *Chaals* and *Kennas*, The Sweepers and Cleaners of the mosques [1].

The Muftis and Cadis, the first and second classes of functionaries, religious and judicial, are appointed by the Governor-General of Algiers. I am sorry to say, the French have had very little success amongst the natives in converting them;

[1] These names are all taken from French authorities.

and, as far as I could judge, their own impression is, that Mohammedanism must either be crushed by conquest, or gradually wear out. I know it has often been the custom of travellers to fall into raptures about the effects or beauties of Mohammedanism. It has not been my fortune to be impressed in this manner. We must applaud Mohammed for having opposed himself to the folly of idolatry, and, of course, for those elements of greatness which he must have had ever to have become what he was; but so little did it strike me that the Christians had any thing to covet in Mohammedanism, that I am conscious of having sympathized more than ever with the Crusaders since my visit to Africa. Romantic Moorish tales have excused, in the eyes of many, what is, after all, a half-barbarous state. The Mohammedan religion must paralyze the human mind; but Christianity has as certainly opened it. The one has proved no hindrance to the progress of knowledge and science; the other has certainly acted as a dead-weight upon all knowledge. The Saracenic architecture is often pointed to as an evidence of extraordinary taste; but Saracenic architecture, although striking and beautiful in its effect for interiors, is, after all, barbaric. The eclectic spirit of Christianity has adopted it, and improved upon it immeasurably. Gothic architecture has,

in all probability, gathered somewhat from Saracenic architecture; and Gothic architecture is surely not wholly unindebted to the East for many of its beauties; but, as a style, it is immeasurably beyond the other in those features that show an educated taste. The Moorish architecture often struck me as looking pagoda-like, and fit to be classed with those fantastic styles of building we consider well enough for summer-houses and such buildings, but not adapted to residences—I speak particularly of the exteriors. The Moorish patio is indeed very elegant; but is this equal to the impluvium of Athens or Pompeii?

There are a good many clergy in Algiers. When we were there, M. Louis Antoine Augustin Pavy was the bishop; and I suppose upwards of twenty priests of one kind and another assist him in the labours of the place. The revolution, although it makes the clergy more than ever the slaves of the State, has acted rather favourably on their temporal circumstances at present: but this is not by any means to be depended upon; "the least move in the political world at Paris," said one of them to me, "may make our position worse than it was before the revolution." I thought I discerned in the treatment of the clergy a natural feeling that they were a necessary part of the

body politic, and an absence of that disagreeable suspicious way of looking upon them, that is seen in so many places. Since the most rationalistic individual cannot question, that people are born, marry, and die, and that all nations mark these events by some religious signs and tokens, the clergy have their place even in the Republican system of the French; but there has always appeared to exist in Algiers, on the part of the military authorities and others, a feeling that the clergy were most important coadjutors in the work of colonizing and civilizing their newly acquired territories; and they always made it their business not only to countenance, but to encourage by their own presence the various undertakings of the bishop.

I lament, that I have it not in my power to give so full an account of the ancient churches of this part of Africa, as I am persuaded might be collected. Many Christian churches throughout the provinces have been discovered, and priests appointed to them, and workmen employed in the holy work of restoring these monuments of one of the most famous churches in the Christian annals. At Bona (Hippo Regius) I was told exist the ruins of the Basilica in which St. Augustine preached. There is also said to be a rude statue of the great light of the fourth and fifth centuries.

I have never ceased lamenting that circum-

stances prevented my visiting this spot, as interesting to the eyes of a churchman of the English Church, as it could be to those of a Roman Catholic; for the English have been a good deal taught by St. Augustine, without being aware of it. There is no ancient writer so universally appealed to by our great English divines, as the Bishop of Hippo.

Apart from the discharge of his ministerial duties, St. Augustine was chiefly engaged in works on the Pelagian controversy; and in endeavours to reclaim to the Catholic Church, the large and important section of the African community, which had partaken of the Donatist schism. This party had now existed in Africa for many years, and as its position with respect to the Church Catholic has sometimes been compared to that of the Church of England with respect to the Roman Catholic Church, I shall venture some remarks upon it.

The Donatist schism is one of those passages in Church history, of which there are many, which is best to be understood by considering first of all, matters wholly unconnected with the Church. What has ever been the constitution of the population of northern Africa? It has never been entirely without hordes of wandering tribes, which at the various periods of its history, have been sometimes more and sometimes less amalgamated with the

different people, which from time to time have colonized these shores. The earliest and most important of these were, as every one knows, the Phœnicians; and of the several Phœnician colonies, that of Carthage the chief, which in time grew to such importance that she became the mother of other colonies, and did what she could to encourage marriages between the natives and her own people: hence arose a mixed population, and a mixed language, the Liby-Phœnician; but still vast hordes of the aborigines never acknowledged the authority of the Carthaginians; upon this state of things, supervened the Roman conquests, the Latin colonies, and of course, in process of time, the authority of the emperors; for it was over a portion of this territory that Cæsar appointed the historian Sallust, a governor. We know that on the day of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles, there were not wanting in that company which witnessed the miracle, dwellers in parts of Libya about Cyrene; and Christianity found its way into Africa almost simultaneously with its establishment in other parts of the Roman empire. The reception of it was not confined to those who spoke the Latin, or to those who spoke the Liby-Phœnician, it spread more or less amongst all these different people and tribes. But the descendants of the Carthaginians and the Liby-Phœnicians were always jealous

of their Roman conquerors, jealous of their customs, language, and authority.

In the early ages of the Church, national prejudices were merged in the more imperative bond of Christian unity; but, as the Church increased in power and universality, the old jealousies of tribes and races began to re-appear in Church quarrels; and it so happened, in Africa, that some of the clergy could not speak Latin, and others could not speak Phœnician; and, even in Augustine's time, it was his fluency in the Latin language that hastened his ordination by the Bishop of Hippo, who did not speak that language with ease. Now, it was owing to this particular constitution of the African population that, I believe, the Donatists' schism had its origin The facts of the case were these:—

Cæcilianus, Archdeacon of Carthage, on the death of his diocesan, was consecrated Bishop of Carthage in his stead, by some of the African bishops, without waiting for the consent of the Numidian bishops. These, in consequence, assembled in council, and, accusing Cæcilianus of having, at a time of persecution, acted a double part, by assisting some of the Imperial officers in their investigations, deposed him, and appointed one Majorinus in his place. Their sentence was not generally received; and this leading to a great dispute in the African Church, it was referred to

Constantine, who laid it as a case before bishops wholly unconnected with the African Church, who unanimously determined in favour of the consecration of Cæcilianus. The Donatists had agreed to abide by the decision of the Emperor, but they did not do so; and the Emperor, in consequence, having used some severity towards them, their hostility towards the other section of the African Church only increased; and in process of time arose the Circumcelliones, who were in reality a species of banditti. They had acquired the name of Donatists from one of the Numidian bishops, named Donatus—the first to write in their defence. As they became more sectarian in their character, they became more strict in their discipline, that from an outward show of apparent sanctity they might seem the truer of the contending parties.

The probability is, that amongst the Donatists there were more of Phœnician origin than Latin, and more of Liby-Phœnician than Phœnician; and the presumption is, that the Circumcelliones were connected with the marauding hordes that have always, more or less, mixed with the population of those shores, and naturally sympathized with that party in the Church which was the nearest connected with themselves, and most hostile to the Roman domination. And what

supports this view is, that the Donatists readily embraced the cause of Genseric, when he invaded those territories. There is nothing, too, in all this, contradictory to the fact, that many of the Donatists were good enough living people, and horrified at the excesses of the Circumcelliones.

If this be a correct account of this famous schism, it must be admitted there is nothing, nor ever could be any thing in the whole history of the Church of England that should bear the least resemblance to it. The nearest parallel is to be found in the history of the Puritans, or the Covenanters of Scotland. Such a state of things might happen in Cape Colony, supposing the natives to become partially converted; or it might again happen in this very country, now in possession of the French.

* * * * *

We crossed the Mediterranean from Algiers in a small coasting steamer, passing between the mountainous island of Majorca and the flat shores of Minorca, and entered the port of Marseilles, just as some of the huge French steam-frigates were leaving it, crowded with soldiers, for the siege of Rome.

THE END.

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